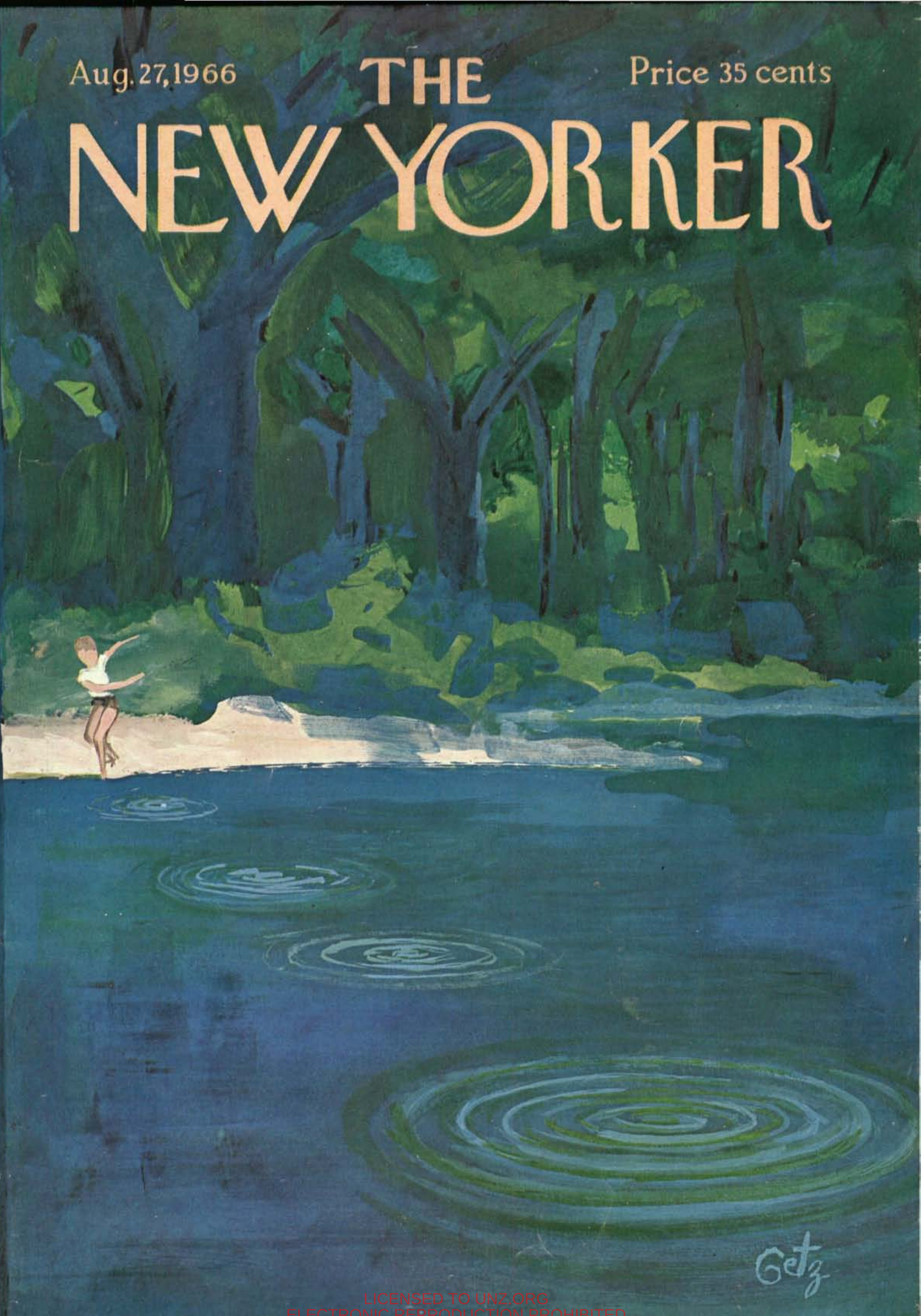
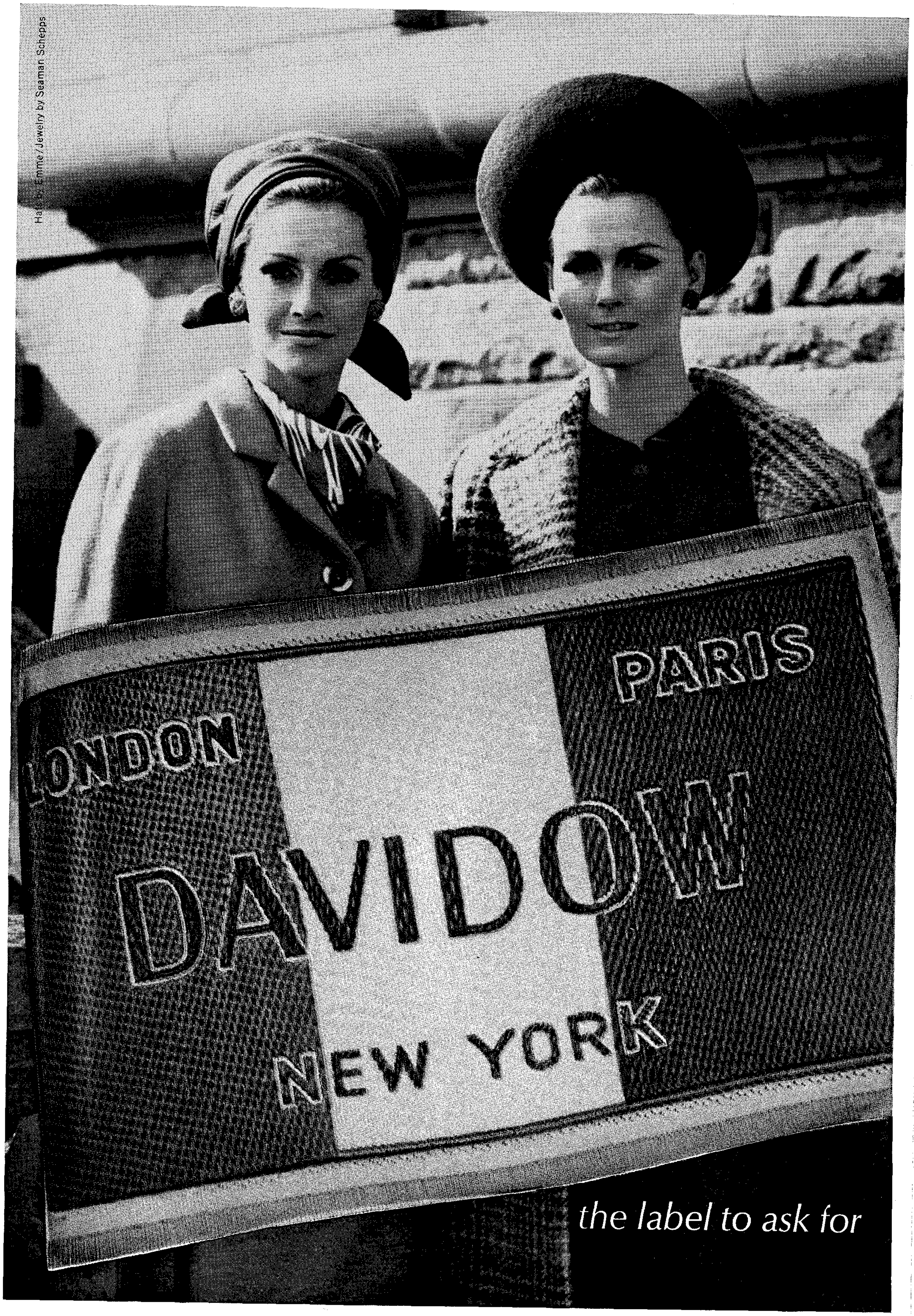
Aug. 27, 1966 Price 35 cents

# THE NEW YORKER





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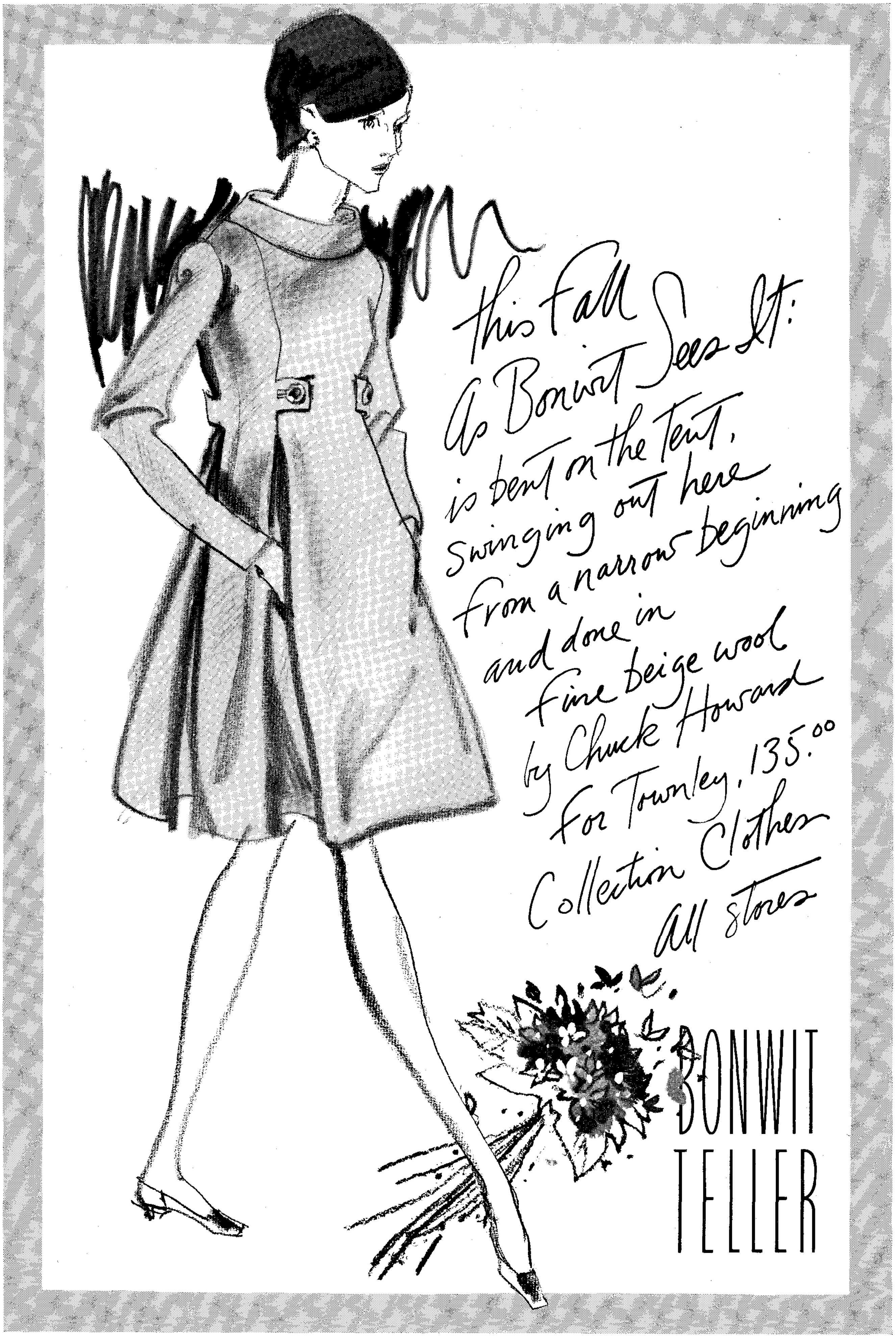
this Fall
As Bonwit Sees It:
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Swinging out here
from a narrow beginning
and done in
fine beige wool
by Chuck Howard
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All stores
BONWIT
TELLER

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Cactus Flower**—A lively divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such admirable people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves to good advantage. The play was directed by the versatile author. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Philadelphia, Here I Come!**—Brian Friel's sad and funny account of an Irish youth's last night on his home sod before emigrating to America. Under Hilton Edwards' perceptive direction, the cast, which includes Donal Donnelly, Patrick Bedford, Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and Mavis Villiers, is highly effective. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Wait Until Dark**—Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. An implausible and wearing business. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

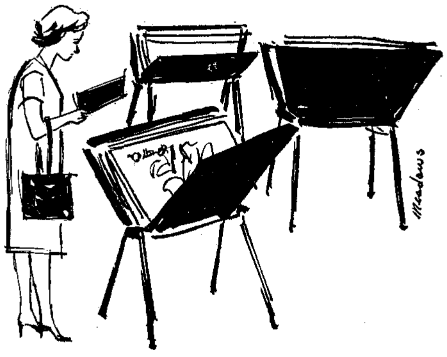
**Long Runs**—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Sam Levene has replaced Alan King in this comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **LUV:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**Mame**—Angela Lansbury and a fine cast make this musical (book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman) an amiable affair. It is an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel, and if it isn't long on originality, it does have a professional gloss and some highly comical moments. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Sweet Charity**—This musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess who wants to be honestly loved hasn't much to offer in the way of comedy, but it does have a lot of sprightly dances and an acceptable score. It also has the indefatigable Gwen Verdon and an enthusiastic cast. The choreography is the work of Bob Fosse, the over-all director of the enterprise, and the music and lyrics are the work of Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Wait a Minim!**—A musical entertainment from South Africa in which an octet of fine young performers disport themselves most pleasantly. The music and the dances are mainly South African, and the instruments employed to keep things lively are for the most part modelled on homeland originals. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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**Long Runs**—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Heidi. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**Music Theatre of Lincoln Center**—A revival of **SHOW BOAT**, with Barbara Cook, Constance Towers, Stephen Douglass, David Wayne, and William Warfield, is the second of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Aug. 28. Closes Saturday, Sept. 10.)

**American Savoyards**—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 25-26, at 8:30: **PRINCESS IDA**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27, at 3 and 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 28, at 3 and 7:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE** and **TRIAL BY JURY**. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 30-31, at 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 1-2, at 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE** and **TRIAL BY JURY**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 3, at 3 and 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

**The Fantasticks**—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Happy Ending** and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Hogan's Goat**—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Kitchen**—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Mad Show**—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Man of La Mancha**—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, Ray Middleton, and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**The Pocket Watch**—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A View from the Bridge**—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

### MISCELLANY

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—Free performances of **KING RICHARD III**, with Joseph Bova, Penny Fuller, and Philip Bosco. The final

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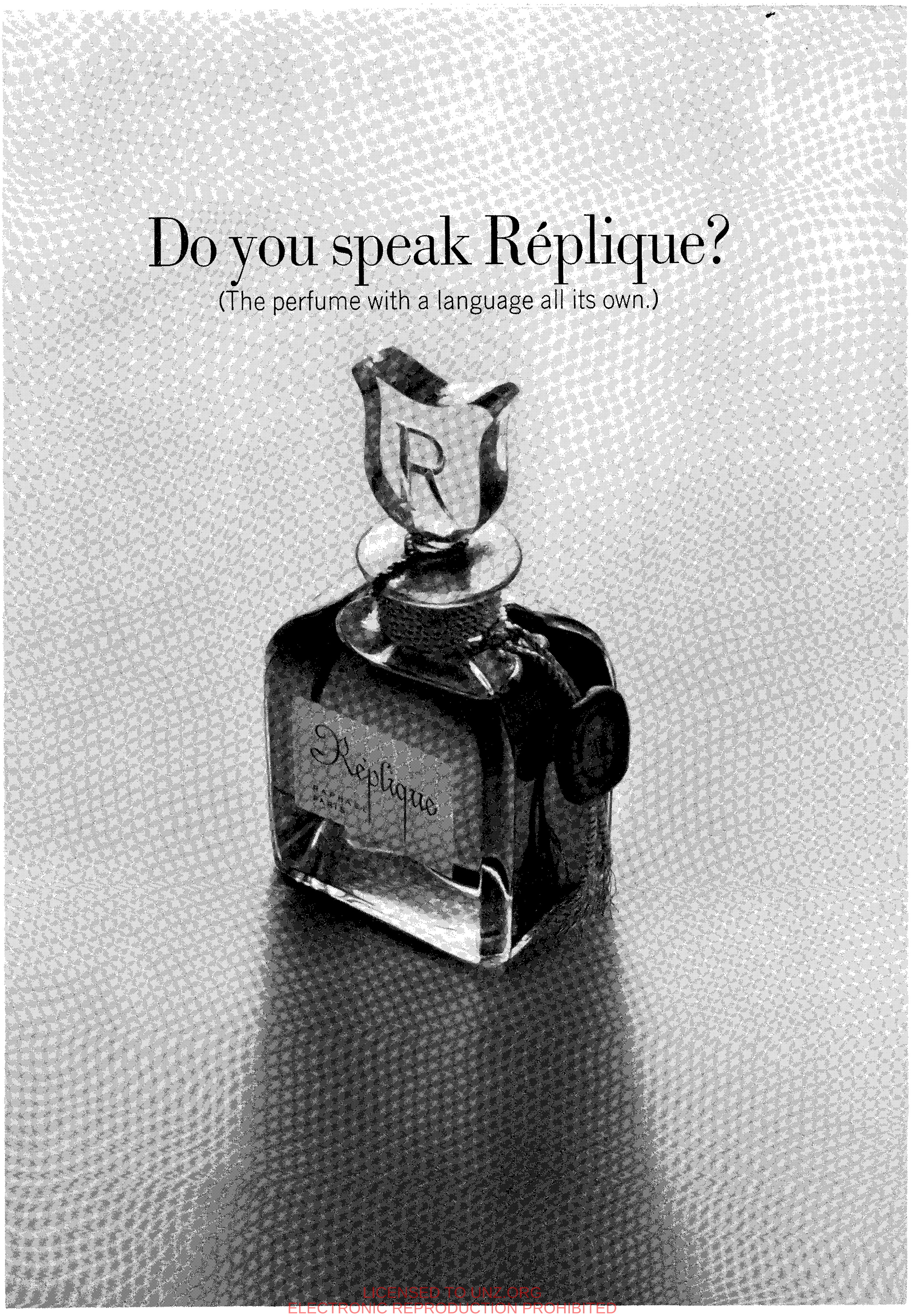
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival**—The first five in a series of nine free performances. Tuesday, Aug. 30: Edward Villella and Patricia McBride, Carmen de Lavallade, and the companies of Glen Tetley and Lotte Goslar. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 31: The HARYOU Dancers, Nala Najan, Glen Tetley and his company, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 1: The HARYOU Dancers, Carmen de Lavallade, Glen Tetley, and Lotte Goslar and her company. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 2: Al Huang, Suzanne Pierce, Carmen de Lavallade, and Glen Tetley and his company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 3: Al Huang, Suzanne Pierce, Glen Tetley and his company, the Reyes/Soler Ballet Español from Madrid, and others. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**Ice Show**—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson and Petra Burka. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 31, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 18. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

**Jones Beach Theatre**—A musical, **MARDI GRAS!**, based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Ralph Purdum, Fran Stevens, Joel Grey, Louis Armstrong and his band, and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 4. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Americana**, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Ray Anthony has moved his Bookend Revue, a collation of extremely active girls and musicians, out of its comfortable Las Vegas lounge into another world. Wine of that country can never travel. The cast appears at dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which makes the dance music, also makes mere listening a pleasure. Closed Sundays.

**Barberry**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The name is still Barberry, but you can tell that it is now the Little Club by its stripes (Christmas candy), which ornament the new back room from head to toe. Horace Diaz's band plays for dancing Mondays through Fridays from nine to two, and Saturdays from nine to three. No music Sundays.

**Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The age of chivalry prevails on the parquet floor of the restaurant between eight and one or two. Cliff Hall's band provides the athletes' instrumentation. No players on Sundays or Mondays.

**Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Ben Cutler's brisk little band gets a great deal of bounce to the ounce in the Café Pierre—enough for every night of the week. Franco Pagani, an equally brisk tenor, sounds off in between sets every night but Sunday.

**Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Tony Sandler and Ralph Young are exchanging words (sung and otherwise) and music in the Persian Room. They show up at ten during the week, at nine and eleven-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays. Milt Shaw, that good penny, is in circulation again with a dance band, and Mark Monte's revellers are on hand, too. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The Edwardian Room is closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a villa in Arcady, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by a wistful violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

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**Promenade Cafés**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—Within this walled city, a small assemblage of musicians competes with the fountain from nine to one, except on Sundays, and the English Grill keeps a small assemblage of chefs on an equally nocturnal schedule.

**The Riverboat**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A glowing tribute to the days when our floating population considered the steamboat the only way to go and a big band the only thing to dance to. Art Mooney's orchestra, keeping things sweet and hot, is the current voice from the famous past. The action goes on from eight to two. No music Sundays.

**St. Regis-Sheraton Roof**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Ideally suited to anyone who likes to play treehouse, for it is equipped with all modern conveniences and several old ones, such as composure and grandeur. George Cort's brush-fire band and Quintero's Latin one operate from eight until two without let or hindrance. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Tavern-on-the-Green**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Communing (in the open air) with what remains of nature in the Park. There is music by Phil Wayne's band and a quota of Latins. They work out from eight until one. In case of lightning storms, falling frogs, or other summer specialties, everybody indoors at once, where business will go on as usual.

**Waldorf-Astoria**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Penetrating into the second layer of Peacock Alley, one finds Ray Hartley's baroque piano ornamenting the recess from cocktail time until eleven every evening but Friday and Saturday. On those nights, in the third layer of the Alley, there is dancing to a trio from eight to one.

**Note**—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Neither three nor three hundred's a crowd on the limitless expanse of hardwood. The dancing, fortunately, is *not* limitless—no Twist, no Frug, no Huggermug. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays, and no wonder.

### SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, host with the most, takes a nap between his dinner and his after-the-theatre sets at his piano, but there's interim piano in his city-and-country club by Sam Hamilton and Wayne Sanders, and double piano later on by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. A four-day week (Monday through Thursday) prevails during the dog days. . . .

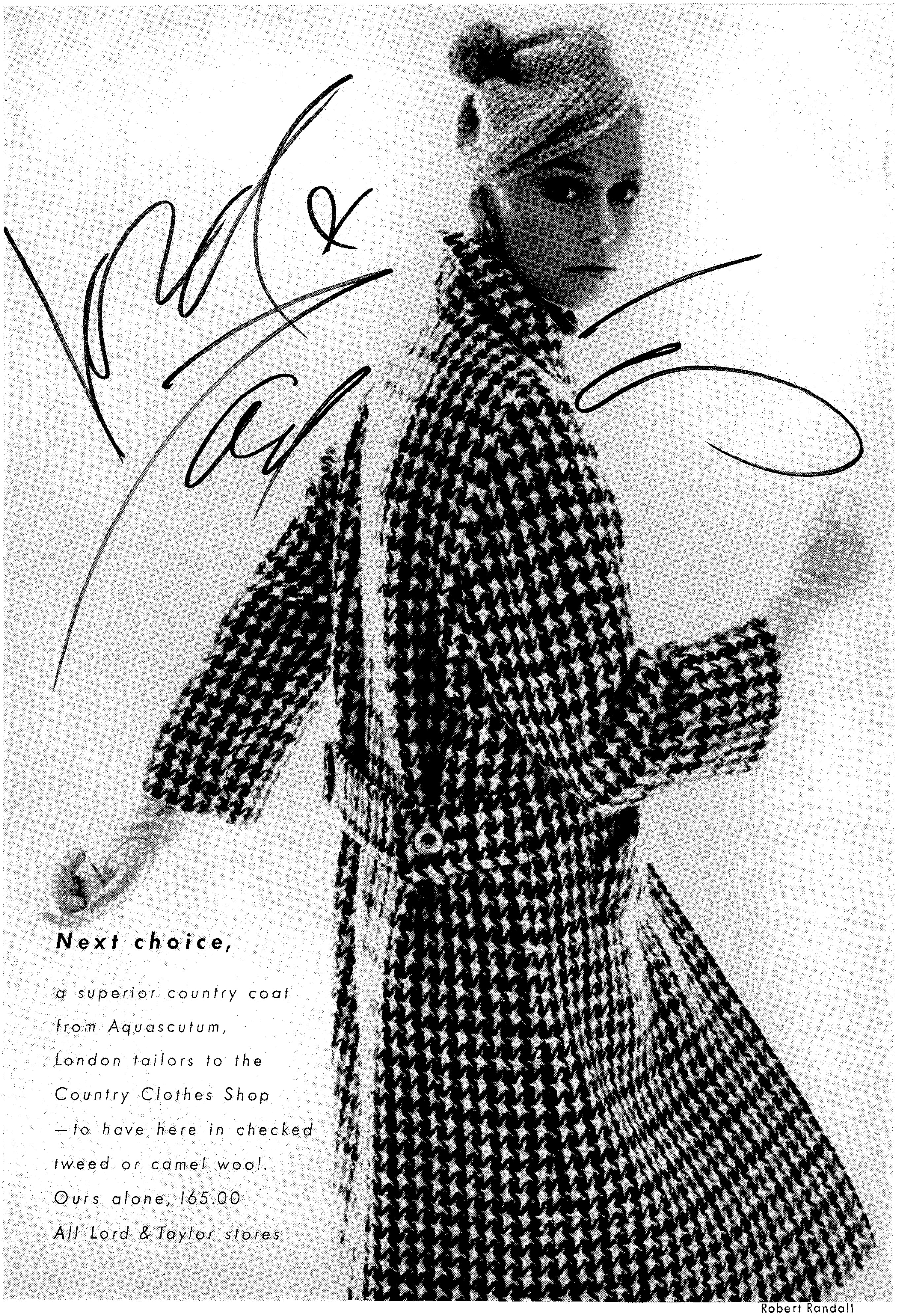
**IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini and his crew are prenatal influences on Italian sopranos, so it is not hard to guess what will garnish the meat course. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which a wandering island minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the kindred arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. On Sundays, sitting-in jazz groups work out from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past eleven years, is the definitely permanent party in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to a retrospective show of the music we grew up with. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One of the few coigns in the Second Avenue Casbah that will bear inspection. From ten until three every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest plays piano and sings songs that possess the life and literacy all late-at-night big-city music should have. . . . **JANSSEN'S**, 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The happy bullfrog in this pond is Aldo Bruschi, singer, oboist, pianist, concertina player, and impresario of an opera company of two. Their unassuming but cheering career takes them from Wednesday through Saturday every week, from eight-thirty on, and there is dance music, too, on the same schedule.

**Note**—The world is scarcely big enough for both civilization and the discothèque, but before you vote upon which one of them must go, you might inspect the following establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Lap of luxury, plus music (seven-thirty until three or four) from both ticker tape and an urgent band, plus (at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty) a pagan rout of singers and swingers (Johnny Meistro and the Crests), whose bodies are all triple-jointed. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): To all intents and purposes, the antics here are practically subscription dances, so enter your son and daughter at birth if you wish them to grow up wise in the ways of the night world. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine until four is the customary running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The supreme test here is the effort of all present to follow the flight plan of Tanya Everett (earlier on a participant in "Fiddler on the Roof"). The music comes partly from a tapped wire and partly (each Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday) from the gang called the Walkers; the hours are nine to utter exhaustion; the menu is close to the vanishing point. Dead silence Mondays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): You can gambol on this Village green in whatever you happen to be wearing, but all the same it is an establishment that is distinctly not of the Village Villagey. Some of the music comes out of a wall socket, the rest comes out of people just—or almost—like us. And when you're as young as the prepossessing house dancers, you can dance six days a week, too, on the beer and hamburgers. Nine-thirty to three or four is the rule of this road. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

**DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, monarch of all the pleasing prospect he surveys, takes his daily constitutional (that's the kind of monarch he is) on the finely tuned piano on the dais during cocktails, dinner, and supper—a constitutional



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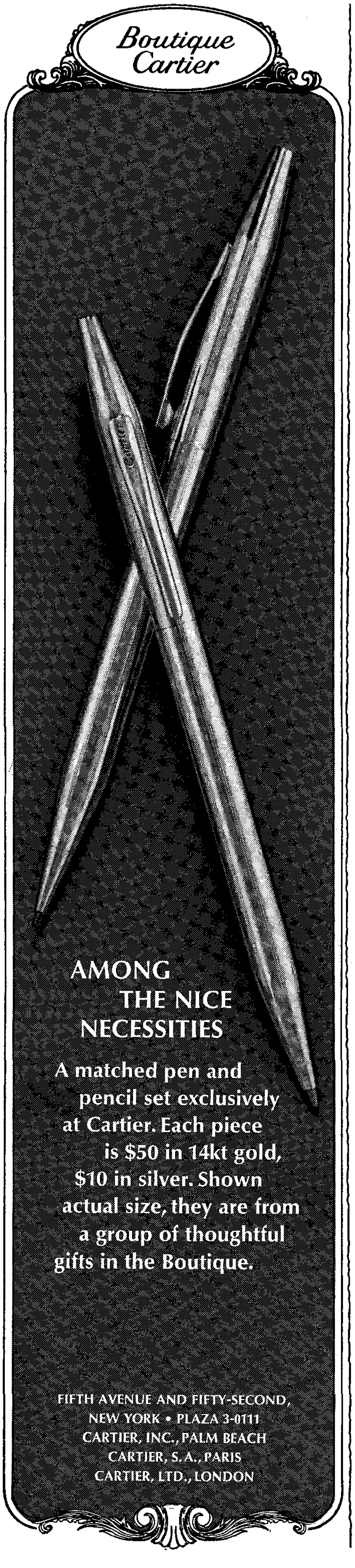
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

jaunty and buoyant. Forrest Perrin, his second in command, does the honors every Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An elaborately ornamented chess set in which all knights are bold and all kings, including Henri IV, are merry. It's a music box, too, except on Sunday evenings, for the violin of Norbert Faconi, a serenader all sublime, takes an active part in the proceedings. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another kingly retreat, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our most glorious antique shops, is the setting for Rogelio Reguera, an Iberian guitarist of the purest ray serene. He holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Kurt Maier, whose piano offers conducted tours of the Vienna Woods. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from six to one—in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant, in which Tony Gorody does thoughtful piano from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

## BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

**COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Enzo Stuarti continues his mad affair with the *aria appassionata*, mostly by leaps and bounds; Ray Hastings has funny stories that nobody else is yet telling. The sideshow is the Copa corps of ballerinas, kicking (not necessarily in unison) up their heels and their long, lovely legs, and Bill Selby, who makes the timeworn task of being production singer seem the best fun in the world. Dancing for the patrons as well. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music by the Five Bells and other explosives. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): This season, the playgirls have come a long, long way—even from across the Pacific. They are chaperoned by the Keigo Imperial Japanese Ballet, which keeps them under light restraint. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The loose ends, weird and wonderful, at which the mini-skirt contingent and its escorts arrive here certainly justify the means. The music issues from a collection of bands in a state of perpetual frenzy. Nine-thirty until four every night is the deal. Hot dogs and such are all that keep the little bodies and souls together.

## CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**PLAZA 9—,** Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Nothing is sacred, particularly cows of the ilk, in the mid-evening at-homes put on by Julius Monk. He serves as *conférencier*, and such sprightly aides as the arcane Alice Ghostley and the team of Tony Hendra and Nick Ullett, a sly set of British customers, put their seal of disapproval upon nearly everything on earth. Robert Colston, Otis Clements, and their brilliant pianos are the pit band. This sporting proposition begins at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España is a Spanish army that lives off the countries it has been to, acquiring and proclaiming the jollier songs of each one. The amiable, deliberately artless cavalcade happens at dinner and supper during the week. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. A dinnertime song-and-dance interlude is all that happens on Sunday evenings. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The territory explored by "Below the Belt," the incumbent revue, has been explored before (some of it by the Lewis and Clark Expedition), but rarely with such gusto. It is on tap at nine-thirty and midnight every night but Sunday. Richard Blair, Genna Carter, Lily Tomlin, Madeline Kahn, and Robert Rovin are the players. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The return of the prodigal Ornette Coleman, now a more comprehensible musician. He comes fitted out with a trio. Mondays are devoted to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A two-ply enterprise—street-level restaurant and below-decks grotto. In the grotto, there is a harvest-moon crop—Dizzy Gillespie's quintet and Carmen McRae's sashaying ballads. Horace Silver's shivery quintet is there, too. Mondays offer, in their stead, a Latin band and Symphony Sid, whose commentaries on jazz can be taken or left alone. . . . ¶ In the restaurant, which is open every day but Monday, Dave Pike's trio produces, late in the evening, the brisk, metallic sound of the future. Sundays, from five to nine, the place is a Strivers' Row, where what is called the Jazz Interactions has its day. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most important coffee plantation in the Village. It is currently the scene of a gentle tug of war between Josh White, who was on hand at the birth of folk music, and Jake Holmes, who spoofs the unholy hands and voices into which some of this art form has fallen. Tuesdays are assigned, instead, to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Small world, large sound. The sound comes from the Zoot Sims quartet and the long-lost Anita O'Day's limpid larynx. Her last night is Sunday, Aug.

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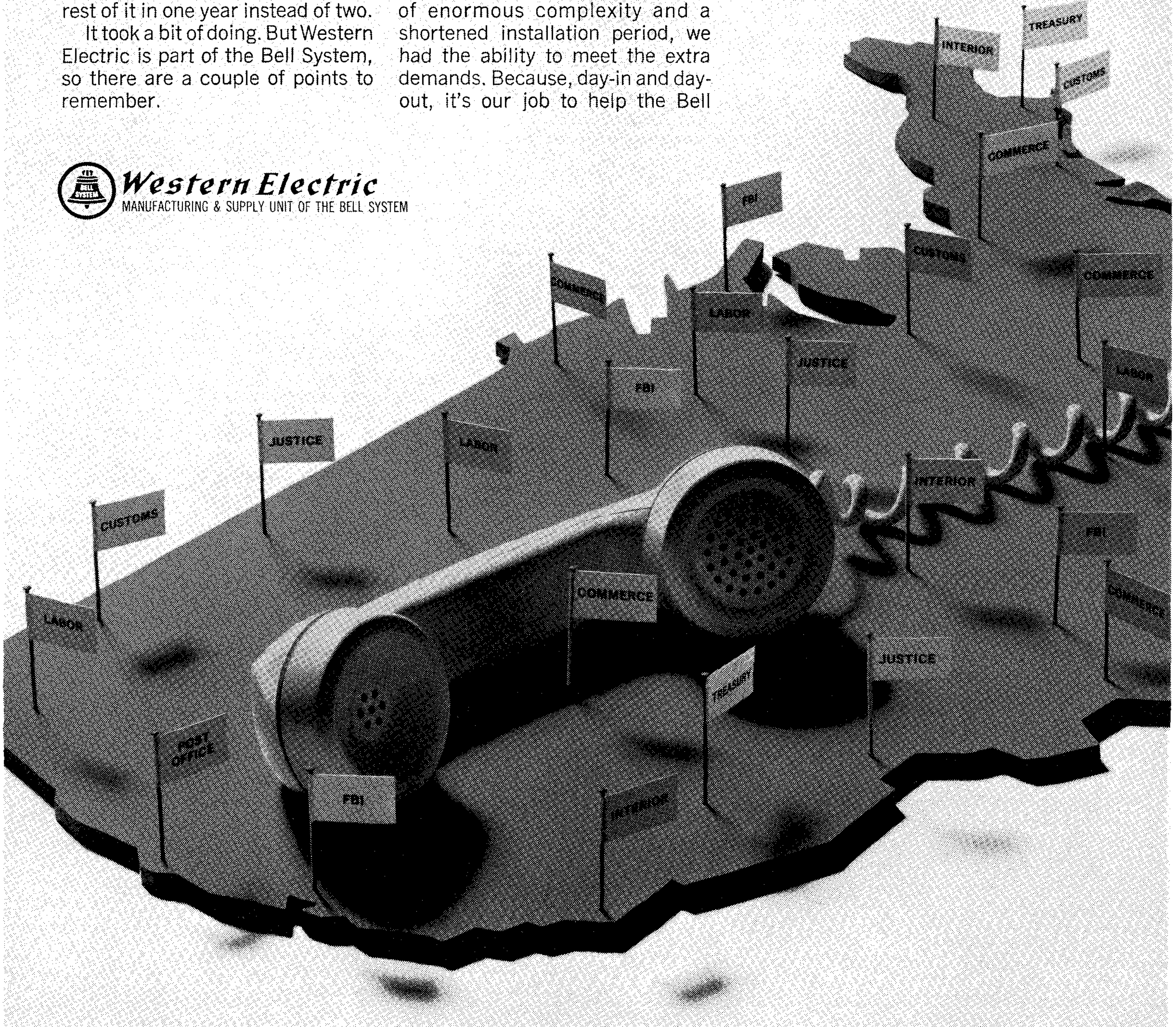
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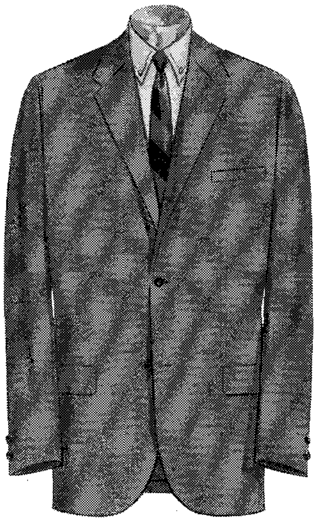

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

28. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The work load is being handled by the quintet of Philly Joe Jones. Mondays, their day of rest, other cats are at play. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland's trio, sometimes pensive and sometimes puissant, sets to at ten. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for vespers with the likes of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Cliff Jackson, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Freddie Hubbard's quintet is now on deck. Mondays are allotted to one-night-standers.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW**—Paintings and sculptures by Paul Cadmus, Robert Vickrey, and Nathan Hale (to mention a few); through Friday, Sept. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

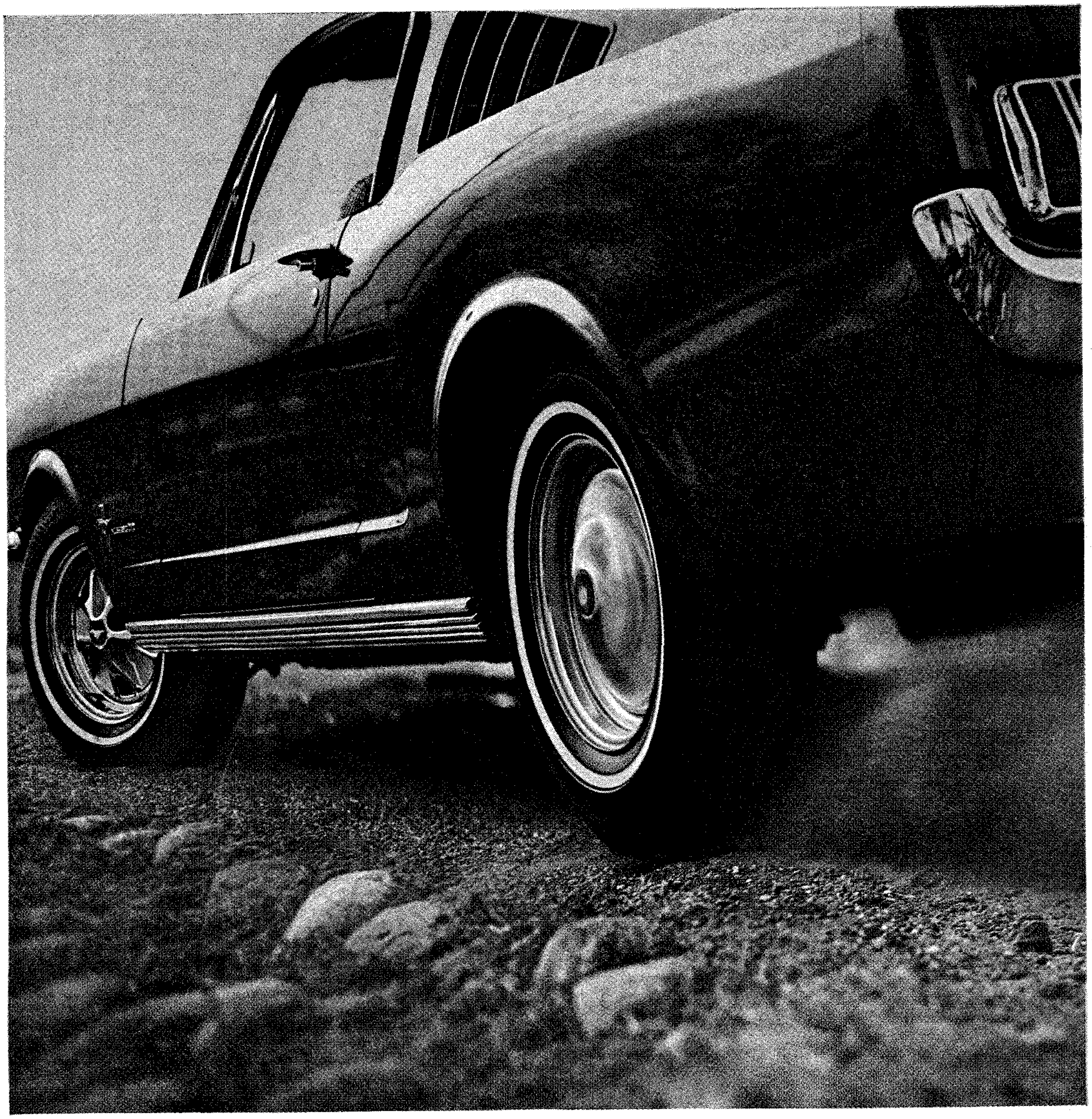
**AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Robert Motherwell, David Smith, Francis Bacon, and others; through Sept. 9. . . . **SCHWEITZER,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Landscapes, portraits, and marines by, among others, Frank Boggs, William Merritt Chase, and Courbet; through Wednesday, Aug. 31.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures on loan from private New York collectors, ranging in date from the eighteen-sixties to the nineteen-sixties and ranging in practitioner from Corot to Picasso and Marino Marini; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ "Americans on the Go," a series of Currier and Ives lithographs from the collection of Miss A. S. Colgate, recording our early methods of transportation and sport, and even 1869 "Fashionable Turn-Outs in Central Park." (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.—An excellent arrangement of the paintings of Henri Matisse from 1897 to 1953, which, though the majority date to his early years as an artist, is yet revealing of his maturing competence in design and color; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of Reuben Nakian—large abstract sculptures, some of painted steel and some of plaster (the most ponderous of the latter being "The Judgment of Paris" group), along with smaller bronzes and terra-cottas and drawings relating to them, mainly of a mythological nature; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandin-



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sky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and *Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon* to 6.)

**Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum is scheduled to open at this new address on Sept. 28.

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art dating from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ The Sculpture Garden has been transformed into a proper cemetery for some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings that have been demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Gallery of Modern Art,** 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art–The Nadler Collection," an exhibition of sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze works, plus a small loan exhibit of objects typical of the reign of Ramses II, who built the Abu Simbel Temples; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Current happenings in Op and Pop Art, as represented by Lichtenstein, Warhol, Rivers, and others, along with a less startling showing of such artists as Matisse, Modigliani, and Chagall, from the Harry N. Abrams Family Collection; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, six examples of the work of Alexander Liberman—large intertwining shavings of welded steel; through Sept. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts,** 29 W. 53rd St.—A pulpit-like ladder, a jocular chess set, and two hundred and sixty-six other works in a variety of mediums by leading American craftsmen comprise the current exhibit entitled "Craftsmen USA '66;" through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

**Museum of Primitive Art,** 15 and 22 W. 54th St.—"The World of Primitive Art," an exhibition of sculptures, paintings, jewelry, textiles, and ceramics from Africa, the Pacific islands, the Americas, and prehistoric Asia and Europe; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A delightful little showing of sketches, studies, preliminary drawings, and letters of Beatrix Potter. Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, and Mr. Jeremy Fisher—they're all there. Through Oct. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

**Mozart Festival at Philharmonic Hall**—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs—Thursday, Aug. 25: The Kroll Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 26: Donald Johanos conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27: Alexander Schneider, violin, with assisting artists. (Evenings at 8:30.)

**Music Outdoors**—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**central park mall:** Operas in English, presented by the Manhattan Opera Company. Thursday, Aug. 25: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 30: "Aida." . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 1: "Andrea Chénier." (Evenings at 8.) . . . **wollman rink:** A mixed bag of commotion, mainly musical, sponsored by the Rheingold people. Mondays at 8:30, jazz; Wednesdays at 8:30, rock 'n' roll; Fridays at 8:30, folk music; and Saturdays at 8:30 and 10:30, pop music. (For information about tickets, call 249-7750.) . . . **washington square:** Henry Schuman conducting the Musica da Camera, a chamber-wind ensemble, in the last in a series of concerts. (Monday, Aug. 29, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

**Jazz Concerts**—Final concerts of the season—Thursday, Aug. 25, at 8:30: Jackie McLean's quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 1, at 8:30: Booker Ervin's quartet. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

### IN THE COUNTRY

**Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival**—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, Bhaskar, and Alonzo Rivera. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, Aug. 25, at 3, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, at 3 and 8:40.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. California, Thursday, Aug. 25, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Aug. 26, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 27, at 7; and Sunday, Aug. 28, at 2. . . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Los Angeles, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 29-30, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 8, and Thursday, Sept. 1, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, at 8.

**Boxing**—Johnny Persol vs. James J. Woody, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday, Aug. 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**Golf**—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Merion Golf Club, Merion, Pa. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 3.)

**Horse Show**—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 3-5.)

**Polo**—Sundays at 3:30—At **blind brook polo club,** Purchase. . . . **bethpage polo field,** Farmingdale, L.I.

**Racing**—At **saratoga:** Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 27. The Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 27. . . . **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30, starting Monday, Aug. 29. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 29, and the Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 3. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 11. (Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

**Soccer**—Benfica (Portugal) vs. A.E.K. (Greece). Final game of the United States Cup of Champions series. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, Aug. 28, at 3.)

**Sports-Car Racing**—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 27, at 12:30.

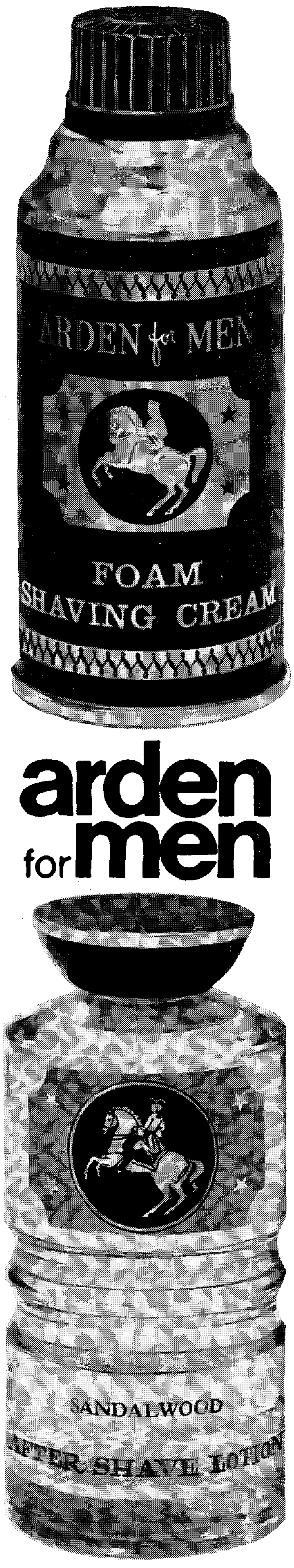
**Tennis**—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28.) . . . ¶ National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. BO 8-2300. Thursday, Sept. 1, through Sunday, Sept. 11.)

**Trotting**—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 18. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

**Yachting**—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Through Sunday, Aug. 28.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

**Dear John**—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

**Doctor Zhivago**—A beautifully filmed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Endless Summer**—A brilliant documentary on surfing. A perfect movie about a search for the perfect wave. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

**A Fine Madness**—A mixture of broad comedy and social comment that is interesting in one way or another in spite of its many faults. With Sean Connery as a poet, Patrick O'Neal as his analyst, and Joanne Woodward and Jean Seberg as their respective wives. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 30.)

**Khartoum**—Handsome and authentic locations, sets, costumes, and actors (Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier); tame script. In Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**A Man and a Woman**—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

**Morgan!**—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about contemporary London, directed with great verve by Karel Reisz. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

**My Fair Lady**—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**—The wit and harshness of the original are undimmed, and the language is unbowdlerized. Richard Burton's performance is so strong that the emphasis now has shifted: Martha's play has become George's movie. The others actors—Elizabeth Taylor, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis—do very well, too. Mike Nichols was the director; Ernest Lehman adapted the script. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

**The Wrong Box**—Excellent comedy, with comedians Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Wilfrid Lawson, Michael Caine, Peter Sellers, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

## REVIVALS

**A Nous la Liberté** (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

**Beat the Devil** (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 27.)

**8½** (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

**Il Federale** (1965)—Ugo Tognazzi and Georges Wilson in a satire about the adventures of an Army sergeant and an elderly leader of the underground. Formerly called "The Fascist." In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 29.)

**Forbidden Games** (1952)—Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly in a film about the effect of war and death on two small children. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 31.)

**Gigi** (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

**A Hard Day's Night** (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

**Help!** (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

**High Sierra** (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 26.)

**Hiroshima, Mon Amour** (1960)—The doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

**Mafioso** (1964)—A glimpse into the workings of the Honored Society, here and in Sicily. With Alberto Sordi. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

**The Manchurian Candidate** (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 29.)

**The Man on the Flying Trapeze** (1935)—W. C. Fields concerned with domestic life. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 26.)

**Never Give a Sucker an Even Break** (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 28.)

**Port of Shadows** (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

**Shane** (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Aug. 30.)

**Six of a Kind** (1934)—Just some nonsense with W. C. Fields, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, and Burns and Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 27.)

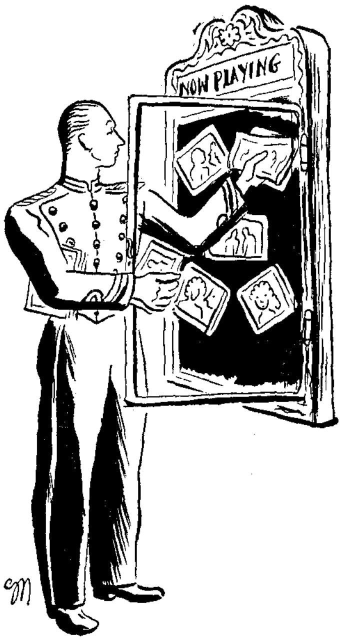
**Suspicion** (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. With Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 29.)

**Treasure of Sierra Madre** (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 28.)

**Umberto D.** (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 31.)

**Film Libraries**—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Aug. 26: "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933), with Barbara Stanwyck. . . . ¶ Aug. 27-28: "King Kong" (1933), with Fay Wray. . . . ¶ Aug. 29-30: "What! No Beer?" (1933), with Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. . . . ¶ Aug. 31: "Becky Sharp" (1935), with Miriam Hopkins. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Joe Pasternak." Through Aug. 26: "That Midnight Kiss" (1949), with Kathryn Grayson and José Iturbi. . . . ¶ Aug. 27-28: "Summer Stock" (1950), with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly. . . . ¶ Aug. 30-31: "The Strip" (1951), with Mickey Rooney and Sally Forrest. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

# THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## THE BROADWAY AREA

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Aug. 30: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From Aug. 31: "What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?," James Coburn, Dick Shawn.

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
**DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.**

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**

**DeMille**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

**Forum**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Aug. 30: "The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks.
From Aug. 31: "An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

**New Embassy**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. *Reserved seats only.*)

**State**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Aug. 31 (tentative): "This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford.

**Warner Cinerama**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
**KHARTOUM.**

## EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**MORGAN!**

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
**HELP!**, revival; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 30: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers; and "Boy, Did I Get a Wrong Number!," Bob Hope, Elke Sommer.
From Aug. 31: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

**Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
**THE ENDLESS SUMMER.**

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Aug. 30: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From Aug. 31: "What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?," James Coburn, Dick Shawn.

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 30: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From Aug. 31: "What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?," James Coburn, Dick Shawn.

**R.K.O. 58th St.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 30: "The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks.
From Aug. 31: "An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Aug. 28: "The Uncle," Rupert Davies.
From Aug. 29: "Time Lost and Time Remembered," Sarah Miles.

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Mademoiselle," Jeanne Moreau.

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
**THE WRONG BOX.**

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

**York Cinema**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Aug. 30: "Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren; and "Charade," revival, Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.
From Aug. 31: To be announced.

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
**GIGI**, revival.

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 30: "Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren.
From Aug. 31: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

**Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
**WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**

**72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
**DEAR JOHN** (in Swedish).

**R.K.O. 86th St.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 30: **A FINE MADNESS**; and "An Eye for an Eye," Robert Lansing, Pat Wayne.
From Aug. 31: "Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen; and "Die, Monster, Die," revival, Boris Karloff, Nick Adams.

**Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar.

## WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Aug. 29: "Orpheus" (in French), revival, Jean Marais; and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (in French), revival.
From Aug. 30: "Testament of Orpheus," revival; and "Beauty and the Beast," revival—both Jean Cocteau films, in French.

**Garrick**, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Aug. 29: "Klondike Annie," revival, Mae West, Victor McLaglen; and "Night After Night," revival, Mae West, George Raft.
From Aug. 30: **SHANE**, revival; and "King Solomon's Mines," revival, Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger.

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 30: **A FINE MADNESS**; and "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.
From Aug. 31: "Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren; and "A Very Special Favor," Rock Hudson, Leslie Caron.

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
To be announced.

**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

**Sheridan**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 29: "Batman," Adam West, Burt Ward; and "Von Ryan's Express," revival, Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.
Aug. 30: "The Great Caruso," revival, Mario Lanza, Dorothy Kirsten; and "Maytime," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From Aug. 31: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
**DEAR JOHN** (in Swedish).

**R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 30: "The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks.
From Aug. 31: "An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
**MY FAIR LADY.**

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford.

**Cinema Rendezvous**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"La Visita" (in Italian), Sandra Milo, François Périer.

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"It Happened Here," Pauline Murray, Sebastian Shaw.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

**Lincoln Art**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Love and Marriage" (in Italian), Sylva Koscina.

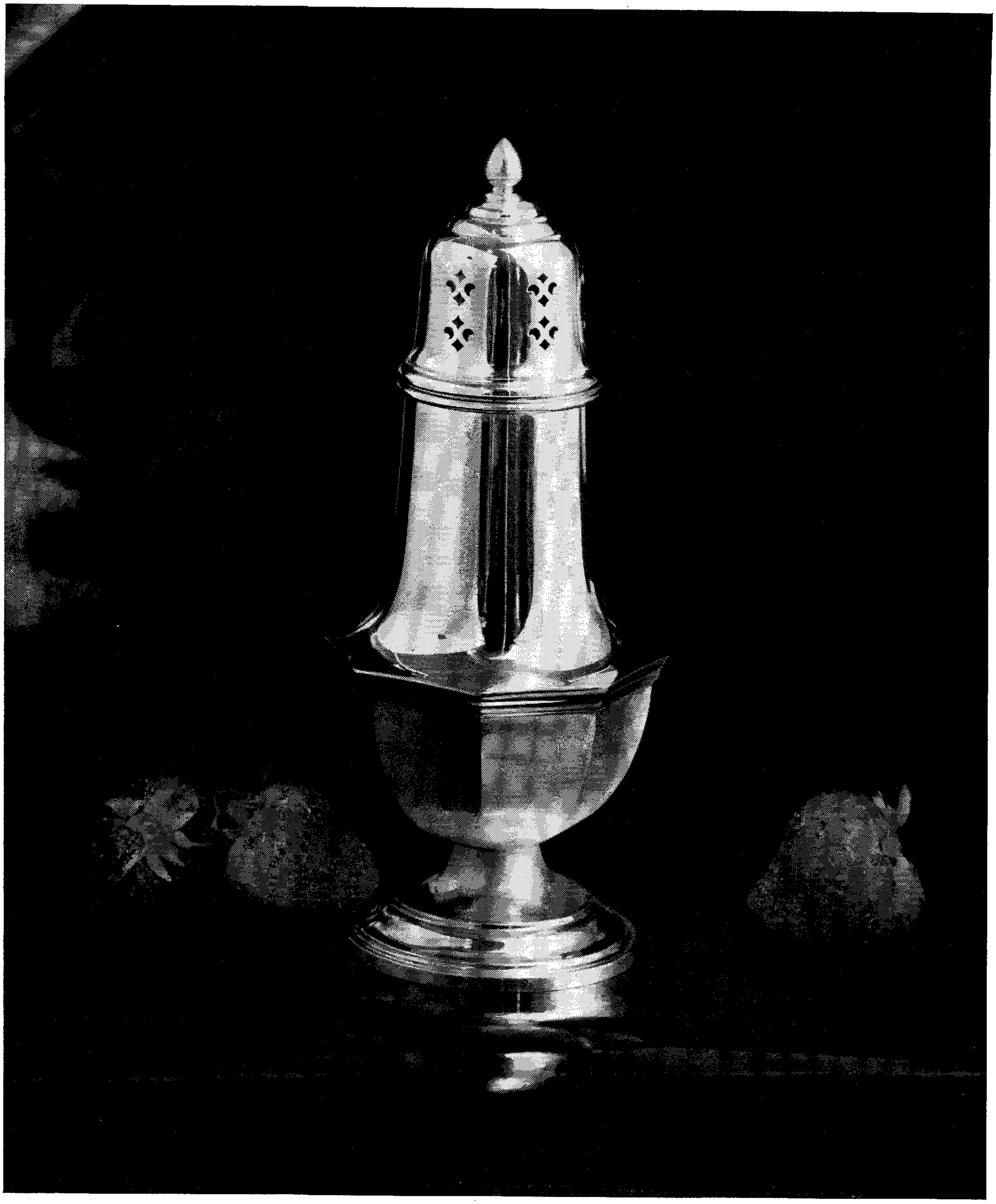
**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
**A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French).

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 25: "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain; and "The Elusive Corporal" (in French), revival, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Claude Brasseur.
Aug. 26: **THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE**, revival; and **HIGH SIERRA**, revival.
Aug. 27: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and **SIX OF A KIND**, revival.
Aug. 28: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival.
Aug. 29: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival; and **IL FEDERALE** (in Italian; formerly called "The Fascist"), revival.
Aug. 30: "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe; and "The Man Who Could Cheat Death," revival, Anton Diffring.
Aug. 31: **UMBERTO D.** (in Italian), revival; and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival.

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 30: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," revival, Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau; and "The Slender Thread," revival, Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.
From Aug. 31: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters; and another feature, to be announced.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 25: "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), revival; and "Plisetskaya Dances," revival, a Russian documentary film, with an English narration.
Aug. 26: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and **MAFIOSO** (in Italian), revival.
Aug. 27: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and "Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French), revival.
Aug. 28: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "Miracle In Milan" (in Italian), revival.
Aug. 29: **SUSPICION**, revival; and "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles.
Aug. 30: **PORT OF SHADOWS** (in French), revival; and "The Devil's Envoys" (in French), revival.
Aug. 31: A program of six short films of psychology.

**Midtown**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
**DEAR JOHN** (in Swedish).



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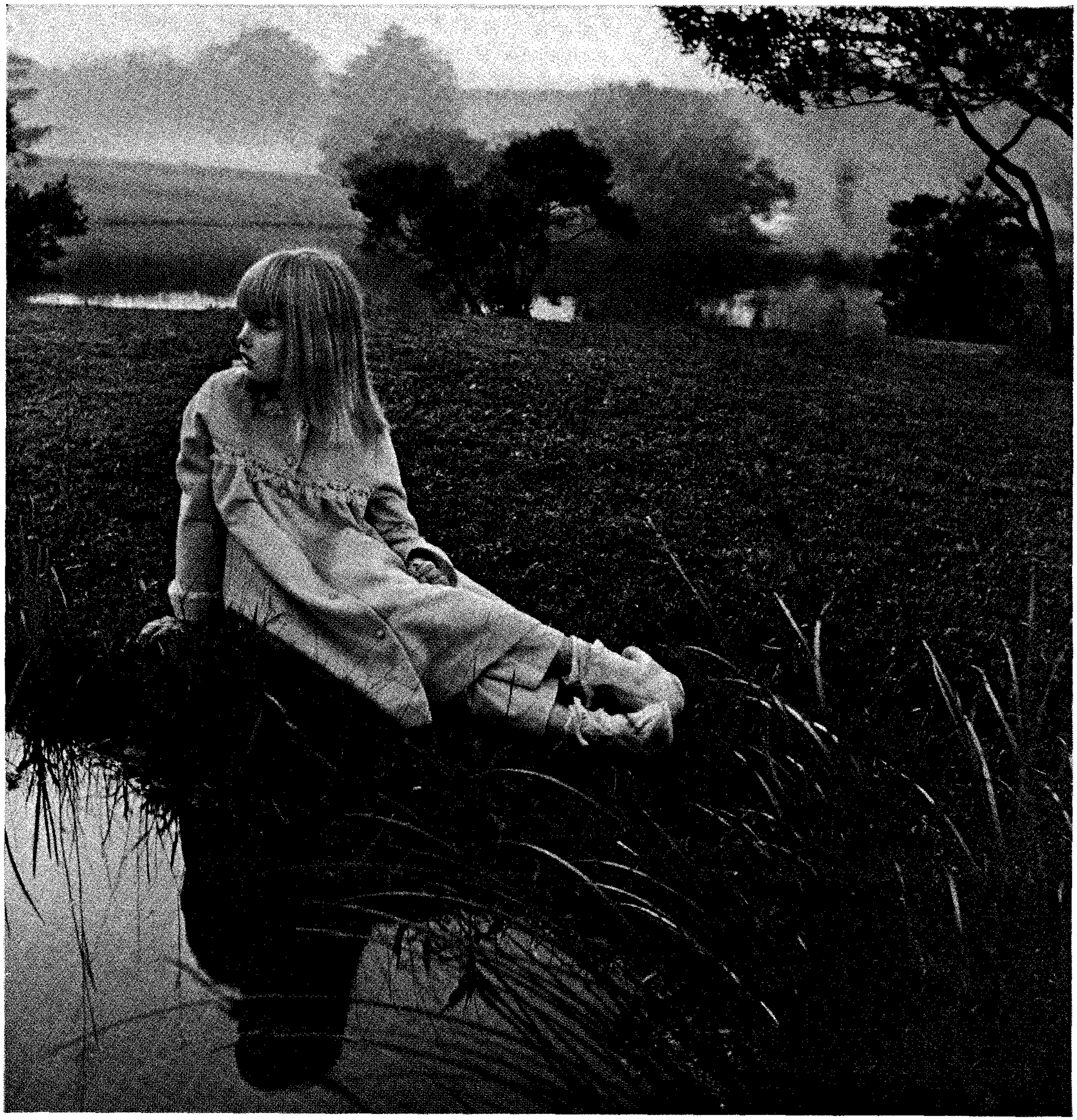
# WE dream up things



These little-girl blues by Carter, for example.
Inside there's our shape-keeping Certifab® bonded to the matching robe and bootees.
Outside, our Cloud Trique®. A gently brushed fleece of 80% Estron® acetate, 20% nylon.
And because these moon-dreams are made from C&A's Cloud Trique, the true-blue color won't fade in the wash.
Carter also has this dream of a young sleep set in pink. Pajamas about $6.
Robe about $12. Bootees about $3. Sizes 4 to 14. See them now at Bloomingdale's,
Marshall Field, Filene's, John Wanamaker, and other fine stores.

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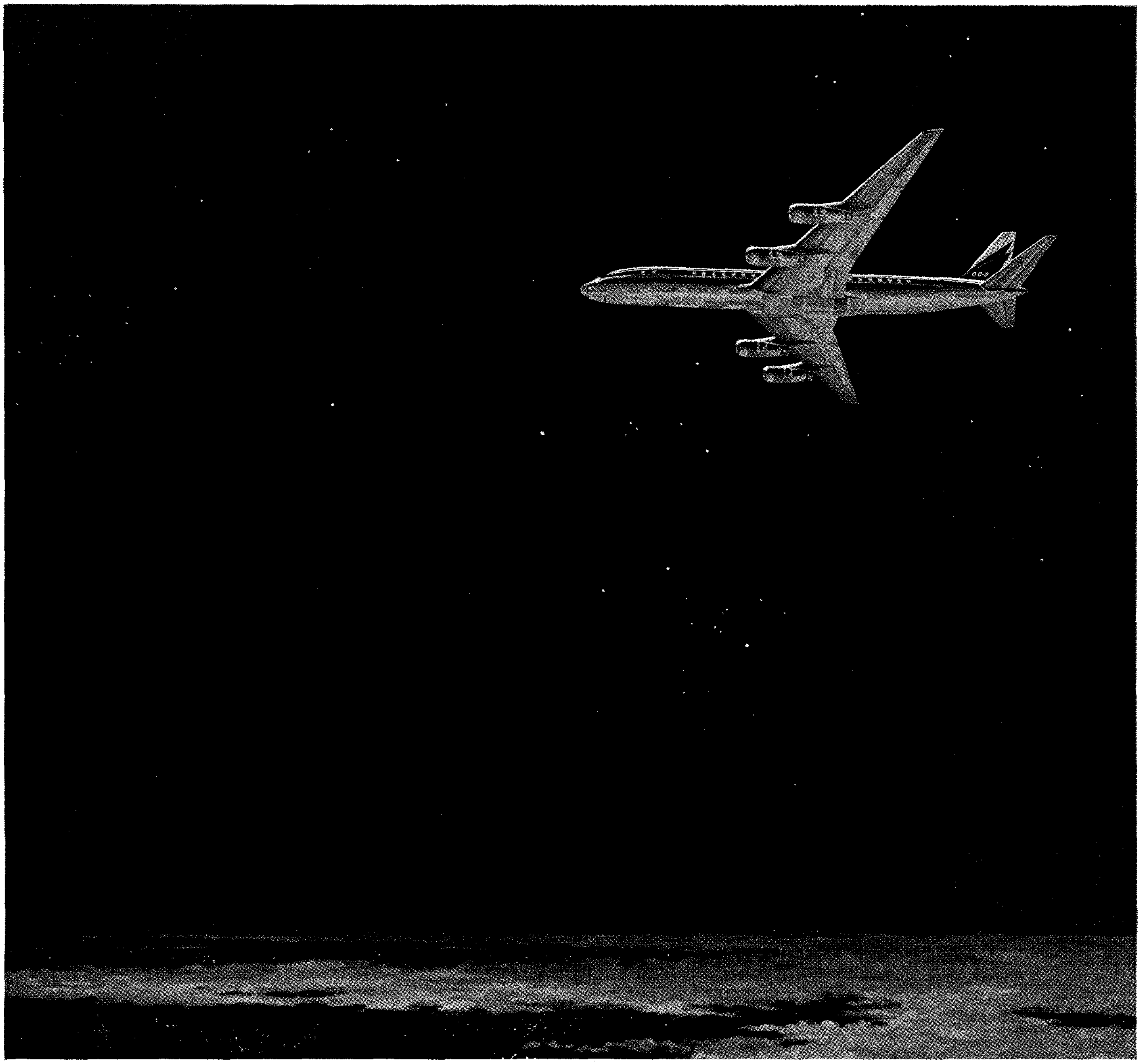
# Making a business trip?



# Make it a quick & quiet jet: Douglas DC-8 or DC-9

When you plan your next business trip, plan to fly a DC-8 or DC-9 and discover the Douglas difference in design.

From its powerful, proved engines to its sleek, spacious airframe to its smooth, quiet flight—the great Douglas DC-8 offers air travelers a high level of dependability and comfort unsurpassed by any big jet in the world. And if you're a veteran air traveler, you probably already know that the famous DC-8 has flown farther, higher, and faster than any other commercial jet . . . and that it was the first jetliner to be designed with fan-jet engines as standard equipment.

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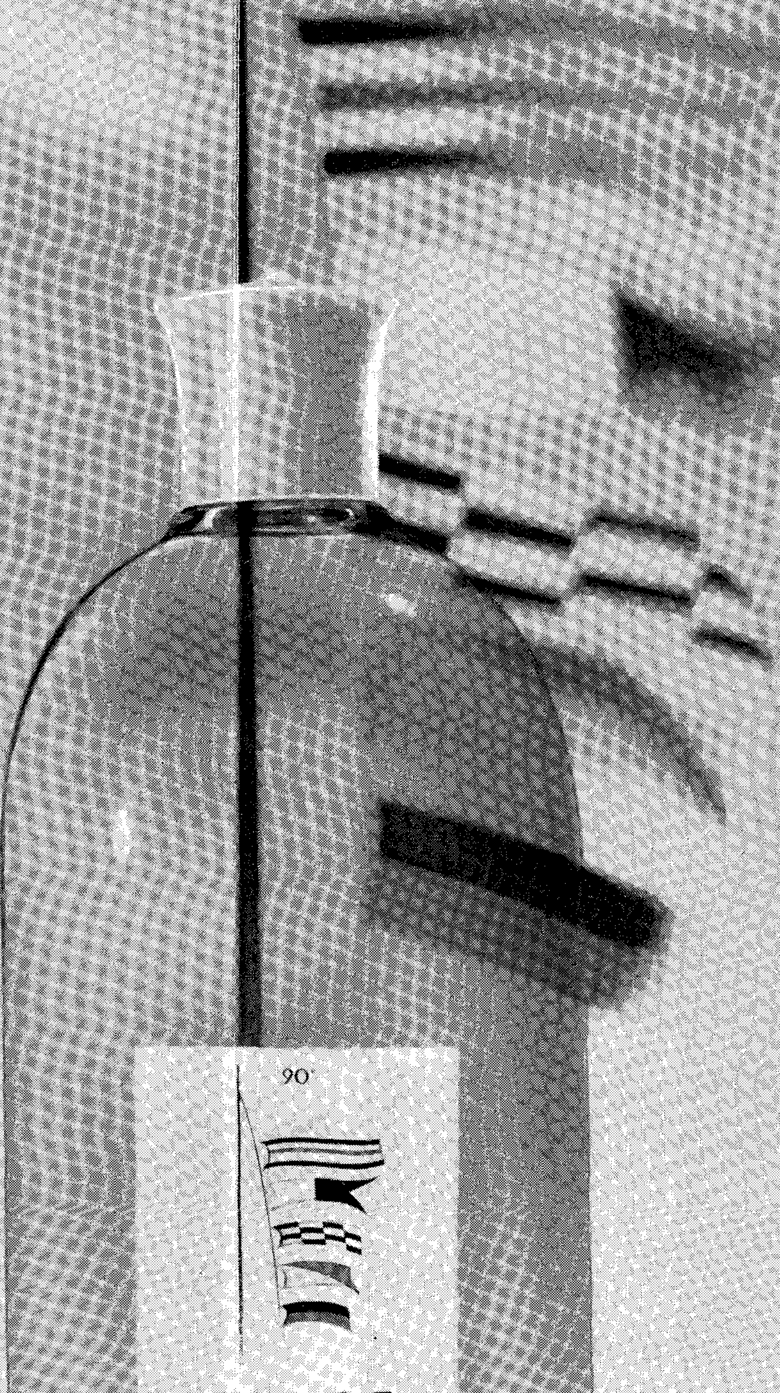
# The Douglas Royal Family of Jets

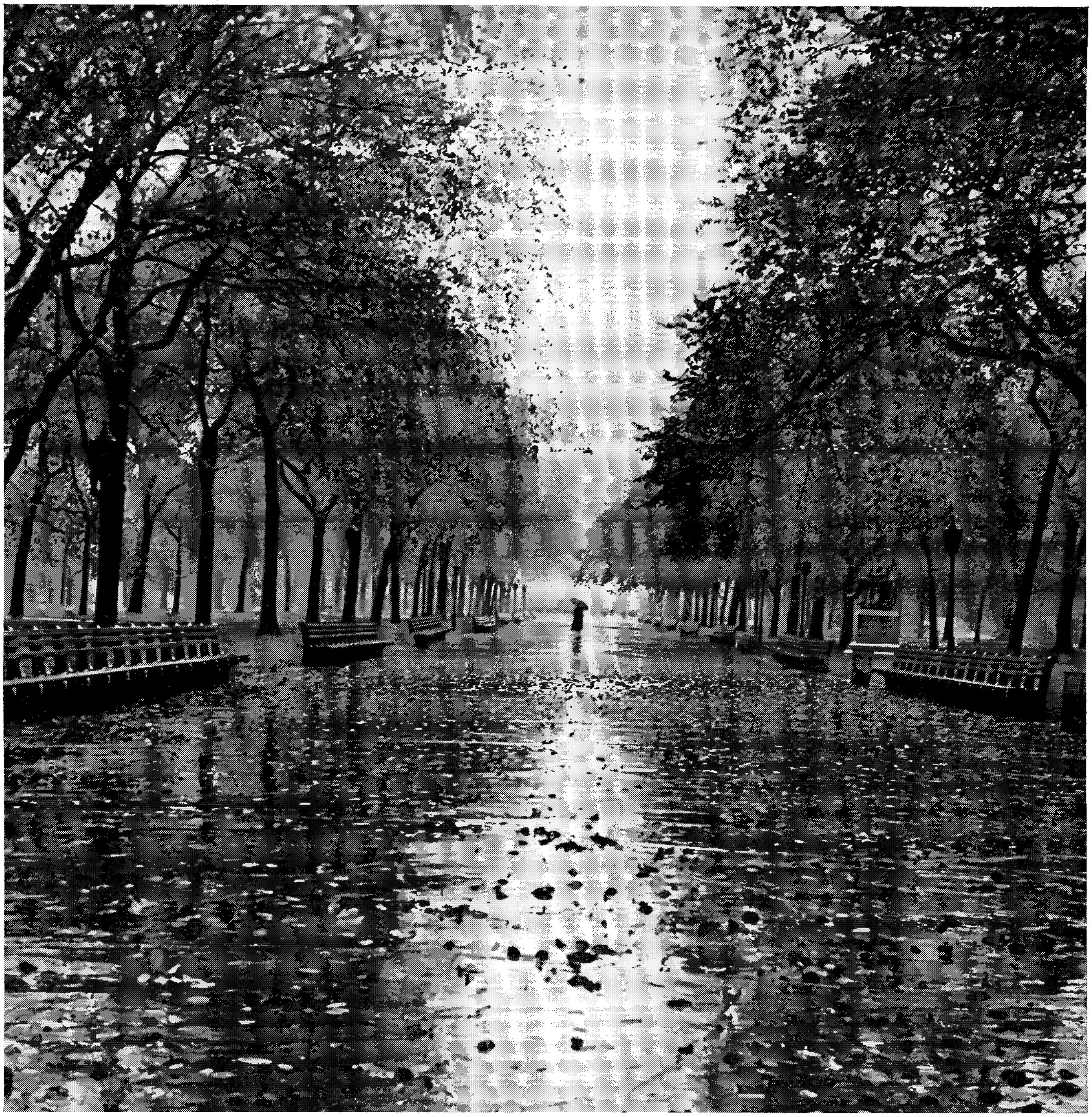
CANOE


90°
CANOE
Dana
PARIS - FRANCE

EAU DE
COLOGNE

Dana

MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE



**When you wish you had a Wales...
(especially one with a liner of Orlon®)**

The raincoat designed for small gals and big weather! One wonderful Wales resists wrinkles and sprinkles because it's tailored of a great blend of 65% Dacron* polyester-35% cotton poplin. And for the big weather, it's got a zip-out liner aptly named Frostbiter® of warm rugged Orlon* acrylic pile. What's more, it's completely wash and wear and treated with ZePel* fabric fluoridizer for rain and stain protection. In six colors, in junior and junior petite sizes, about $32.50. With zip-out liner, about $50 at fine stores wherever there's weather.
P.S. Since we're gentlemen's tailors, we make the same coat for the man in your life, too!

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# The most economical thing about a VW is how long it's economical.

**This VW went 67,000 miles. And back.**

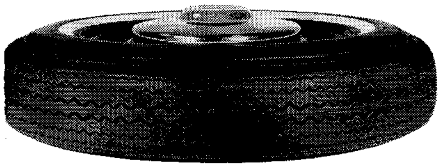
Unless you've been marooned on a desert island, you probably know the Volkswagen has quite a reputation for being cheap to run.

As a matter of fact, a lot of VW owners have turned into crashing bores by talking endlessly about it.

It may be boring, but it's true.

Almost everyone gets about 29 miles to a gallon of regular gas. (Some get a bit more or a bit less depending on where and how they drive.)

It doesn't take much oil to keep a Volkswagen going. And tires that go 40,000 miles per set is no special news. (They're built to carry almost twice the weight of the car.)



**The secret of more tire wear: more tire.**

There aren't a lot of repairs and adjustments to put up with, either.

Parts don't cost a fortune because so many of them are interchangeable from one year to the next.

And license plates and insurance generally cost less than for other cars.

All in all, a Volkswagen can save you a good $200 a year.

Not bad.

But the thing that really sets the VW apart from other cars is its low depreciation.

The difference is staggering.

The fact is, domestic cars depreciate 2 times as fast as a Volkswagen in only one year.

A one-year-old VW that cost about $1,700* now is actually worth more than many year-old domestic cars that originally cost $2,100.

Stick around; it gets worse.

A 5-year-old Volkswagen could be sold for as much as $900 if it's in reasonably good shape.

But that 5-year-old $2,100 car is now worth maybe $400-$500. Maybe.

So it doesn't take an Einstein to figure out what an ugly hole depreciation can put in your pocket.

Unless you buy a Volkswagen.

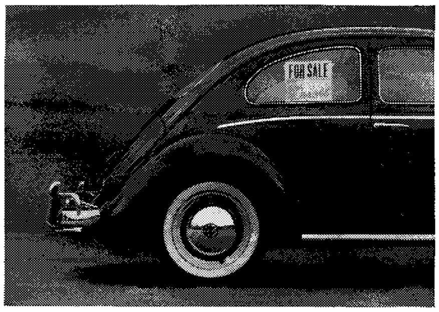
And one Volkswagen may be the only one you'll ever have to buy.

Say you buy a 1966 VW for $1,700.*

And say you save that $200 on running it every year and put it in the bank.

In 5 years or so, you can take that car (if it's in reasonable shape) together with the money you've saved to your local friendly Volkswagen dealer.

Chances are you can drive out with a brand-new VW and not have to add a dime.



**One of the nice things about owning it is selling it.**

If you don't like that idea, there's another alternative.

Buy a '66 VW and just drive it.

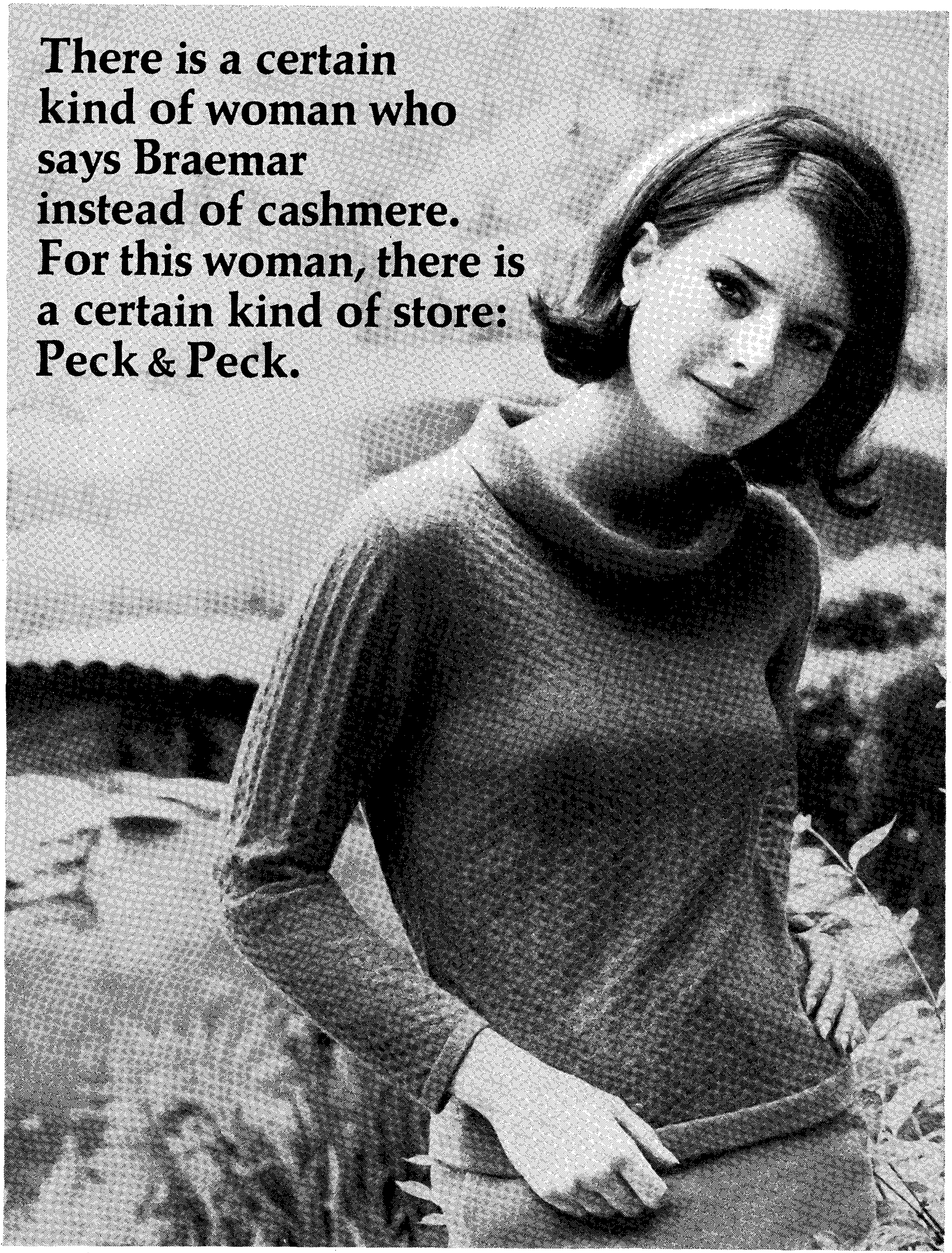
No one will stop you from keeping the same VW for as long as you like. (No one will know the difference anyway; we never change the way it looks.)

So you can just go on saving all that nice money year after year and get rich at our expense.

Maybe the VW really can't make a poor man rich.

But neither can it make a rich man poor.

*Depending on accessories, local taxes and delivery charges.


There is a certain kind of woman who says Braemar instead of cashmere. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Braemar, the queen of cashmeres, goes lacy all over. Beautiful to see. Beautiful to feel. Boxwood green, Thistle blue, Glamis gold. 34 to 40, 40.00 Matching wool homespun skirt, 8 to 18, 17.00

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WHEN we saw that John Lennon's casual remarks about popularity and theology had unleashed a theological storm the world over, we paid a visit to our friend Alotrios, who has his own ideas about popularity and theology, and found him where we had left him three months ago, leaning out of the window of his suite in the Plaza and still trying to locate, in the sky above Fifth Avenue, the place where he had lived for many years, on the twenty-ninth floor of the now almost demolished Savoy Plaza Hotel. We asked him if he had followed the dispute, and he said, "Of course not. I did not have to. It followed me wherever I went, whether I wanted it or not. If you ask me, the question is not whether the Beatles are more popular than Jesus but whether information is more popular than knowledge, which it is. That is one of the curses of modern man. We are all Infomaniacs, and our only god is Info. Actually, I see Info as the Goddess of Thin Milk; she feeds us only what can never nourish our souls or bring our thoughts to maturation. That is the reason you found the *Times* taking such an avuncular tone in its reminder to John Lennon. Let me read to you what it said editorially after he had explained himself in a press conference: 'He says he's sorry he ever said the Beatles were more popular than Jesus. He was just using the Beatles as an example and "could have said TV or cinema or anything else that's popular." Well, it's all clear now, and that's the main thing about that. The wonder is that such an articulate young man could have expressed himself imprecisely in the first place.' But he had not been imprecise at all; he had been speaking tongue in cheek, and he could well afford to pretend that he was sorry, when instead he was gleeful, over his telling remark, and also pretend that he was confused, and had not really meant what he said, whereas the newspapers, the television stations, and the theologians of the world could not pretend that they were *not* sorry and *not* confused, because they so rarely meant what they said about Jesus, and it was clear to them and to everybody else that the message of Jesus had never been their concern to begin with. But before we go into the nature of modern popularity, or fame, let us examine the problem that seems to have shocked everybody so much; namely, the statement that the Beatles are more popular, or more famous, than Jesus. Why hasn't anyone said that Jesus was never supposed to be famous at all? In fact, He came to demonstrate, as Socrates did before Him, and as the Martyrs or Witnesses did after Him, that truth itself is infamous, and infects with the reputation of infamity (excuse the pun, but it is one only on the surface) anyone who lives truly and believes in the higher reality of an eternal truth, whether this is embodied in a holy image or concealed from our eyes—nay, forbidden as an image, and even as a word, but wrapped up in the allegory of holy scriptures and celebrated in the greatest secrecy. Mark my use of the word 'celebrate.' Today we celebrate only celebrities, and Jesus has become one of them, alas—there are now many television commercials ostensibly dedicated to Him. In days less given to commercials and more to spirituals, this would have been regarded as blasphemous, and at the time of the now famous Jesus Himself He would have been found, whip in hand, at the doors of any TV studios, had they existed, for those are the temples where the merchants are at their busiest. The early Christians celebrated in catacombs, and their aim, as they worshipped Jesus there, was not that of raising Him someday to the top level of what they regarded as the lowest moral degradation of man but to debase the idea of popularity, of fame, of worldliness, of wealth, and the attendant arrogance of power, so that people would become brotherly in isolation, as men conscious of their unsurmountable solitude, and therefore of the urgent need to establish brotherhood, not with millions of fellow TV viewers or party members but with their immediate neighbor only, knowing that those beyond him could never be different from him, as helpless human beings, and that the reaction to brotherly love is a moral chain reaction and radiates through the whole world. In moving from holy image and holy scriptures to Madison Avenue image and television script, we have covered the whole decline of humanity. Fame today is a business. Gold is no longer gold, but gossip is. The cult of fame gave us Hitler, and Hitler's chief apostle was Goebbels. As one of his blueprints in preparing the extermination of the Jews, Goebbels used the innocent guide to American success through the manipulation of opinion, written by a kind-hearted but fame-conscious American public-relations man, titled 'Crystallizing Public Opinion.' The author recounts in his memoirs that when he heard about Goebbels' use of his book he was shocked, and concluded that a good thing could be used for good or bad purposes. There he was wrong. Thomas a Kempis could never have been used by Hitler, but a modern guide to the manipulation of opinion could be and was. The image by which we live today is a mask over our true face—a mask that makes the Delphic rule 'Know thyself' appear self-destructive, suicidal, whereas that rule was the classical world's version of what later became the Christian concept of salvation: 'Follow the dictates of your conscience.' Public relations, or the image-making industry, or the popularity industry, or the fame industry,

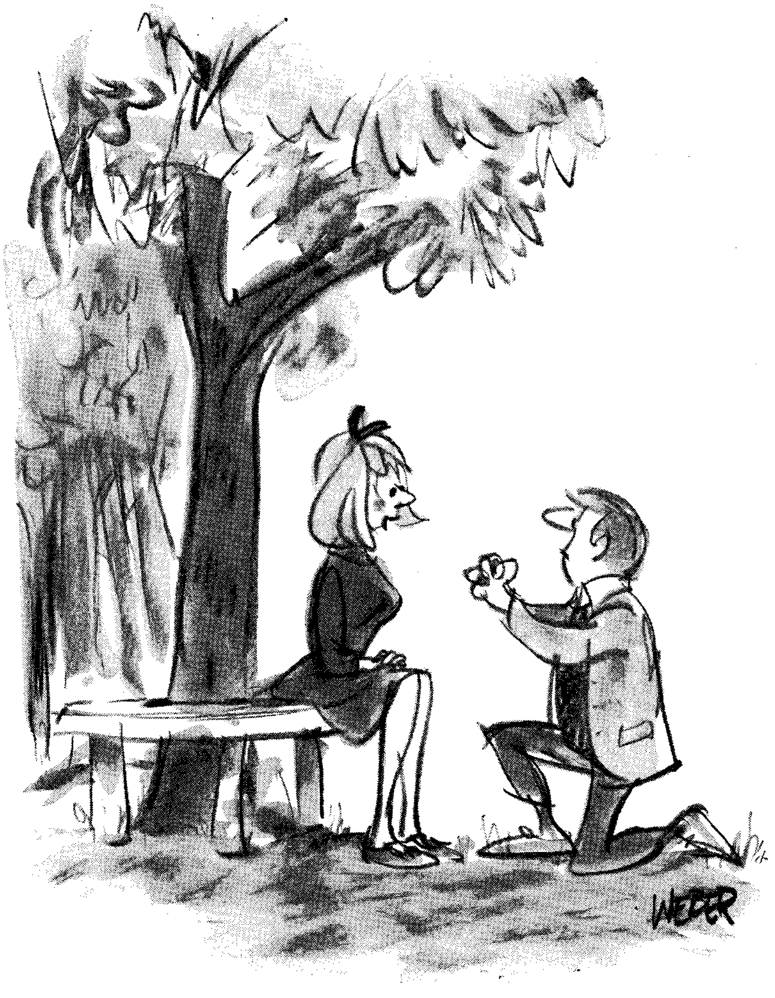
is not only the mask that separates man from his conscience and makes self-knowledge, and thus morality, impossible; it also separates public from private interests, and tends to kill both in the end. Remember that fame and meditation don't go together. In our day, many a theologian does not see the moral havoc brought about by the fact that political men, men who hold the fate of the world in their hands, often act on the advice of their public-relations experts, for the sole purpose of enhancing a public lie about themselves—a lie so intricate and huge that even they themselves don't have an image of their image. If that isn't immoral, what is? You will say everybody today feels that unless he is well known he cannot live. Now, there is such a thing as becoming too well known. Jesus is a case in point; in spite of what John Lennon says, Jesus has become so well known that many people no longer take Him seriously. A local case in point was that of General MacArthur when, in 1952, to launch him as our possible next President, his supporters gave him such an immense reception in New York that everybody thought he would become our next President. But his advisers and supporters had forgotton the basic rule of modern fame: Once you make it, you must go on making it every day. Once you hit the headlines, you must keep on hitting them all the time—or, as Lewis Carroll teaches, you have to run as fast as you can just to stay in the same place. General MacArthur was replaced in the headlines the next day by a society divorce, a robbery in some elegant resort, and the activities of some minor sex offender in the Bronx. But the Fame Business seems to have learned *that* lesson. That is why today, sad to say, efforts are being made on television to keep up the fame of Jesus (as if He had ever needed fame at all), so if John Lennon had said that television was more efficient than martyrdom, and more humane, and therefore more closely akin to the true spirit of Christianity, you would have found some theologians subscribing to this view. It just happens that the young man was too honest, too direct, and too witty, and here are the results.”

We thanked our friend Alotrios, and left him to resume his search for his apartment on the twenty-ninth floor of the popular Savoy Plaza.

## *Sea Treasure*

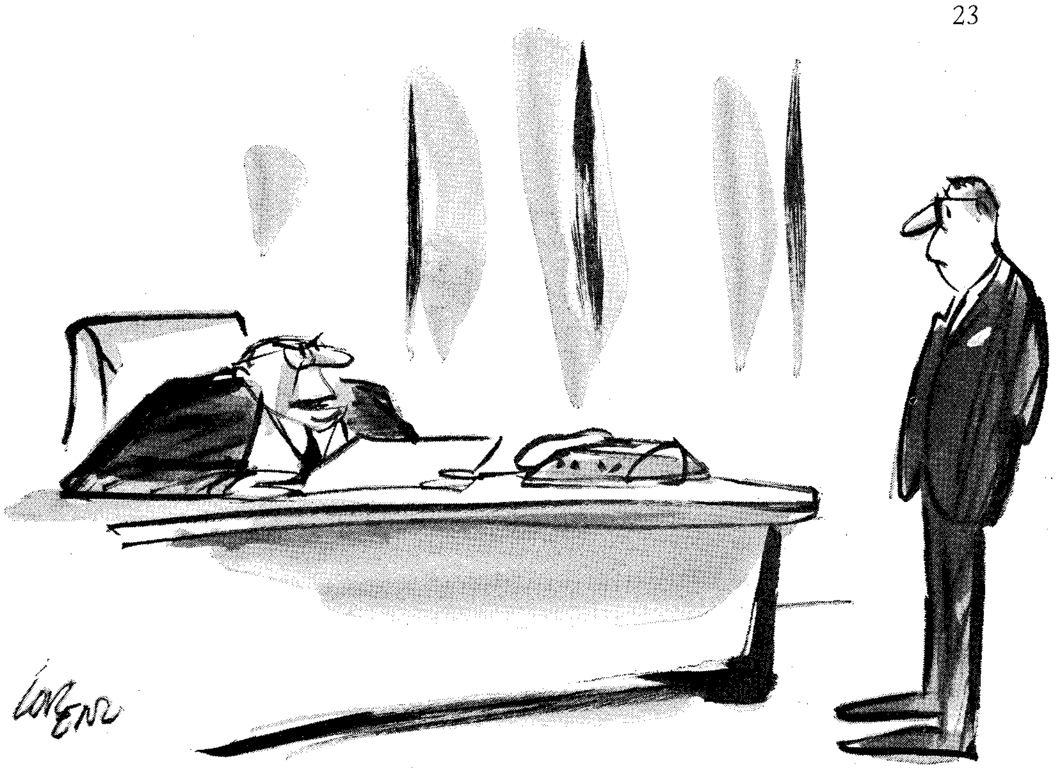
RECENT experiments in the use of marine organisms as tools for medical research and as potential sources of drugs have disclosed a new area in which the sea may prove beneficial to mankind. Just how beneficial we had no idea until we went down to Coney Island the other day and had a chat with Dr. Ross F. Nigrelli, who is director of the New York Aquarium as a whole and of its scientific-research department in particular. Dr. Nigrelli is a heavyset, bespectacled man in his late fifties with brown eyes and a deep tan, and we found him in a basement office opening out of a laboratory filled with apparatus. “Our biochemical studies of marine plants and animals have convinced us that the sea is a vast treasure chest of medicines and drugs,” he said. “We've already been able to isolate chemicals that have antiviral, antimicrobial, tumor-inhibiting, nerve-blocking, and heart-stimulating properties, and we've only just begun the search. There's no telling what we'll end up finding, because the sheer quantity of organisms that live in the sea is enough to stagger the imagination. Why, it would take a thousand lifetimes just to make a dent in testing them!”

Dr. Nigrelli shook his head in awe, and went on to tell us that chemical warfare is constantly being waged in the sea. “A catastrophic example of this is the so-called red-tide phenomenon, which occurs when a sudden and mysterious growth of the phytoplankton community in tropical waters sets off a chain reaction that results in the death of all fish and all fish-eating organisms in the vicinity,” he said. “We aquarists have learned the hard way not to put certain fish or certain other marine animals together in our tanks for the simple reason that the chemical secretion of one will kill the other, but one such experience of my own proved to be a fortunate accident, because it opened up new territory for me to explore. In 1952, when I was at the Lerner Marine Laboratories, in the Bahamas, I put some sea cucumbers in the first of a series of tanks that had a common supply of water flowing through them. Within five minutes, all the fish in the other tanks were dead. My colleagues and I naturally realized that the poison secreted by the sea cucumbers was very powerful, but we were astonished to find out later on that even when it was diluted to one part in a billion it continued to kill fish. In the course of our experiments, we injected some of this poison into cancers that had been induced in mice, and discovered that it prevented the tumors from growing and enabled the mice to survive for much longer periods than could otherwise have been expected. When we succeeded in ana-



*“Gee, I sure wish I had my camera!”*

lyzing the poison, which is called holothurin, we found that it was a highly toxic and complex mixture of steroid glycosides, a group of chemicals that includes digitalis. We also learned that, in addition to suppressing the growth of tumors in experimental animals, holothurin is a powerful and irreversible nerve-blocking agent that may prove to be of use in certain kinds of neurosurgery. Our experience with sea cucumbers has led us to examine other members of the echinoderm family, but since the echinoderms encompass some six thousand species of sea cucumbers, sea urchins, starfish, sand dollars, and crinoids, this promises to be a long and arduous undertaking. So far, we've found that holothurin and similar chemicals are widely distributed in starfish, and at present we're working on a batch of Jamaican sea urchins in order to learn more about an extremely toxic chemical that is secreted in their long, spiny quills."



*"That's no excuse, Hawkins! You're getting as much oxygen as anyone else around here."*

Dr. Nigrelli and his collaborators at the Aquarium, he said, are also experimenting with sponges, which, as the first multicellular organisms to appear in the evolutionary cycle, are among the most primitive animals known to man. "We became interested in sponges because they are sessile, or passive, organisms that ought to be highly susceptible to bacterial infection but have proved to be practically immortal," he explained. "The near-immortality of sponges led us to wonder if they might not be secreting highly effective antibacterial chemicals, and I'm happy to say that investigation has proved this to be the case. The local redbeard sponge, found nearly everywhere on this coast, produces a powerful broad-spectrum antibiotic called ectyonin, which so far looks as if it might be the kind of antibiotic we've been searching for—the kind to which bacteria will not become resistant. We've also learned that sponges produce at least fifteen types of sterols not found in such higher animals as fish and man, and we're hoping that by studying these unusual sterols in sponges we may learn more about the role of related sterols, such as cholesterol, in man. In addition, the investigation of sponges has turned up a unique substance—an arabinosyl nucleoside—that may have practical importance in that it appears to be highly effective in the treatment of certain virus-induced cancers in laboratory animals."

Dr. Nigrelli now offered to take us on a quick tour of the Aquarium, and as we hurried along beside him, peering into pools and tanks containing marine animals and plants of all shapes, sizes, and hues, he told us that the Aquarium was embarking upon a period of large-scale development. "The new buildings you see under construction are the Osborn Marine Laboratories," he said. "They'll be completed this fall, and will house our expanding research department. The basic theme of our work in the new laboratories will continue to be diseases and biological processes of the sea. Next year, we plan to construct a two-hundred-thousand-gallon tank, which will enable us to exhibit large ocean fish, such as sharks, bonitas, schooling tunas, and tarpon. What we want to create here is a marine center that will combine research facilities, an oceanographic museum, and an aquarium with exhibitions second to none. We're hoping to engender public interest in the sea, because we're convinced that man is about to undertake a major thrust into the marine environment. As you are probably aware, two-thirds of the earth's surface is covered by ocean—three hundred and thirty-five million cubic miles of ocean—and we know next to nothing about it. The possibilities are as nearly infinite as those of space. Why, it's a whole new world just waiting to be explored!"

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SIGN in the window of the Oxford Market, on Madison Avenue in the Seventies:

ICE CUBES FOR RENT

## *Sarodist*

NOT long ago, we dropped into the Lincoln Square Motor Inn, next to Lincoln Center, to see Ustad Ali Akbar Khan, who performed for seven successive nights at Philharmonic Hall on the *sarode*, an Indian musical instrument that resembles a very large banjo. Mr. Khan is a short, compact man with a high, bald head, round cheeks, a full lower lip, quick, searching eyes, and an air of calm self-possession. He is considered by many Indians the greatest *sarode* player in the world, but his father, Ustad Allauddin Khan, who is a hundred and five years old, still thinks that Khan, Jr., has a great deal to learn. "My father, who is known as Dr. Padma Bhushan, which means Great Learned Teacher, was enraged when I was officially given the title Ustad—which means Master in Persian—at the age of twenty-five," Mr. Khan told us, smiling. "He said I was much too young. He did not consider himself a master until he was forty-eight. It was through him that instrumental music became as popular as vocal music in India. He is the only teacher I have ever had. He also taught Ravi Shankar, the sitarist. Ravi is married to my sister Annapurna."

The room occupied by Mr. Khan and his wife, Rajdulari, was of bland modern décor and was taken up largely by two double beds with white chenille spreads. On the edge of one bed Mrs. Khan, wearing a green silk sari, sat silent and attentive. On the other bed was a big, amorphous mound, which turned out to be the *sarode*, wrapped in three coverings shaped rather like seamen's bags. Mrs. Khan carefully removed the outer cover (light-blue plastic), the second one (green quilted cotton), and the inner one (green velvet), and Mr. Khan held up the *sarode*. "This is thirty-four years old," he said thoughtfully. "I have had it since I was ten. I am now forty-four. It was made by my uncle, out of teakwood from an old, old tree in my grandfather's father's house." He turned it in his hands, and sunlight streaming through the window shone on dark wood and a silvery metal fingerboard. The metal was worn with use, and the wood had tiny cracks in it. "I never let it out of my sight," Mr. Khan continued. "It goes wherever I go. On airplanes, I hold it in my lap. It has grown up with me, and so, you see, I know it well. When it can no longer be played, I don't know what I shall do." He handed it to Mrs. Khan, who wrapped it up and then gave us a cup of tea. She lighted a stick of incense in a seashell on a dresser. An odor of roses filled the room.

"The *sarode* has twenty-five metal strings," Mr. Khan said. "Ten of them are played with a plectrum made of coconut shell, and the remaining fifteen are sympathetic strings, which act as a sort of echo. While I am playing, I am accompanied by my wife on the *tamboura*, a long-necked gourd instrument that provides a drone, or continuous background, and by a young man named Mahapurush Misra on the *tabla*, or drums. I appreciate the audiences in the United States; they are quiet and disciplined, and understand the need for complete silence at the beginning of a concert. The beginning is the most delicate part of a performance. The slightest sound can upset the whole thing. I have to listen to the drone and check my instrument, and then I begin to see the full character of what I am going to play. It opens up like a book. In India, the audiences love music, but they are not accustomed to listening to classical music, and they cough or make other noises, or their children cry, or the loudspeaker man doesn't know how to control the loudspeaker. Historically, the Indian people have not been allowed to hear court music, but since independence radio and recordings are making them more aware of it."

Mr. Khan, who was wearing Western trousers and a white shirt, removed a cigarette from a package of Players, and Mrs. Khan struck a match for him. "I was born in Shibpore, Bengal, and began learning vocal music at the age of three, going on to drums and other instruments before concentrating on the *sarode*," he said. "My first public performance on the *sarode* was in Allahabad, when I was fourteen, and my first trip overseas was made in 1955, at the invitation of Yehudi Menuhin and the Ford Foundation. I have played often since then in the United States, Canada, England, and Europe. I am now teaching at the American Society for Eastern Arts, in Berkeley. Until I was seven years old, my father didn't allow me to hear Western music. Then he brought home recordings of Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, and Bach, and encouraged me to listen. The music of Bach is my favorite. I find it similar to Indian classical music in melody and rhythmic pattern. I also find Western folk music, such as 'Green Sleeves,' similar to a light classical *raga*. Indian music is divided into *ragas* and *talas*. A *raga* embodies a particular mood or emotion, and a *tala* is a framework of rhythm. No harmony is employed, and that is why the music seems so strange to Western ears."

As Mr. Khan escorted us to the door, he remarked that, among other events in his life, he had written the score for the Satyajit Ray film "Devi" and had accidentally shot off the tip of his right forefinger with an air gun when he was a boy. "My father was furious about the finger," he told us. "He said I would never be a soloist." Mrs. Khan suppressed a giggle and bowed, pressing her palms together in the prayerlike *namaste* gesture of farewell.

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THE Farmers Home Administration, an agency of the Department of Agriculture, has just revised a form entitled "Report on Deceased Borrower" in order, as the agency explains, "to provide space for Zip Code in the address of borrower."

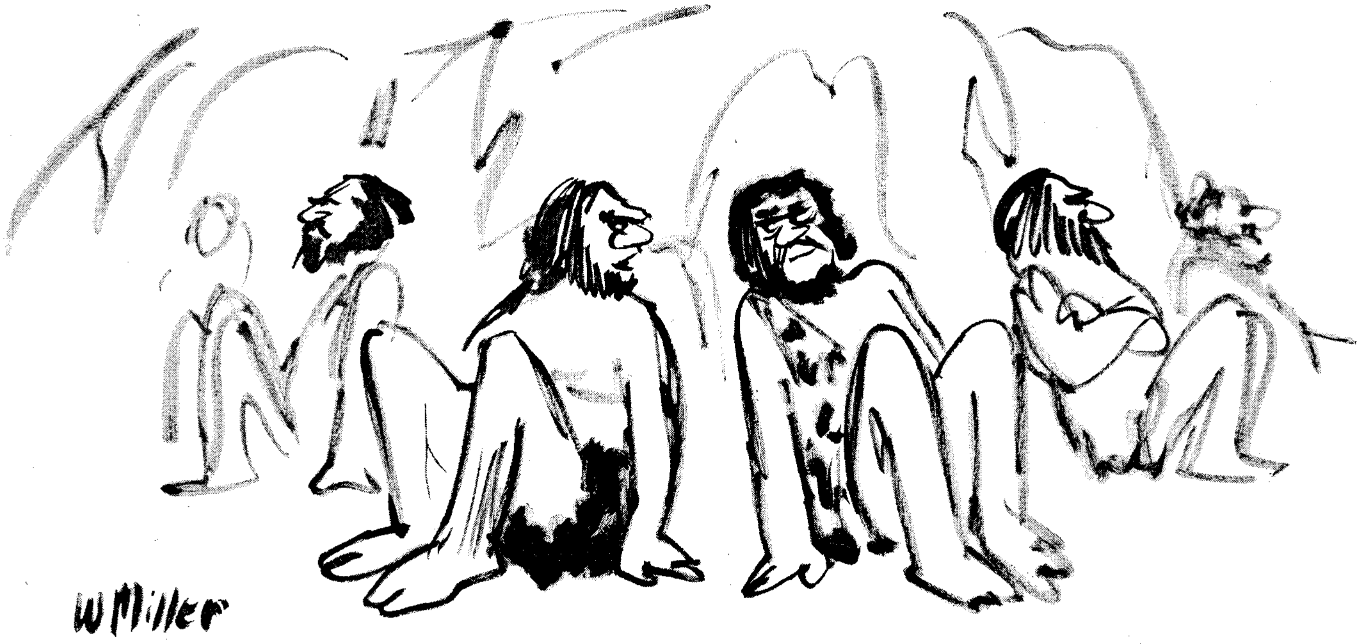
## *Kites Restored*

A KITE party was given by the Parks Department in the Sheep Meadow, in Central Park, Sunday before last, and we wandered down around noon, when the sun was hot and the wind was gusty and on the strong side for most kites. Kites, though never overwhelmingly present, have scarcely been absent from Central Park in recent years. (A year ago, we reported on an encounter we had with a group of Indian-kite enthusiasts and their mentor, Surendra Bahadur, who made their home by the Lake.) Nonetheless, kite-flying had been officially banned in the Park—originally because kites scared horses—from 1906 until that Sunday, when it emerged from murky outlawry with an official home and with the full blessing of Commissioner Thomas P. F. Hoving. The occasion was suitably festive. A dozen or more bright-colored kites were already glinting high in the sky when we reached the margin of the Sheep Meadow. Below them was a moil of bodies, and not-yet-airborne kites, and some dust. The kite-fliers were on the east side of the Meadow, sharing it with baseball and soccer players, who manfully ignored the newcomers until they found themselves draped like Christmas trees with swags of string from fallen kites. Aloft, the kites wheeled and dipped gracefully; whenever the wind dropped—as it did frequently, though briefly, through the afternoon—they began to fall. As we stood there, four kites became tangled. We winced and walked toward the crowd of kite-fliers.

We passed a man wearing a button that said "Go Fly a Kite," and stopped beside an elderly man who was tinkering with a small, bright kite made of pink and blue crêpe paper. We asked what kind of kite it was. "*My* kind," he said. "I make them." He held it up to the wind, and it fluttered promisingly.

We watched a young man and an elegantly dressed girl holding the same kite string. Then she held the kite briefly by herself, after which he ran with it, in the peculiar, ungainly kite-flier's run, trying to keep one arm high and his head over his shoulder. The girl lit a cigarette and walked after him.

"I don't know if I have it or not," a man's voice said behind us. The speaker came pounding past us, looking over his shoulder, and was soon lost in



*"The earth is flat. Pass it on."*

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the crowd. Having jumped aside, we found ourself near a Sheep Meadow outpost of the Go Fly a Kite Store, of East Third Street and East Eightieth Street—a small roped-off area filled with open trunks containing kites and surrounded by thin bamboo poles topped with Japanese paper wind socks shaped like fish. We greeted George Kelly, the man in charge of the outpost, who was answering six questions about kites at once and also dispensing information on traditional Japanese festivals to members of a crowd around him. He paused in these activities long enough to tell us delightedly, "I wrote the Parks Department a month ago and said couldn't we do something about kite-flying in Central Park, and now look! They've told us we can set up our stand here every weekend. The Sheep Meadow is to be reserved for kites on Saturdays and Sundays." We watched as a child bought a gaily colored Indian fighter kite—the kind that people in India sometimes use, on an abrasive string, in kite-cutting contests.

We found our old friend Surendra Bahadur, who also is connected with the kite store, talking to a young couple. His back was turned to his kite—a brilliant yellow-and-green one, soaring high—and he was holding its string casually at his side. "Hello," he said to us, and hardly was the word out when his kite was embroiled in someone else's tangle. Two men and a woman had been unravelling their strings, and one of the men, mistaking Mr. Bahadur's string for his own, had reached up and begun twisting it around another kite. "Stop, stop!" Mr. Bahadur cried. The error was soon rectified, but the kite was now grounded. The man who had made the mistake went to pick it up. "No, don't bother," said Bahadur, who had not moved, and, crouching, he held his kite string to the ground. In a moment, the kite, which was about thirty feet away, rose, and soon it was high in the air again. Bahadur turned back to his friends. "Isn't this wonderful?" he said. "All these kites!"

We went to peer at a six-foot-long box kite of red-and-blue cloth that was lying on the ground nearby. "It needs a little more wind than this," a bearded man who was reclining beside it said in a strong foreign accent. "And not these drafts."

Soon we came upon a man who was flying a kite with the aid of a fishing rod—a short fellow with gray hair, whom we recognized as the kite authority Will Yolen. Mr. Yolen has written a book on kite-flying. "I've flown kites all over the world," he said. "Five years ago, I beat the Maharaja of Bharatpur at his hunting palace for the world championship. I fly kites off my terrace, on Sutton Place. I've also been flying kites in the Park for twenty-five years—bootleg kite-flying. This kite I'm flying today is a modified French military kite." It was so high we could scarcely see it. "In the Franco-Prussian War, this type of kite was used to signal troop movements," Mr. Yolen explained as we peered, and he added, "No wonder the French lost." He gave his rod a particularly savage yank. A number of people had gathered around to watch, and he said to them and us, "Did I ever tell you how I beat Pablo Diablo in a five-hour fight for control of the Park? Pablo was a rooftop flier; he used to swoop down and cut kids' kite lines. He had a very wicked-looking kite, with tiger teeth painted on it, a cutting string, and razor blades mounted on its sticks. I finally brought him down in a grove of trees above the playing fields, and he slunk away and hasn't been seen since. I didn't have cutting string, but I was able to outmaneuver him. I knew that the wind changes at six o'clock every evening, and there's always a deadness in the air before that. I had him over the trees, and then I was over him at about a thousand feet. I came down, and he went down from six hundred to four. I kept coming, and he went down farther still. Then— Aaagh!" Mr. Yolen ran forward to aid his kite, which was suddenly in trouble.

The bearded man now began trying to launch his box kite, and we watched as he loped along the Meadow. The kite lumbered behind him, a few feet over his head. Two girls looked up and screamed. A minute later, the kite collapsed in a heap on a spectator's head.

Mr. Yolen had his kite under control again. "You'll be glad to know a Park record was set today!" he called to us. "Six thousand feet!"

As we left the Meadow, we passed a soccer game. A kite line had drifted down over the players' heads, and a cluster of waving, Laocoönlike arms were trying, without success, to fend off the loops of string.

# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN

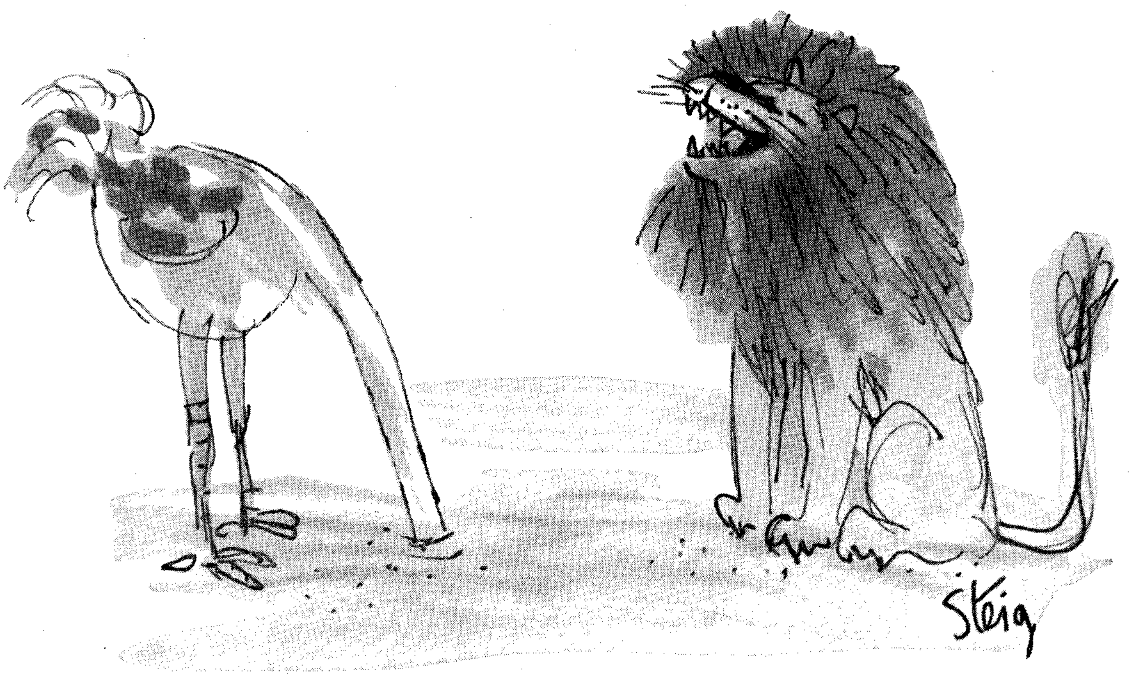
IT was that time when, after a perfect summer day, shadows grew among the shingled beach houses, and along the margin of the beach the sea was silvery and still; the hot sun cooled in the flat blue sky, gulls shrieked and peeled away toward their isolated cove like malicious ghosts, and the last Sunfish, boggling close to shore, began to fidget and float in on an imperceptible current, its red sail sagging on the horizon. It was the time when the children were beginning to be quiet and to separate themselves from abstract clusters of friends, to turn their backs upon each other, to tumble apart and sit alone, to tend to be little more than objects tossed up on the sand by some departing tide. Their sun-darkened, water-stained, wind-dried skin was cool and rough now; they felt their shoulders with their chins for possible sunburn, despite a long summer's exposure, and they peered at the enormous sky as if watching for a sign. The sweet-faced gray cat stepped lightly over the sand she detested and, ignoring everybody, headed toward the house; she spent her days in total exhaustion in the front yard under the scrub oaks and pines, or gnawing the sand out of her paws, or crouched on the breakwater, spying with tipped ears on the little waves that raced back and forth beneath her. On a small patch of grass above the beach, the parents, in shorts and shirts matching the yellow and turquoise and pink and blue sails that the boys had started to roll up for the night, gazed at the children and the sky and the sea, and sighed, and clutched their tall glasses of vodka and gin and rum and whiskey in paper napkins to absorb the moisture, and when they spoke it was as if they were strangers instead of people who had been neighbors for years along the beach in summer. The brown poodle lay at their feet, never taking her eyes away from the children, too full of love to budge, her cup running over.

Lanky, who was knock-kneed but not old enough to know it, passed the parents on her way to the beach. She had showered and put on her shift, one of the several sent to her by her grandmother from Palm Beach or Edgartown. Her blond hair was long and now damp and stringy from the shower, and she had plastered it behind her ears. On her way down the stairs from the bedroom, she had passed her older brother, fourteen and smelling like uncooked bacon, incredibly coiled in a wicker chair that concealed him from the world, the telephone nestled in his lap. He was, she knew, talking to a girl he liked, the one he liked best now and might marry when he was out of college, and she had heard him say, "What noise? Oh, that? You mean that noise? That's me—breathing!" Her brother was tall, with skinny, bony feet, which he had placed high on the telephone table, and as he spoke he bent one leg toward his left hand and with his thumb scraped at a callus on his little toe, which he blamed on tennis sneakers that did not fit, although their father had told him that it was not due to the sneakers but to wrinkled socks—he often put them on, when he was in a hurry for an early-morning tennis date and had almost slept too late, with the heel on the top of his foot—and then their father would say that he was damned if he was going to buy anyone new sneakers right at the end of summer. Their father, depending on mysterious occurrences in his own personal life, could be kind or cruel, and it was often hard to tell which he would be. Cruel one day, kind the next seemed to be the way it went.

Lanky passed the parents, and her back prickled with the casual arrows of their attention. She did not mind; she supposed that they would be saying something about her being dressed and primped at her age and they not even going into town to dinner. She carefully watched her feet, depressed by the white spots on them where insect bites had caused scabs that fell off, or shells and stones had scraped them as she sprawled in the sand. The tag end of a departing breeze tightened the red-and-white shift against her body, and for an instant the two small dots of her pelvis stood forth; then it bagged again as, balancing backward, she picked her way downhill toward the water.

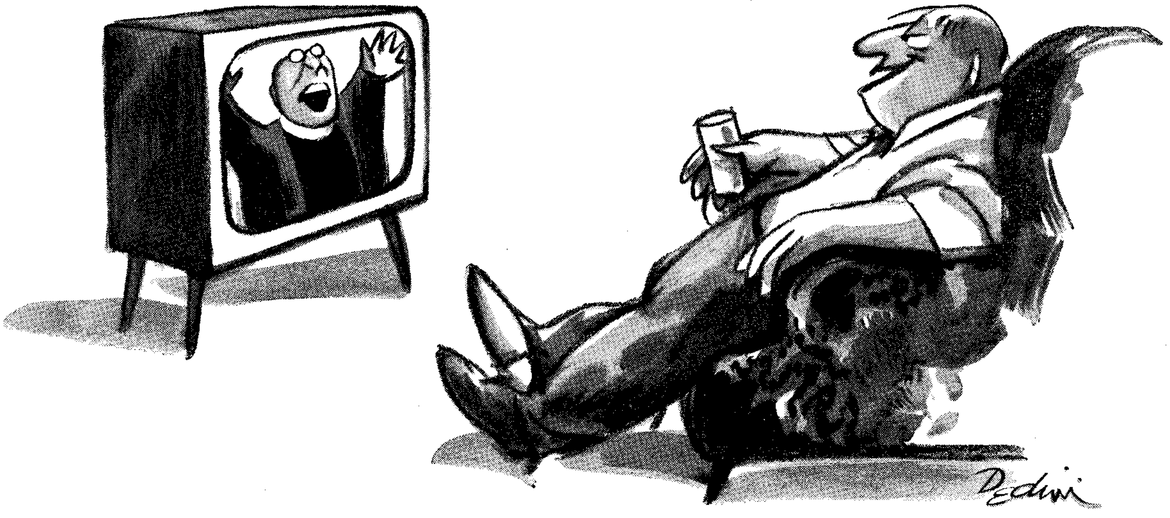
"She's beginning to notice boys," the parents were saying, with a sigh. They turned and looked at the red sail dangling on the horizon as the Sunfish floated peacefully toward the shore.

On the flat surface of the beach, Lanky straightened her shoulders, glanced indifferently at the sea, and found an accommodating rock on the breakwater along which her right arm could rest and support her. She gathered up a handful of her hair and spread it with her fingers in a drying motion. Miles away from the round orange sun a small, scarcely visible moon spotted the sky. "I'll come to thee by moonlight," Lanky remembered, and then stooped to pick up a white egg-shaped rock in case the parents should think she was thinking silly things. She straightened up and examined the rock as it lay in the palm of her hand. "I'll come to thee by moonlight," she said inside her mind, "though hell should bar the way." "Hell" was a word the children were not allowed to say unless it referred to the opposite of Heaven, which in this case it did, although an acceptable substitute in a fit of



temper was h-e-double-hockey-stick. Though hell should bar the way. But she was blond, fair-haired and blue-eyed, and the other girl, Bess, was black-eyed—Bess, the landlord's black-eyed daughter. And Lanky did not understand what her father was, but she was sure he was not a landlord.

"They grow up so fast these days," the parents said, nodding.



*"You tell 'em, pal!"*

IN early spring, when the forsythia first spills its pot of gold, the older children begin to think of summer and of going away, going away from rugs and required reading, from shoes and homework, from the bland, pink spaghetti in the cafeteria and the slippery salads, from chores related to the garage and yard and keeping their rooms picked up. They begin then to hear the sea and foghorns in the hot, wet haze, to smell the sea at low tide when they gather mussels that they will eat with garlic butter (there will always be either not enough or too many), to wonder which of the younger ones will be the first to learn to swim this year—one of the little girls giggling at the end of her kickboard or one of the little boys bowled over by the surf and coming up mad as a hornet. There are only days in the summer—long, foolish days with no lines in them. In their natural state, children do not depend upon the clock or time; they live by light and by shadow and by their appetites—as, for instance, they are either hungry every five minutes or hungry when it is dark, which to the parents means at five o'clock in winter and nine o'clock in summer.

"SO healthy," the parents were saying, looking at the children. "It's been such a good summer. But you hear of so many terrible things. . . ." The parents sighed and thought of going back home and raised their glasses to their lips. Who can cure us? Who will save the children?

The Sunfish slid into shallow water, and the boy flung himself out of the white shell with a great splash and grasped it firmly. With his back to the beach, he began to tug the boat onto the sand; his black brief swimming trunks slipped to show a narrow band of indecent flesh on his brown back. Lanky glanced at the moon, which was slow, and the other children on the beach leaned back on their palms flattened against the sand and watched, bored, as the boy removed the centerboard and rudder. He brought the sail and mast to the edge of the water and began to straighten and then to roll the red fabric. The band of white flesh shining below the brown was the only winter part of him; he knelt on one knee as he worked, and the sole of his foot was a local map of summer.

And then Bert came roaring down to his parents from around the house, from the small front yard where the grass poked up like needles in the sandy soil, where the scrub oaks and pines grew and the thick pink and red roses had, a few weeks before, been matted against the worn railing that edged the sandy road. Lanky's little brother, he was about three feet high, with hard round shoulders, a child who was usually somewhere else. The universe rocked with the thud of his square bare feet; his faded yellow trunks with the green sea horse riding on the right thigh were taut over his solid behind and the delicate bundle in front, and his sun-baked hair lay over his head like a swatch of hayfield after the combine has been by.

"All motion," Bert's parents said, sighing.

Bert braked in front of his parents and took a deep breath and then swallowed. He opened his mouth and stood snapping the band of his swimming trunks, and he stared past them as if at footprints he had left in the heavy grass.

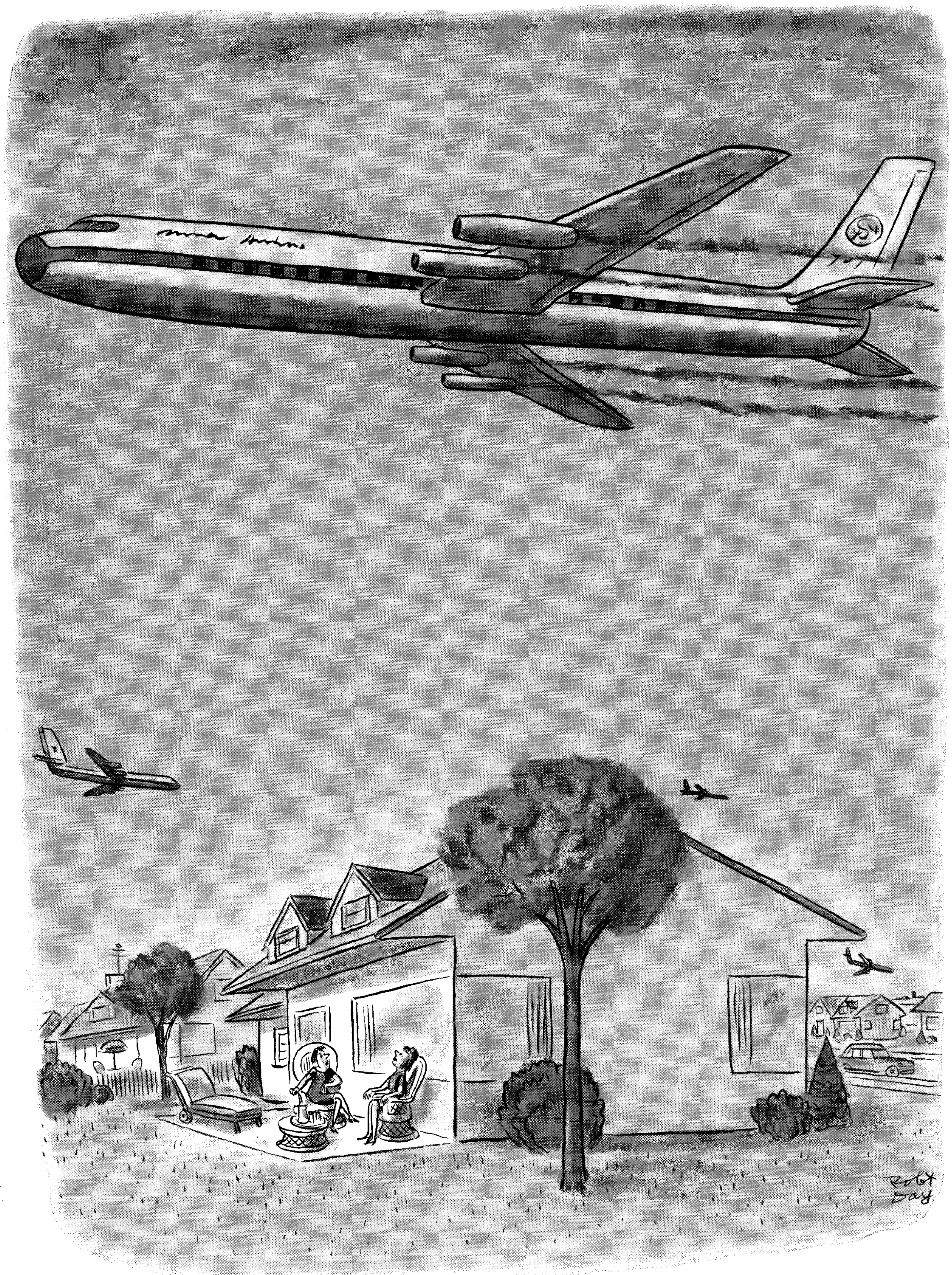
"Our cat is eating a squirrel," he said.

"A squirrel is a rodent," his mother said.

Bert looked directly at his mother.

"I saw its heart," he said. Then he turned and raced down the hill toward Lanky and the sea. The boy had finished rolling up the red sail; he picked it up and put it over his shoulder and, with the centerboard under his other arm, the rudder grasped in his hand, he started up the beach toward the houses. As he passed Lanky, his feet scattered a holy spray of sand. She looked up at the moon, which was growing brighter; then she slid slowly down the rock to the warm, dry sand. Bert landed in the sand next to her, pulled his legs up in front of him, and began to sniff and then to lick his knees. Lanky looked at the Sunfish, an abandoned shell, glittering beyond any possible high tide, its centerboard and rudder and sail and mast gone. She turned her head to the houses at the top of the hill. The boy had gone, too, and the parents were disappearing into the evening, their bright colors faded into that mysterious time after which it would suddenly be night. The brown poodle came down and examined the children with her round brown eyes. Then she stretched and lay down, her head on her paws, and closed her eyes and sighed. Lanky thought of the next thing. It would be morning; the crazy jays would fuss at the sun that crept up beyond the fringes of night, the brown poodle would sit patiently staring out of the screen door until someone opened it for her, the sweet-faced gray cat would sip with closed eyes at her dish of milk, and down the sandy front yard, black as the night it might have been part of, tail up, flat-footed, hard as nails, tough as they come, the outside cat would appear, tracing the streaks of early sun along the rutted driveway.

—KATINKA LOESER



*"I'd never known Owen to cry,*
*but the day the strike was settled we both burst into tears."*

# TWO KITCHENS IN PROVENCE

I HAVE had two kitchens in Provence. The first was above the empty stables at the Château du Tholonet, about five miles easterly from Aix, near the village of Le Tholonet. My two young girls and I were living there for a few months in 1956, before we must leave, after a long stay, for America and home.

The kitchen was about nine by nine feet square, with a ceiling fourteen feet high and a window looking west toward Aix, over two rolling meadows bright with scarlet poppies and sweet grasses and then to the slopes of the Châteaunoir, covered with humming pine woods. It was one of the best kitchens I ever worked in, although it was inefficient, inadequate, and often filled with flies.

The walls were plastered stone. There was a hood built into the east wall over a low platform with three grates in it. A long time ago, this had served as a stove for the grooms and stableboys who slept and ate there above the carriages and horses of the château, and now a small white enamel butane stove sat with an air of embarrassed practicality upon its red tiles. Behind it was a black iron plaque about three feet square, of a wild-haired hero whipping a giant lizard—St. Michael, no doubt, worsting his dragon. I forget the antiquarian name for these iron chimney guards; they were used to protect the soft chimney stones against the steady blaze on such hearths, which all kitchens once kept hot and bright.

To the right of the hearth, by the window, which looked down on a fast brooklet and a rocky path where the shepherd led his flock each night and morning, was a marble sink with a tap that now ran water, now did not, depending on what the farmer was doing in his garden. It was a shallow oval hollow in a slab of the local stone quarried up behind us in Bibémus, where Cézanne used to roam and struggle with his vision of what light is made of. When there was water and I used it, I always kept it as clean as I could, for it splashed out directly from the hole in the wall onto the shepherd's path twenty feet below. The sink was faced with the same red tiles as the old stove and the floor—the rough glazed squares of red and pink and ochre clay that comes from the soil of Provence, the clay that makes the roofs there glow and burn even in the moonlight. They were cool in summer, warm and comforting in winter, and easy to clean, and altogether so pleasing that the prospect of ever having to walk about on another surface was painful to me. Except for the tiles, the kitchen was whitewashed. There were three shelves above the drab little sink, which was reinstated several times a day in my favor because it had, if I wished to go into the bathroom and light a heater, hot as well as cold water. Or perhaps I esteemed it merely because it had water at all.

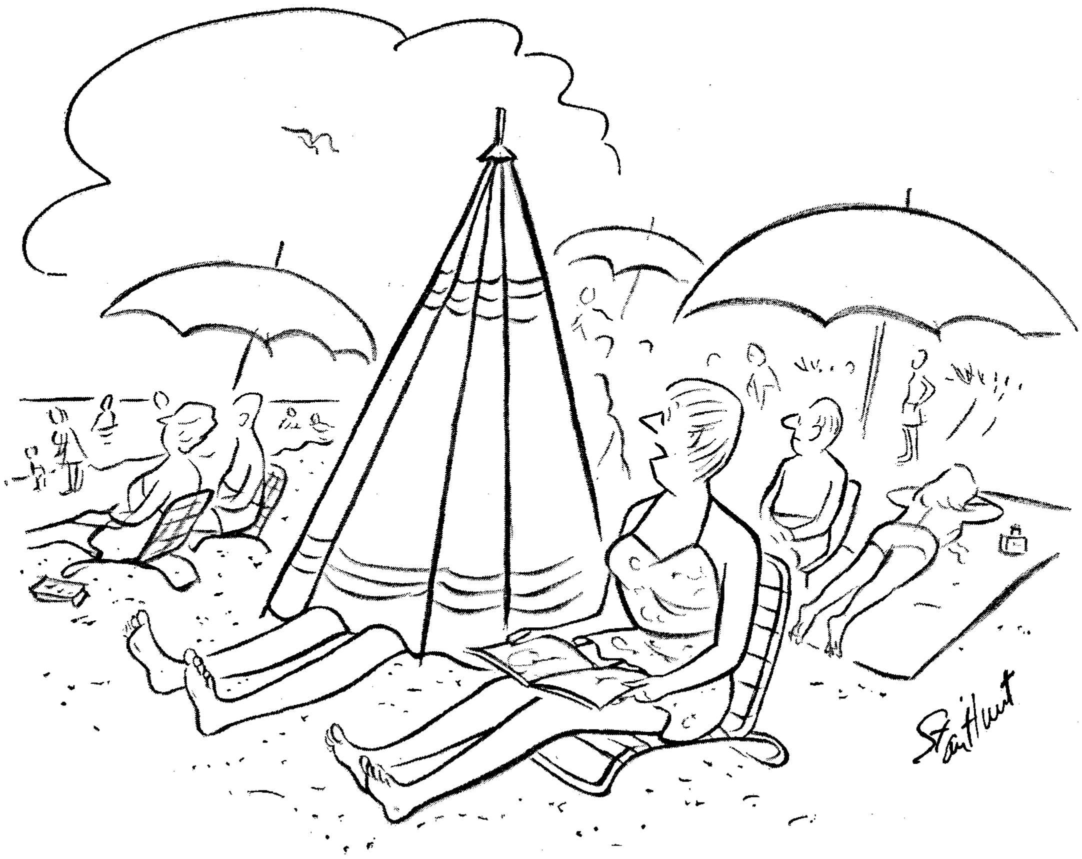
There was a worn pine table, on which I kept a clay water pitcher, and the wine bottles, and a wicker tray for the vegetables, and a reed satchel filled with rapidly staling bread. Then there was a shallow high cupboard with screen doors, where I kept everything that was not on the table and the sink shelves—food, plates, the rare leftovers, tubes of mustard and concentrates. I had very little equipment. I had borrowed two pans and a skillet, and I made a pleasurable investment in Provençal pottery casseroles, plates, and bowls. The Monoprix solved in a fortunately temporary way the problem of decent knives and forks and spoons, except for one viciously beautiful all-purpose blade.

Downstairs, in the enormous, echoing, stone carriage room through which we passed to our ironwork stairway, was a little wire-screen box in which I was supposed to safeguard things. But in Provence food spoils very quickly, and except for a few hard-rock sausages and green bananas, which I left down there, I found it simpler to buy the minimum of butter and so on and keep it upstairs in the kitchen cupboard.

I took a while to get into what is basically an easy rhythm of marketing, and a couple of times I found myself facing one withered lemon, a boiled potato, and a bowl of subtly rotten green beans for supper. Alone, I would have gone to bed with the latest edition of a Georges Simenon, but with my little girls Anne and Mary there, it seemed providential that the Restaurant Thomé was only a quarter mile away. We would walk down past the château and its tranquil ponds of water, teeming in the late spring with still speechless froglets, and under the rows of trimmed and untrimmed giant plane trees, and across the bridge above the lively little river, and there would be the welcome, as it had been for almost a hundred and fifty years—the smiling owner, his nice wife, all her sisters and brothers, and always a new baby somewhere under an impeccable mosquito net. Perhaps the fancy electric spit would be turning a few pullets for a big country wedding tomorrow, tablecloths would be fluttering in the garden, and not a sound now from the discreet little viny pergolas where Prince Edward and his less noble but equally gallant imitators used to entertain their travelling companions.

There was a bus that zoomed through the village three mornings a week, on market days in Aix, and at least once weekly my girls and I hopped it, at five minutes after nine. At the markets, we would fill the two string bags we carried with us, and the two or three woven baskets, all bulging with hard vegetables at the bottom and things like wood strawberries on top, and head for our favorite taxi at the top of the Cours Mirabeau, picking up packages along the way—a square of Dijon gingerbread and a pot of Alpine honey at the little "health-food store" on the Place Forbin, an onion tart for a treat at the pastry shop on the Rue Thiers, a bottle of vermouth at the Caves Phocéennes. We would be loaded to the gunwales, full of hope that we had purchased enough for another week.

In a short time, I learned that I was lugging things home from Aix that I could get in the village, and then only occasionally did I find myself with either too much, all withering and spoiling, or nothing at all and no bus for two days and the store in the Relai de Cézanne (the store is the other half of the old café-inn where Cézanne often stopped when he was painting along the Route du Tholonet) in Le Tholonet, across from the Restaurant Thomé, closed because of a wedding-funeral-christening—or just closed. (I soon found that on Mondays it always was.) I knew that the good bread from Palette, which leaned like fat and thin bean poles in a big basket in the corner, was fresh on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and that on those days I could usually buy some milk and butter. Saturday mornings, there would always be a few crates of fresh vegetables. I could buy, for instance, little artichokes, new potatoes, carrots, zucchini, tomatoes, bananas; bread and butter and milk, of course, and some Gruyère cheese; a couple of soup sausages; and a copy of the weekly Mickey comics for the children. In the middle of the week, though, the stock at the store might consist of some dusty packages of noodles, a few big cubes of yellow laundry soap, and penny cara-



*"I know you're not crazy about the beach, Rodney, but you don't have to be so grumpy about it."*

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mels for the twenty-eight children of the school district.

In addition to the store, there were several little trucks that came regularly up the narrow roads from the national highway at Palette. On Wednesdays, the butcher drove right up to the front of the château, blowing his horn long and merry, and the shepherdess would come from the beautiful stone barns, where she lived with her husband and two hundred sheep, several rams, two goats, three astonishing sheepdogs, and forty chickens and four pigs; the farmer's wife would come from the wing of the beautiful hollow stone château, where she lived with her husband and a little abandoned child they had saved; the gardener's wife would come up from the beautiful gate cottage; the miller's wife and mother would come down from the beautiful stone house in the mill beside the waterfall behind the château; and I would come from the beautiful stone stables. We would watch one another's purchases and spendings casually, and talk in a somewhat artificial overcordial but friendly way about whose children had whooping cough and whose had chicken pox and whether it would rain, while the suave young butcher, with the remote, weary face of a night clerk in a cheap hotel, cut deftly into his slabs of meat, and weighed out black and green olives, cheese, and marbled lard. Gradually, we would go back under the chestnut trees and the plane trees to our kitchens, and he would drive away, to return Sunday at noon, when he would stop in front of the water pump in the village and blare his horn commandingly to the people returning from Mass and sitting in front of the Relai with their milky *pastis* in front of them on the little tables.

Fridays at Le Tholonet, a small fish jeep tooted in, with an old cornet cracking out its jaunty message, past the tranquil straight ponds in the front of the château. By the time it got there, only a few fish would be left, but they were still fresh, and usually good. All Mediterranean fish seem much stronger in their smells and flavors than those of colder waters. Once, I remember, I bought the tail end of a large silvery one with a tough skin and a big backbone, and it sent off quite a fume from the beginning, although not at all a tired or suspicious one. I rubbed it with olive oil, put some thin slices of lemon on it, and poured about a cupful of white wine over it in a shallow casserole. Then, instead of allowing fifteen minutes as the fishman had advised, I baked it for about a half hour in a gentle oven, which was the only kind I had—the two burners on top of the little stove on the hearth were almost too lively, but the oven never worked up much enthusiasm.

That was the night we tried a package of dried mushroom soup that the Aix grocer had given me to prove that such innovations could be good, and we enjoyed the smooth, well-seasoned creamy mixture so much that we decided to eat the fish cold the next day, with a mayonnaise I would make with an egg from the shepherdess and a plastic gadget I had bought some time before from a very fat man in a chef's bonnet, who was showing at a little table in the market how it could be done in twenty seconds with never a failure. I put the fish back in the cool oven, and the next morning took it out to skin and bone, when I heard the postman's whistle at the château. Quickly, I covered the casserole with the breadboard and a towel, to protect the fish from flies, and went over to talk with him about if and how I could register a letter without going in to Aix.

On the way back, Whisky, our guest poodle, who came three miles by himself every day or so from the Châteaunoir to amuse us and sample our cuisine before he puffed up the hill again to his real home, dashed away from me, through the stables and up our long flight of stone stairs in the dim coach house. Just as I got to the bottom of them, the biggest black cat I ever saw, and one I had certainly never seen before, whipped down past me and then out the enormous door, with Whisky yapping nobly at a safe distance.

Of course, the kitchen was a shambles. That stranger cat had caught, perhaps from miles away, the pungent invitation of my baked fishtail. He had come to it as unerringly as one rare insect in a jungle finds his only possible mate. He had snatched open the cupboard door, which was too warped to latch shut, and had fiercely tossed to the floor everything unfishy. Then he had slapped his way through the wastebasket. Finally, he had clawed off the heavy breadboard and towel from the casserole and he had dragged and flapped the whole oily, dripping mess down onto the red tile floor, where, from the look of things, he had not only torn the meat to small bits but rolled in it. So we did not have to try out the mayonnaise gadget for a while longer.

Saturday afternoons, there was always the visit of the rolling *épicerie*, with things like shoelaces, aspirin, custard powders, and boxes of cookies with bright-pink frosting on them and names like Bébés Délices or Nounous de Titi. The man who jolted it around that rocky country had a good face, like a tired village doctor or lawyer. Usually I would need almost nothing, but I would buy two lemons, perhaps, or a piece of good soft-firm reblochon cheese from the Savoy—the kind that the houseman I had when I was living in Switzerland used to smuggle dramatically across the Lake of Geneva in a rowboat on dark nights and sell at a high sum to me and other dupes in Vevey. It tasted just as good from the back of a beat-up old grocery truck in Provence.

We always added the lemons to the artichokes and the tomatoes and the other vegetables I kept on the wicker tray, in vague memory of a still-life seen somewhere with the same whitewashed walls for background, and we would eat most of the cheese for supper after big bowls of the broth from the soup—the sausage soup, which seemed to be standard in that part of the country and which I soon grew to make almost automatically, like the other housewives. The sausages were lean, dry things, and were boiled whole with whatever vegetables were at hand and then either sliced into the broth or fished out and eaten cold the next day with bread.

I could agree with all the women living in that wild, beautiful country only five miles from Aix and less than two from the screaming Nice-Marseille highway and with three buses to the market a week: it was good to hear the brave, bright, insistent horn-blowing and know that there would be food for our families. And it was good, in a way hard to explain even to myself, after years of deep-freeze and run-of-the-mill marketing in California, to know that, willy-nilly, the fish would spoil by tomorrow, the chops would be practically incandescent in thirty-six hours, and the tomatoes would rot in twelve. It was a kind of race between my gluttony for the fine freshness and my knowledge of its fleeting nature.

To cope with this inescapable rapidity of decay in a warm, bacteria-rich, fly-infested ancient land without any means of cooling except the stone cellars and wells, I kept a small supply of canned vegetables and fruits, and the omnipresent and very handy tubes of everything from salmon butter to various good mustards to concentrated milk and tomato sauce. Then I had on hand several packages of those ugly but valuable soup powders (potato-and-leek, chicken-consommé, fish), which I found made good sauces, too, in a pinch. I had wonderful olive oil, ladled into my bottle from an unctuous vat in Aix that I would not mind being shipped home in, instead of malmsey, and good gutty red-wine vinegar, and I could go up to the farmer's garden whenever I wanted to for tough but delicious salads. Salt is a lot saltier in Provence than at home, and less refined; the pepper is called "gray" and has an overtaste of turpentine, somewhat like the berries I used to chew when they dropped from the feathery pepper trees when I was a little girl in California. And then, of course, there were things that most tin-can cooks have in any modern country: sardines, anchovies, Alsatian sauerkraut for a moment of gastronomical debauchery for my children, one little can of lark pâté for me—complete with the first French can opener I had ever been able to work, which I paid rather a lot for in the cutlery shop across from the Palais de Justice.

With the mistral surging and leaning against the windows and the chestnut trees and the red poppies in the meadows, and the spiritual food a part of the whole, we would eat at breakfast canned grapefruit juice, large bowls of *café au lait* with brown sugar, slices of Dijon gingerbread with sweet butter and Alpine honey; at noontime whole new potatoes boiled in their jackets in a big pot of carrots-onions-sausage, which we'd eat later, sweet butter, mild cheese, and a bowl of green olives and little radishes; then for supper the vegetable broth, with the sausage cut in thin rings, the whole new carrots and onions drained and tossed with a little butter and chopped parsley and celery tops from the farmer's garden, and a bowl of three cans mixed together of peaches-pears-pineapple, all with hot, delicious, somewhat charcoalish toast made on one of those flat grill

*"There are the dreamers and the doers. I'm a dreamer."*

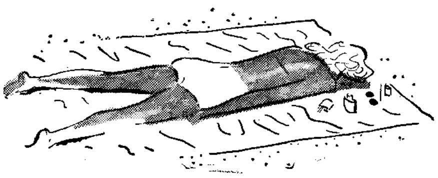
things our parents used at least forty years ago. The next day, there would still be some clear broth, and I would make a jelly from the fruit juices. And I would start over again—probably a big salad, which I would soak in the fountain to rid it of most of the innumerable critters that are considered correct for country produce in Provence, and then a pot of hot small artichokes to eat with melted butter and lemon juice, and sliced tomatoes that had lasted two days after marketing instead of only one because the mistral was blowing, and then maybe soft-boiled eggs from the shepherdess for supper.

There was always that little rich decadent tin of lark pâté in the cupboard if I grew bored, or we could stroll down past the great ponds under the plane trees to the deft, friendly welcome of the Restaurant Thomé and eat a grilled pullet or a trout *meunière*, and an orange baked *à la norvégienne*. Or we could stay home and I would try at last the mayonnaise maker I had bought from the fat man in the market.

THE second kitchen I had in Provence, when we lived in a part of an old farmhouse at L'Harmas, about three miles from Aix on the Route du Tholonet, was somewhat different from the one at the château a few years before. There was much more luxury. There was a small noisy electric refrigerator called, as everywhere in the world—except, perhaps, America—a "frigidaire." There was an imitation-modern white enamel stove with an oven and four burners. Two of the burners always blew out at once, so, except for the oven, which could not be adjusted to anything but a blasting roar and which I never used, I was just as before, in the older kitchen at the château, with the portable two-burner butane stove. There was the same slab of hollowed marble for a sink, with a round instead of oval basin scooped in it, but it had two taps, which usually had water in them, and quite often there was hot water without my having to light anything, unless someone had taken a bath in the past twelve hours, or there was a drought, or the farm pump was out of order. And there were several more shelves, for dishes and pots.

Two windows, not so high from the ground as in the kitchen over the stables, gave upon a terrace shaded by the tall trees of that country, which must bend to the mistral and shed their branches almost to their tops—a little like the wild pines in Monterey in California, but higher and thinner. The terrace was half wild, too, and could be deep in voluptuous sweet grasses and flowers in the spring, or dry and stinging with pointy weeds, or almost bare until the snow brought soft rains again. It heartened me to watch it and to smell its changing wildness as I stood in the kitchen, using it for its destined purpose—to feed people near me.

The food was the same in both kitchens; it dared me daily. But I must go to Aix for everything this time, for the jeeps and trucks that had come to the château did not seem to come this near the big town. I must get to the open markets and to a few little shops, and then on home, *fast*, before things spoiled. I went on foot. I did not want to have a car; it was too rare a thing to miss, that walking along the little Route du Tholonet—Cézanne's road—in all weathers, against all tides, between the farm and Aix. I rose very early to head for town, carrying a nest of the light straw baskets that the gypsies still wove, and then bringing them back full and heavy in a taxi. (There were few paper sacks in that country, and baskets and string bags were uniform.)



## THE GREATER THE LIE, THE SOONER IS IT FOUND OUT

Here by the open window I wake and see how another
Ship's docked sometime in the last eight hours.
Eight hours sleep! I don't think I dreamed!
A ship from the equator, earth's waist;
She brings obscure ore in her hold.

Being in the hold
Of her, being here;
It is good, being.
If you don't trust
Such simplicity,
Listen to this:

I have used the word "darling" now six times in poems.
I have boldly used a word whose meaning I don't know
And whose history is even more obscure to me.
I feel like a kind of heavenly body so often!

The souls of my friends are pure;
The souls of my enemies are pure.
What a day! The little zephyrs
Gird my waist! I feel light!

Eight hours sleep! What happened in the world while I slept?
If you haven't the will to change your life,
Listen to this:

To the sound of your purposeless guns
The rain falls in the soldier's ear,
The rain and the bullets fall in the soldier's ear;
For it hasn't been clear for a long time,
It takes life, and gives death, in a river

Here by the open window I wake and see how another
Ship's docked sometime in the last eight hours.
Eight hours sleep! I don't think I dreamed!

South wind blow hard! Bring your less well-known
Fruits! The time for firmness is hardly now.
That boy is *staying* asleep!
I deliver this to your chaste ear:

The man who tramples rice
And the man who grows it
Are perplexed. This leads a man to hardness.

—ROBERT DAVID COHEN

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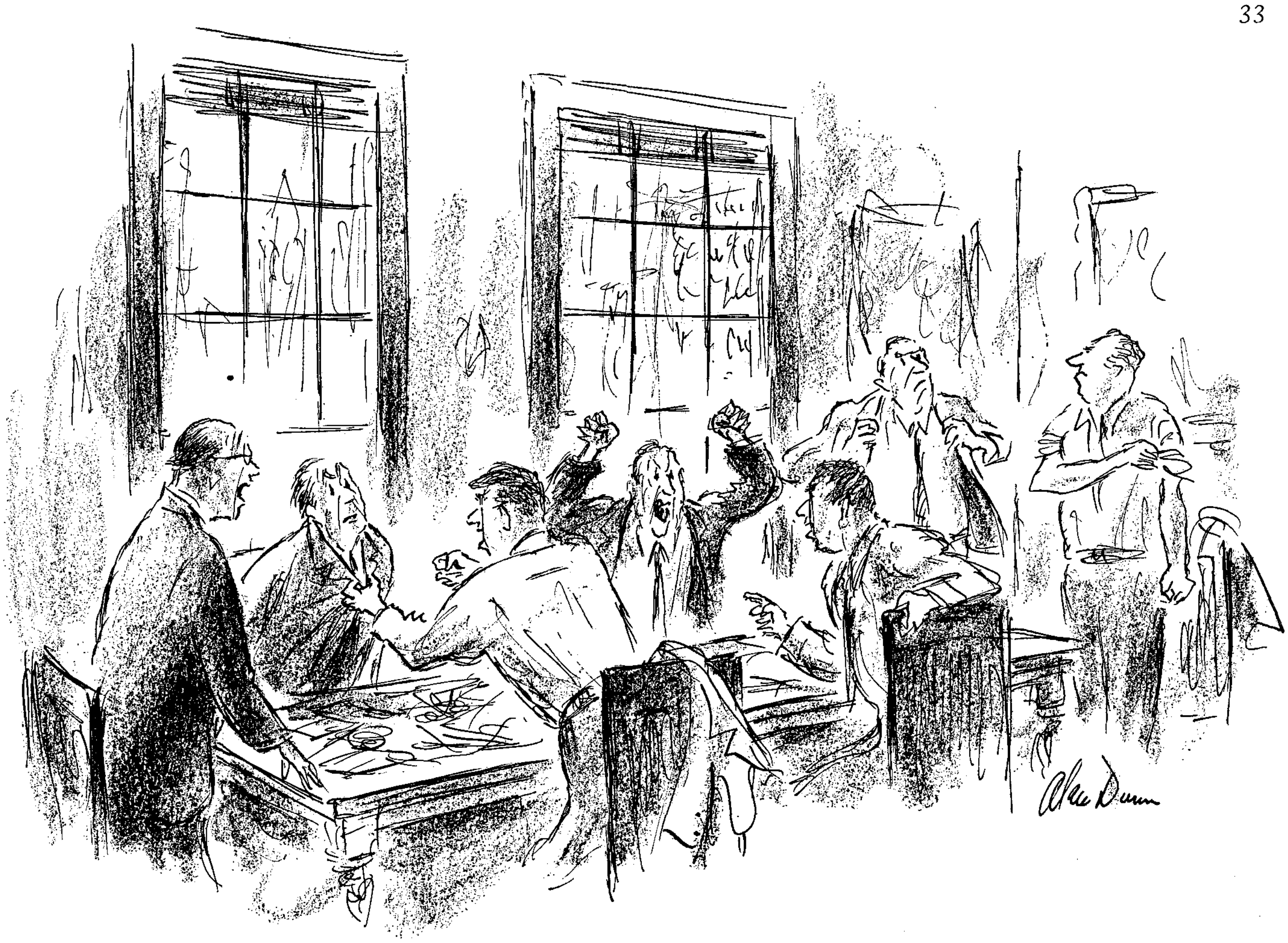


*"Gentlemen! I don't think this is what Mayor Lindsay meant by 'a dialogue.'"*

• •

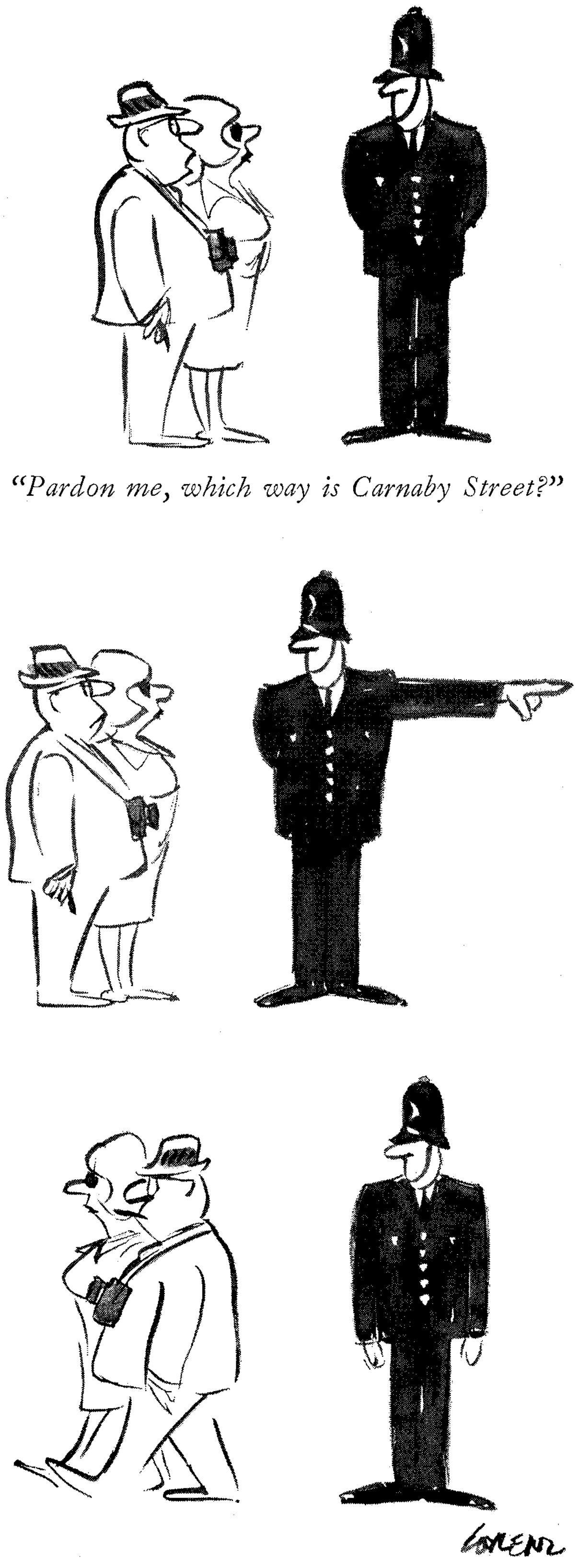
The Big Market is held three times a week—on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—but every day, behind the post office, there is the Little Market. Both of them are beautiful and exciting and soothing, a tonic to the senses, but I think I loved the little one more.

The Place Richelme et aux Herbes is small, and shaded by very tall and noble plane trees, which in summer sift down such a green light as I have seldom seen. Perhaps some fortunate fish have known it, but for human beings it is rare to float at the bottom of the deeps and yet breathe with rapture the smells of all the living things spread out to sell in the pure, filtered moving air. There are snails in cages, ducklings bright-eyed in their crates, trembling rabbits. There are baskets of fresh herbs, and little piles of edibles gathered at dawn in a hundred gardens: peas and strawberries in the spring, small cabbages, apples, new potatoes, and onions and garlic, following inexorably the farmers' almanac, so that one soon accustoms the purchases and their uses to the crops that have been sowed and harvested thus for two thousand years at least. Sometimes there was a man with a tiny donkey selling baskets of fresh lavender, or crude mint drops from the Pyrenees, or cough lozenges made from Alpine herbs and saps. He always put a ringlet of what he was selling that day over the patient head of his little beast—in hot weather, on her hat. On one corner, behind the beautiful old grain market that now housed harried postal clerks, there was a quiet man with a folding table, making metal nameplates for people's doorways, in every kind of painstaking elaborate lettering. Once, he gave me a tiny ring, cut from a peach stone. It was for *me*, he said without irony, but it would not have fit a newborn babe.

At either end of the little square are small cafés and shops, and opposite the post office is a bleak, busy annex lined with fish markets and shops selling poultry, butter, and all kinds of smoked sausages and hams. Underneath this annex is a well-run and modern public toilet, new since our first stay in Aix and built by the city.

The other market, the big one, is comparatively gigantic, and always very crowded and amusing, but not dreamlike, not deep golden green, even in its generous summer shade. I came to know it well, and soon. It is in a long square that is not square at all, with the Palais de Justice on one side, and many small shops and cafés and pharmacies and honorable bookstores and even the Girls' High School fringing it, dominated by the sombre, vaguely sinister Church of the Madeleine and—at the time I was there—by two monuments. One of these, the statue of Mirabeau down by the Palais, is now gone. It is said to have been the most ridiculous public monument ever erected in France. This is a broad and daring statement, given the evidence against it, but certainly the small furious figure of Mirabeau, his wig askew and no pockmarks showing, with a knee-high lion cowering against him like a fat poodle, the two shooting up from a stony froth of great-breasted Muses, was very funny, even to the respectful. The monument that remains, the obelisk at the opposite end of the square, is fine indeed, and it rises pure and classical from the fountain at its base, where people dip water for their stalls and the flower women douse their posies.

At the low end of the unsquare square, on the regular Tuesdays, Thursdays, and—especially—Saturdays, is the Flea Market, a reputable debauch of canny snoopers for the great antique dealers of Paris and London and New York, and housewives looking for old wineglasses or copper pans, and happy drifters. Next come the merchants of nails and screws, junk jewelry, clothes, and kitchen stuff—and very few of them are fly-by-nights; most have their regular patrons among people like the farmers and the Algerians, who prefer to shop under open skies. Then there are always a few barkers under umbrellas, selling the kind of paring knife that for them alone will cut everything but the Greek alphabet with a flip of the wrist, or patterns for chic dresses that can be made from four dish towels. Even Bibles.


*"Pardon me, which way is Carnaby Street?"*

And then come the real market stalls, the ones where people buy to live. First of all, next to the café where we had long liked to eat couscous occasionally, there was (and probably still is) a woman who sold fresh peanuts in their shells. She was Algerian, I think, or half so, and she had such a delectable texture and color to her skin that I was glad she sold something I could buy from her, in order to talk a little and look at her. She was like a ripe, washed apricot, with the same glowing deep color coming through, as if from far underneath her smooth, tight skin. I have seen such tones in a few faces and in some stained glass in churches. Most of her customers were the thin and thick Algerian women who drifted by twos in their floating flowered dresses along the aisles of the market, and sometimes I listened to her speaking with them in their breathy language. She thought I was very funny, to be so plainly Anglo-Saxon and to be buying peanuts from her.

All the stands were alike and violently different, of course, and the prices were much the same, and the high quality was, too. It seemed to be a question of growing used to one vender instead of another, and I soon confessed to myself that it was part of the pleasure to be recognized by some of the quick, tough people who carried on that never-ending business. They looked so fresh and strong, three times a week, and I felt flabby and exhausted to think that every day—not just three—they must buy, or grow, and load their wares, and drive to this town or that, and set up their stalls, and then at the end start home again. They were cheerful, and as watchful as cats and as impersonal, and yet they knew most of the people who traded with them, and smiled and joked as if I, or she, or that old woman with no teeth, or the smart young matron in white gloves, were a special pet. "Ah, how did they remember *me?*" one would ask delightedly, piling the brass weighing bowls higher with the new potatoes round and hard as plums, the stiff buds of artichokes purple and succulent.

Each time I went in to the markets from L'Harmas, I had quite firmly in my mind what we needed for at least two days ahead, what we might need in case of company, and what I would undoubtedly fall heir to or in love with at the last minute—that minute of decision between a good clean rabbit hanging with his own dignity, albeit naked, or some plucked, blackish pigeons I had just spied in the poultry woman's stand. I would start out with three or four empty baskets, and a coin purse full of the small change essential to such hectic purchasing. I would end with heavy baskets and the purse much lighter, of course; money goes fast for food, and even faster for good food, and although I knew better, I always thought in terms of pounds and ounces and I bought in kilos, so that often when I thought I had two pounds of new peas I was toting two kilograms, or more than double what my mind stupidly kept reckoning. Then I would add two kilos of soft, sweet Valencia oranges from Spain, and a half kilo of lemons; two kilos of beans as long as hairpins and not much thicker; two kilos of country tomatoes, smaller and more pungent than the big handsome ones from up near Avignon; a smoked sausage, the kind still packed into clean, uneven gut skin instead of smooth plastic; some cheese; a last generous basket of dead-ripe gooseberries; a kilo of fresh spaghetti from the fat woman by the fountain; and a clumsy bunch of pale-pink carnations: "Five dozen for two francs today—take advantage, my pretty ladies."

I would be hot, harried, and overladen. Down on the wide shady Cours Mirabeau, which, perhaps rightly, has been called the most beautiful Main Street in the world, there are taxis. I would push toward them. The peanut woman smiled always at me with gaiety and some mockery—she so solid and ripe and apricot brown, I so tottery and foreign—and I would feel stronger for her casual warmth. And under the trees of the Cours, Fernand or Michel would take all my baskets and then me into his taxi for the drive out along Cézanne's road, toward home.

Sometimes I would want him to go faster, for I could almost feel the food in the baskets swelling with juice, growing soft, splitting open in an explosive rush toward ripeness and disintegration. The fruits and vegetables of Provence are dying as they grow—literally leaping from the ancient soil, so filled with natural richnesses and bacilli and fungi that they seem a kind of summing up of whatever they *are*. A tomato there, for instance, is the essence of all tomatoes, of tomato-ness, the way a fragment from a Greek frieze is not a horse but *horse* itself.

As soon as I got back from the markets, I always reorganized everything I had gleaned, as fast as I could, against the onslaughts of time (especially summer time) and insects. First of all, there were the flies. The flies of Provence are said to be the most audacious in the world. People have remarked on this for at least twenty-five hundred years, and I have read that slaves being led in chains from the north to man the galleys anchored at Toulon marched fastest on this last lap of their death trip because of the flies that goaded them. Flourishing descendants of those foul, hungry insects still zigzag in a year-round dance there, especially in spring and summer, or perhaps autumn, and the grim acceptance of them is one of the requirements of life, especially on farms, where the soil itself is an age-old amalgam of droppings from beast and man. They were much worse at the château, of course, for there we lived close to the barns, where the shepherd kept all his sheep-goats-chickens-rabbits, and at least three or four pigs, in a timeless, fruity muck that must surely have glowed in the dark. At L'Harmas, there were only pigeons and two peacocks, but there was fine shade in the summer for the flies of that hillside, and warmth in the winter, and the general interest to be found in four families of two-legged creatures.

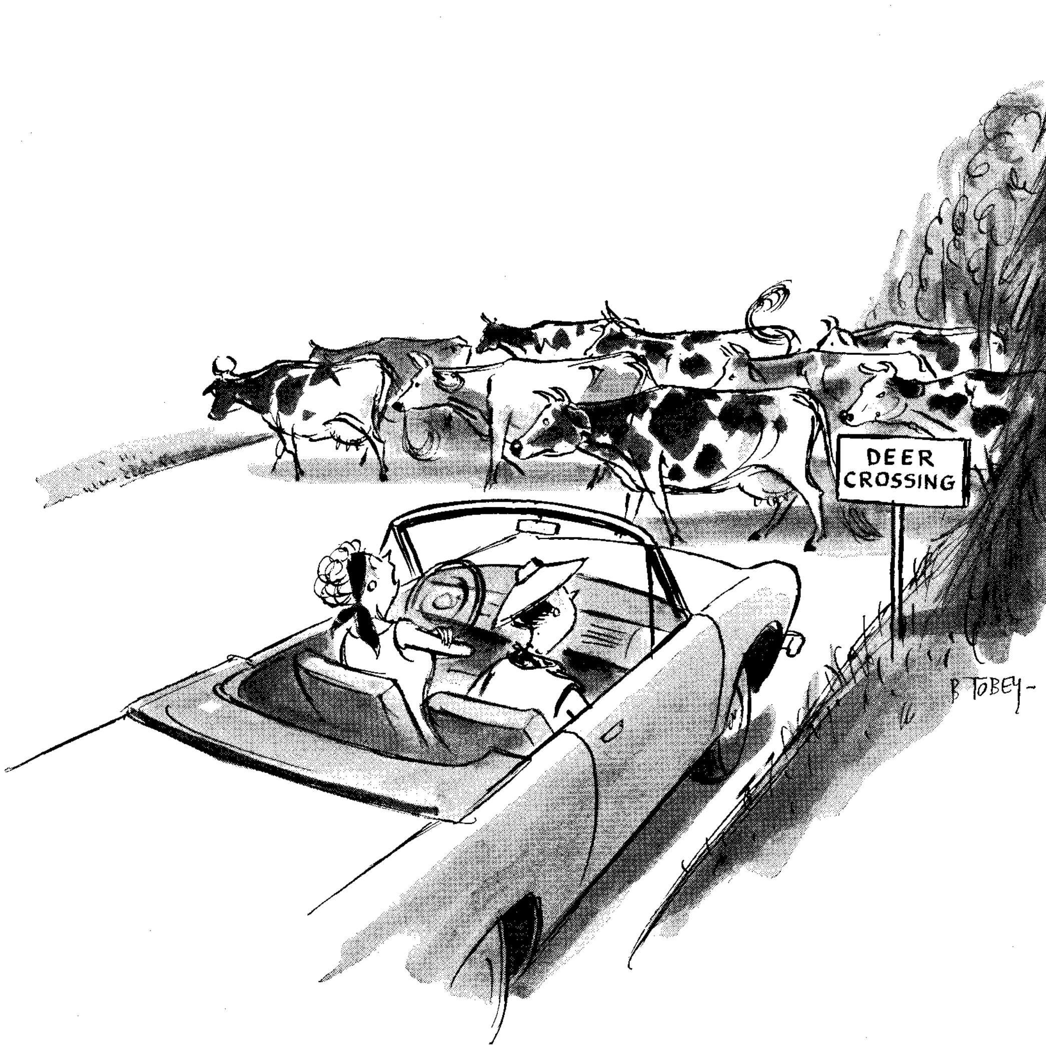
The ants are almost as powerful in Provence as the flies, surging relentlessly from the red earth, seeming to walk through wood and stone and metal and glass toward whatever they want. And there are other pests that like the cool tiled floors, or the dark of cupboards, or the moist dimness under old drains: scorpions, centipedes, bees, and wasps, earwigs, crickets, several kinds of gnats, now and then a snail or a tick. It was the flies and the ants I tilted with first and constantly, and I do not think I disliked them the most because they *were* the most but because I hated and still hate the sound and feel of flies, and the smell of ants. We are at odds always. Sometimes I can acknowledge their complacency—they will be here long after I have made my final stand against them.

In the part of the farmhouse where we lived at L'Harmas, there was a dim room that had once been a buttery, or even the farmer's office, I think. It had an uneven tiled floor, two windows with the shutters left bowed to form a kind of airy cooler, an old piano with no wires in it, and several hooks let into the plastered stone walls. From these hooks I hung whatever I need not cook the minute I got home from Aix: white onions in a crocheted bag, two kilos of long purple eggplants that not even a bee could sting, a basket of small, satin-skinned potatoes. On the old piano I would put a tray of red tomatoes, which I had placed gently, bottoms up, with some soft ones, already doomed for tomorrow, to be eaten tonight, even though they had all been firm and greenish a few hours before. I would do the same with a tray of peaches and apricots, and then cover them against the midges.

Baskets of green peas and one of beans I put upon the table in the dining room, with pans to catch them when they were shelled and de-strung by whoever passed by. It was a house rule, and since everybody talked and sat and drank and worked in that big white room, as well as eating there when we were not out under the pine trees on the terrace, it seemed a pleasant and nearly automatic thing to prepare for cooking whatever was set out for that.

In the little kitchen, I put things away as fast as I could. If I had bought meat, it must be prepared for cooking at once, or at best kept in the minute frigidaire overnight. (In winter, of course, things could be thoroughly wrapped and put on a window ledge or into a wire cooler, but winter is not long in that country, and the rats and half-wild farm cats are very clever

*"The first million's always hard, George, but it's the fun million."*



*"Well, really!"*

• •

about getting around such casual arrangements.)

Then I would pack the sweet fresh butter into a crock and put it on the old piano in a bowl of water. I washed the strawberries and cherries tenderly and put them, too, in heavy bowls in the buttery, to be eaten that day. Salads I stripped of their bad leaves and soaked for a few minutes in a dishpan, and then shook out and wrapped in a towel, to be eaten within twenty-four hours. Sometimes I could store clean curly endive or chicory and the coarser lettuces in cellophane bags for a little longer, but not in summer. It was fine, in winter, to have plenty of good Belgian endive—so easy to clean, to store, to serve in many ways.

It takes little time to learn the tricks of any new kitchen if it is a question of survival, and after only a few days at L'Harmas I knew which pans had bad handles, which skillets heated unevenly, which burners on the stove were not worth bothering to light. I knew where I was going to put bottle caps and broken corks and empty anchovy tins, all separate, and what I was going to do about garbage, and where I would hang the dish towels. I also knew where not to trip on a loose tile, and how to keep ants out of the honey jar forever. I remembered a lot of tricks from the last time in Provence, at Le Tholonet.

I remembered that in summer it is dangerous to make any kind of soup and hope to keep some of it for the next day; it will send off the sweet, sickly death smell in only a few hours, even from a jar in the frigidaire. And I remembered how to stew fruits lightly, to keep them overnight for a cool bowl for breakfast or lunch instead of having to eat them all and immediately. Once more I was washing everything fast in pure water from the well instead of the tap, to keep my people from the queasy gripes and grumbles that can plague countryfolk and that used to frighten pioneer American mothers with names like "summer complaint" and "fruit fever."

Soon I would go without thinking to the little icebox and that cool dark buttery, about twice a day, to sniff with my curious nose and to discard ruthlessly what it always hurt me to waste: a bowl of berries delicately veiled with a fine gray fuzz that was not there an hour ago, three more rotten tomatoes that were firm and fine last night. I would lift the lid from a pot of leftover *ratatouille*—was it really all right, or did I catch a whiff, a hint, of death and decay in it? A deep sniff might make me decide that it would be safe to bring it again to the boil, beat it well with some more olive oil, and chill it to be eaten cold with fresh bread for supper, before an omelette. There might be one lamb chop left. It would not be good by noon. I would eat it cold for a secret breakfast, with a glass of red wine, after the family had scattered. Tomorrow would be market again.

In winter, when alone, I ate by the fire on the hearth of the living-dining room. In spring, I carried my plate and glass into the new warmth of sunlight on the terrace, ankle-deep in wild flowers and a hundred tender grasses. In summer, I sat by the bowed shutters in the dining room, dim to baffle the flies, cool already against the blaze of white dusty heat, vibrating with the love call of the *cigales*. In the autumn, I walked a little away from roof and room to the meadows turning sere, to the pinewoods past the wheat field, and I put my back against a tree and looked north toward the Mont Ste. Victoire, rising so arrogant and harsh above the curling foreground. I would think of what I must buy the next day, and load into the baskets, and then sort and store and serve forth in the order of Nature itself: first freshness, then flavor and ripeness, and then decay. And always there were the needs of the people who must live from Nature, and learn to do so to the best of all their powers and not die from the traps that she can lay for them, especially in this ancient teeming land.

It was a good way to live.

—M. F. K. FISHER

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## AMERICANS IN ISRAEL—I

SEVERAL years ago, I wrote an account of what I had learned about the experiences of a number of American Negroes I had met in several countries of West Africa during the summer of 1960. One of many responses to that account was a letter from a young American Jewish scholar saying that the experiences described by many of these American Negroes in West Africa were quite similar to those of many American Jews who had gone to Israel, including him, and he urged me to visit Israel and observe this phenomenon for myself. I had been engaged for some time in an effort to learn something about the interaction of group identity and political change, and in pursuit of this interest I did, a while back, visit Israel. There I found that, despite obvious great differences of kind, scope, scale, and circumstance, a number of these American Jews in Israel did indeed have something in common with the American Negroes I had met earlier in West Africa. In both cases, they were people who had felt themselves to be "outsiders" in the American society, and as a result of this feeling had gone off to Africa or to Israel to try to become "insiders" among their own kind as *Negroes* or as *Jews*. What they most commonly found instead, in both instances, was that they remained "outsiders" as *Americans*. This was only one of several threads linking my two inquiries, for not only was I interested in each individual experience—and in each group—for its own sake but I was also trying to learn something about the nature of group identity in general and of the American group identity in particular. Of the Negro experience in Africa I had found:

> Practically all the American Negroes I met in West Africa had come to the ancestral continent . . . looking for freedom from racism and prejudice, or at least for a racial situation that counted them in instead of out—that provided solace and a sense of identity in a world in which everyone was black. They had also looked for a chance to share in the new pride of achievement stemming from the black man's reassertion of himself and his "African personality." In West Africa, in a small way and for a short time, the Negro pilgrim can find some of this. But it does not last long—hardly past the first flush of the sensation of being in a place where the white man is not master. Almost invariably [he] finds himself not free at all, more than ever without solace and a sense of identity, fighting new patterns of prejudice and suffering the pangs of a new kind of outsiderness. He had thought he was alien in America, but he discovers that he is more alien in Africa. Whether he likes it or not, he is American, and in Africa he becomes an American-in-exile.

In commenting on my account, after much more extensive experience in Africa, Charles J. Patterson, who is a Negro sociologist and currently a top official in the Peace Corps, wrote in one of his reports for the Institute of Current World Affairs that most of the American Negroes he had met in Africa had "not come as pilgrims" and did not have a "doomed expectation of belonging" but, instead, derived their greatest solace and satisfaction from discovering that they did indeed find a situation that "counted them in." He went on to say, "But they have found it not among Africans but among their fellow Americans working in Africa." Patterson offered this observation in what he seemed to think was contradiction, or correction, of my own, but I readily accept his conclusion as being the same as mine. In his words, "For most Negro-Americans, being in Africa does confirm their American identity." And he added, "It is a surprising and pleasant experience for Americans who heretofore have been first, foremost, and only Negroes."

In essence, this suggests much of what had also happened to many of the American Jews I interviewed in Israel, except that in their case it was much less likely to be a "surprising and pleasant experience." There were, of course,

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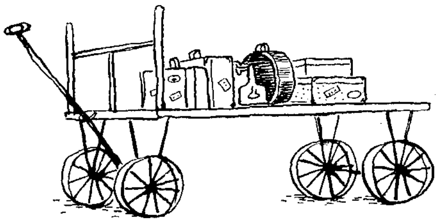
other great differences. The American Negroes who have gone to Africa to live permanently are probably still countable only in the hundreds, and the chances are that most of them see themselves more as expatriates than as would-be immigrants. For Negroes in Africa, there is actually no counterpart of the "homeland" that beckons Jews to Israel, no comparable ingathering of the lost children, no racial or national covenant. Though there has lately been some small growth of the nationalist and racialist groups that have long existed on the fringes of American Negro life, none of them have seriously advanced the idea of migration to Africa as the way to a better life for Negro Americans. The recent African emergence has spurred no revival among Negroes in America of the Garvey Movement, which called upon them to go "back to Africa" at a time, forty years ago, when that continent was still part of Europe's empires. The great mass of Negro Americans, like the great mass of Jews in America, remains committed to the idea of the good life based on their successful integration into the American society as Americans. In either case, only a few individuals have felt sufficiently "pushed" or "pulled" to choose the path of migration—and far fewer Negroes than Jews. Only when it is compared to the number of migrating Negroes can the number of migrating Jews seem large—some thousands as opposed to some hundreds—for the flow of migrating Jews to Israel has amounted to little more than a trickle, perhaps a net total of about ten thousand, or not quite two-tenths of one per cent of America's five and a half million Jews.

But these are Jews who do go to Israel as would-be migrants, who do want to make new lives for themselves there on a permanent basis, who do have that "expectation of belonging." They go to Israel—in the words of one of them, to "belong," to become "insiders," "to see how it is not to be always on the periphery"—and it is here that their painful confusion begins, for they begin to find how difficult it is for this to come about. While some move deeper into the new life than others, nearly all find that they are unable to commit themselves to full participation in it. They remain on its margins, and they do this, moreover, not so much because of any circumstances they find in Israel as because of blocks within themselves. The blocks extend far beyond any of the expectable difficulties of adjustment in a new country among strangers, and far beyond the material difficulties of existence, though these are not negligible matters. And while in many cases the blocks may have to do with purely personal limitations and problems, they also have to do with deeply embedded values and attachments, with perceptions of what is good and what is not, with social, political, and even—or sometimes especially—religious attitudes. In a peculiarly dramatic and painful way, this turns into a formal and symbolic matter; the great majority of the migrants do not legally become Israelis but remain American citizens. The consequence is that individuals who had come precisely for the high purpose of sharing in the life of the new nation of Jews end up refusing to embrace the new Jewish nationality. People who left one country for another in order to be able to participate more fully in public affairs bar themselves from taking part in the politics or serving in the armed forces of the country to which they had said they wanted to belong. The painfully deep split this opens between professed goal and actual behavior is bridged at different levels by a great variety of rationalizations. The issue of citizenship means, or is said to mean, different things to different people, but it clearly does mean that, at best, many Americans in Israel live on half loaves. "Make no mistake about it," one of them said to me. "Every American here carries his private agony around with him." Among the many kinds of confusion about identity that haunt Jews in Israel today, the American confusion is unique and uniquely troubled. This arises from far more than the American law that so unfeelingly denies them the cake-eating-cake-having status of dual citizenship; it arises from the uniquenesses of their identity as Americans. This is the major fact I learned about American Jews in Israel.



The Jews in Israel present a peculiarly dramatic example of the interaction between group identity and political change. They are trying to solve in an explicitly political way the problems of marginality and outsiderness that dominated the Jewish experience for so

## THE PLEIADES

They are heard as a choir of seven
shining voices; they descend
like a flock of wild swans to the water.

The white wing-plumage folds;
they float on the lake—seven
stars reflected among the reeds.

Tonight, the Seven Little Sisters,
daughters of the Moon, will come down
to bathe or wash their summer dresses.

They wear costumes of the seven
rainbow colors; they wear feather
mantles they can lift in sea winds

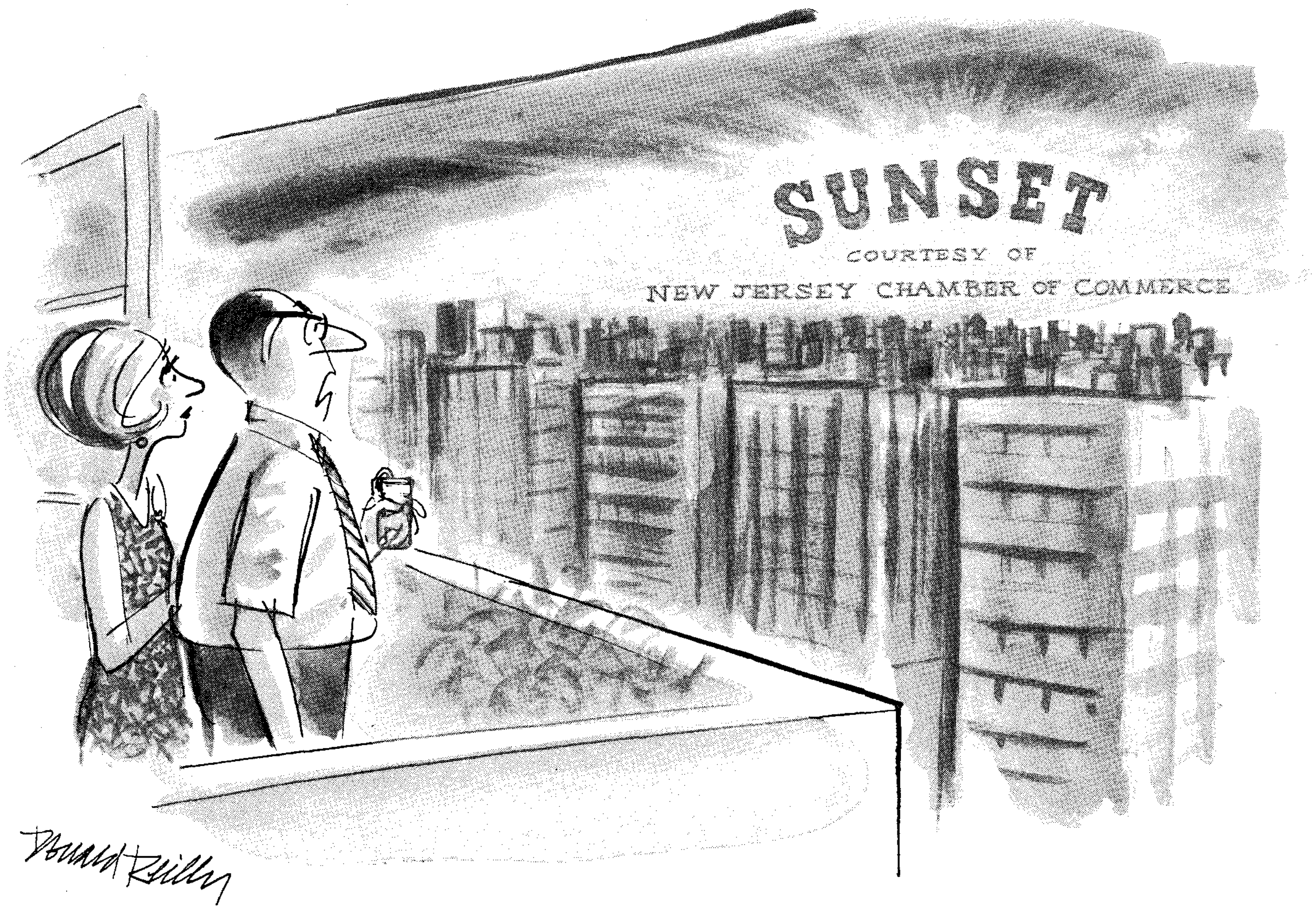
raised by their singing, and so rise
flying, soaring, until they fade
as the moon dawns; their voices dwindle

and die out in the North Woods, over
Australian bush, from Spartan
dancing grounds and African beaches.

They have returned to the sky
for the last time, and even
Electra's weeping over Troy is stilled.

What girl or star sings now
like a swan on the Yellow River?
—Mary Barnard

• •



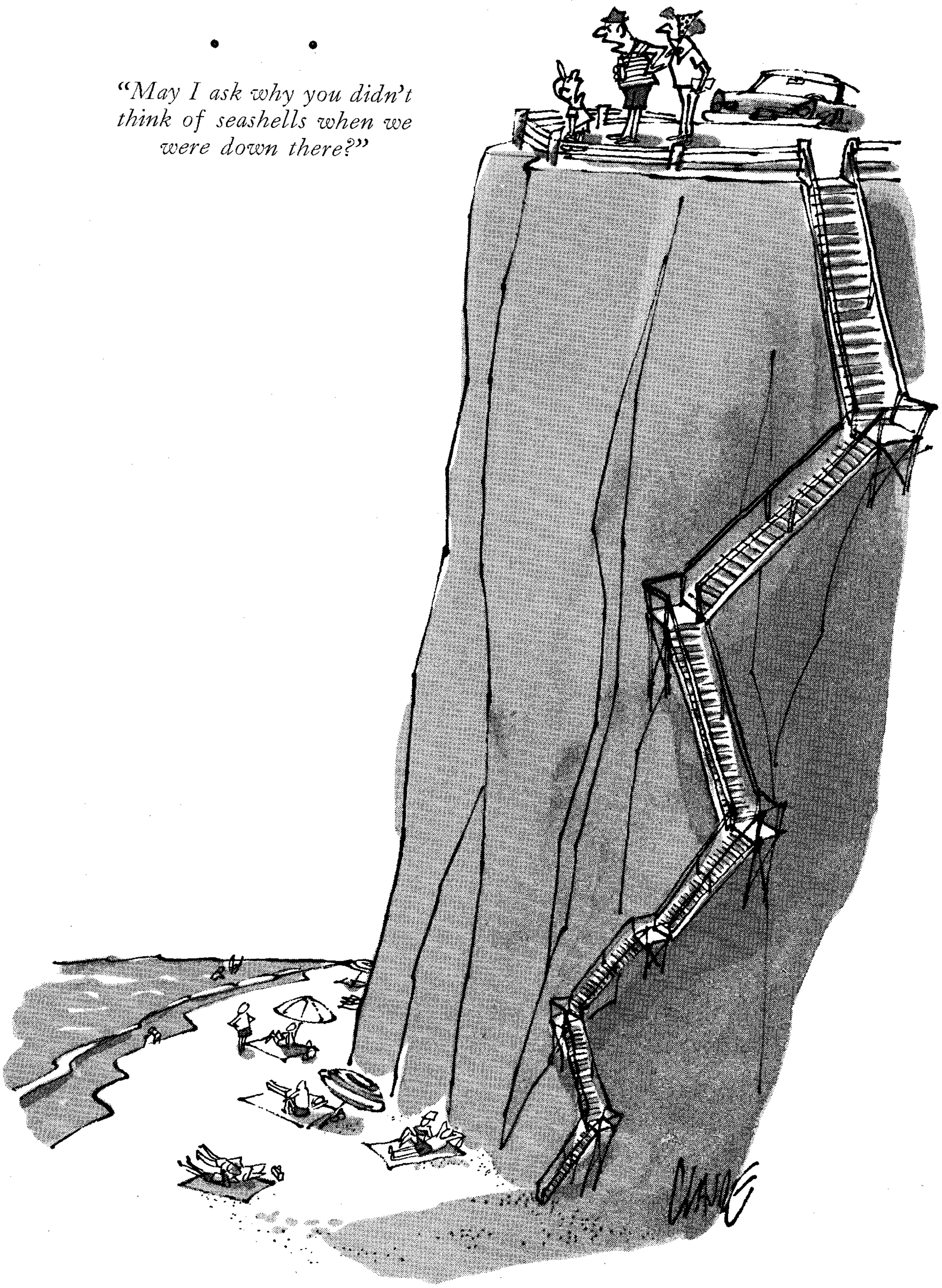
*"Now what's Jersey trying to pull?"*

• •

long, and the hostility and rejection that came to their ultimate climax in the Hitler holocaust. The reëstablishment of Israel as a Jewish state after an interval of some two thousand years is an attempt by some Jews not only to find ground on which to defend themselves against Gentile hostility but also to arrive at a national sum of their many parts. In this new setting, all the elements of the Jewish identity come up not merely for redefinition or revision but for re-creation, because all the Jews migrating to Israel from some eighty countries around the world bring with them their many varieties of "Jewishness," reflecting the many different kinds of cultural and of physical identity acquired through centuries of living among many kinds of people. In Israel, the question of questions becomes: Who and what is a Jew? It is a question wrapped in a great swirl of cloudy confusion, and upon every Jew everywhere it imposes the need to make some crucial decisions about himself.

WHAT I have to report about this matter is based mainly on what I learned in interviews conducted with about fifty American Jews in Israel. The ages of those I interviewed ranged from the teens to the sixties, and some fifteen were women. The individuals included twenty-two "*kibbutzniks*" (on four *kibbutzim*, two each belonging to the politically distinct *kibbutz* federations linked to Mapai, the main government party, and Mapam, long the left-wing opposition party) and twenty-two city dwellers (including government servants, teachers and other professionals of various kinds, and three businessmen); the remainder were mainly students. In addition, I had miscellaneous information-seeking interviews with officials of the Israeli government, of the Jewish Agency, and of the American Embassy and with officers of the British and South African settler associations, and conversations with Israelis of various backgrounds. Obviously, I can speak with some measure of certainty only about those individuals with whom I explored matters most directly. They were my main sources, and I must stress that they form a panel, or group, of informants and are not to be confused with a survey type of sample. Whenever I do make any broader statements of their situation as a group, I do so not on the basis of projecting numbers or percentages from tabulated replies to set questions but on the basis of my own interpretations and judgments of what I managed to learn during the course of my inquiry. My concern has been to do this with rigor, care, and respect for the facts and for the integrity of my informants and their answers to my questions. This requires something to be said about the question of bias, which I must mention here in terms both cautionary and personal. My encounters in Israel were with American Jews who wanted, or thought they wanted, to give primary place to their identity as Jews. I met them as an American Jew who gives primary place to his identity as an American. This difference was no doubt reflected in some way in my interviews—in the intangible elements present in each encounter, in the questions I asked and the answers I was given. Since it was precisely the ambivalence and conflict over the relationship between these two identities that became the main content of these explorations, the presence of this difference has to be noted.

The story of American Jews in Israel is one that has many versions, and you get your first taste of this variety when you try to find out just how many such Jews there are. The answer given most commonly is "About ten thousand." You also hear that there are twelve, fifteen, and even twenty thousand. On the other hand, officials at the American Embassy at the time of my visit seemed to think that there were only "about six thousand." When several well-informed individuals were pressed to make firm guesses, what emerged was an estimate of a core of seven thousand to seventy-five hundred Americans who are trying to establish themselves as dwellers in Israel. Wherever accuracy lies, these figures do at least indicate the magnitudes involved. Counted at ten thousand, American Jews are half of one per cent of Israel's population of two million Jews. They are, then, a tiny group, but just how tiny is hard to say, owing to the elusiveness of certain facts.



"May I ask why you didn't think of seashells when we were down there?"

What, for example, asked one of my informants on this matter, do you do about the children? Do you count *them*? Many of the American immigrants of recent years were young people, and many of the young couples among them started their families in Israel. Many (nobody could even guess how many) Americans have married Israelis of other origins—"mixed marriages" is the joke idiom for this—and have their children coming along. With only the rarest exceptions, children of all these families go into the Israeli armed services at eighteen, as the local law requires, and thereby automatically become citizens of Israel. Some American families try to keep American influences alive in their homes and to raise their children to be bilingual, in Hebrew and English. But this is a difficult thing to do. As these immigrants' own immigrant grandparents or parents in America learned, the pull of the outside environment is stronger than that of the home, and children everywhere have an overpowering need not to be "different." Among the older children of American immigrants in Israel, awareness of America is often very dim and knowledge of English rudimentary, where it isn't nonexistent. I had a conversation with some "American" teen-agers in which the father of one of them acted as interpreter. They evidently knew some English, but they were unwilling to use it. Like most children of immigrants, they wanted to melt into the surrounding majority of their locally oriented peers. In Israel, they grow up in an environment peculiarly filled with a certain ambivalence not only toward Americans and American Jews but toward the English language itself. This often leaves their American parents—people whose own parents had a similar experience in the American environment only a generation earlier—in a position that is poignant, or pathetic, and always ironic.

At the other end of the age scale, there are included in some of the larger totals of "Americans" members of an older generation

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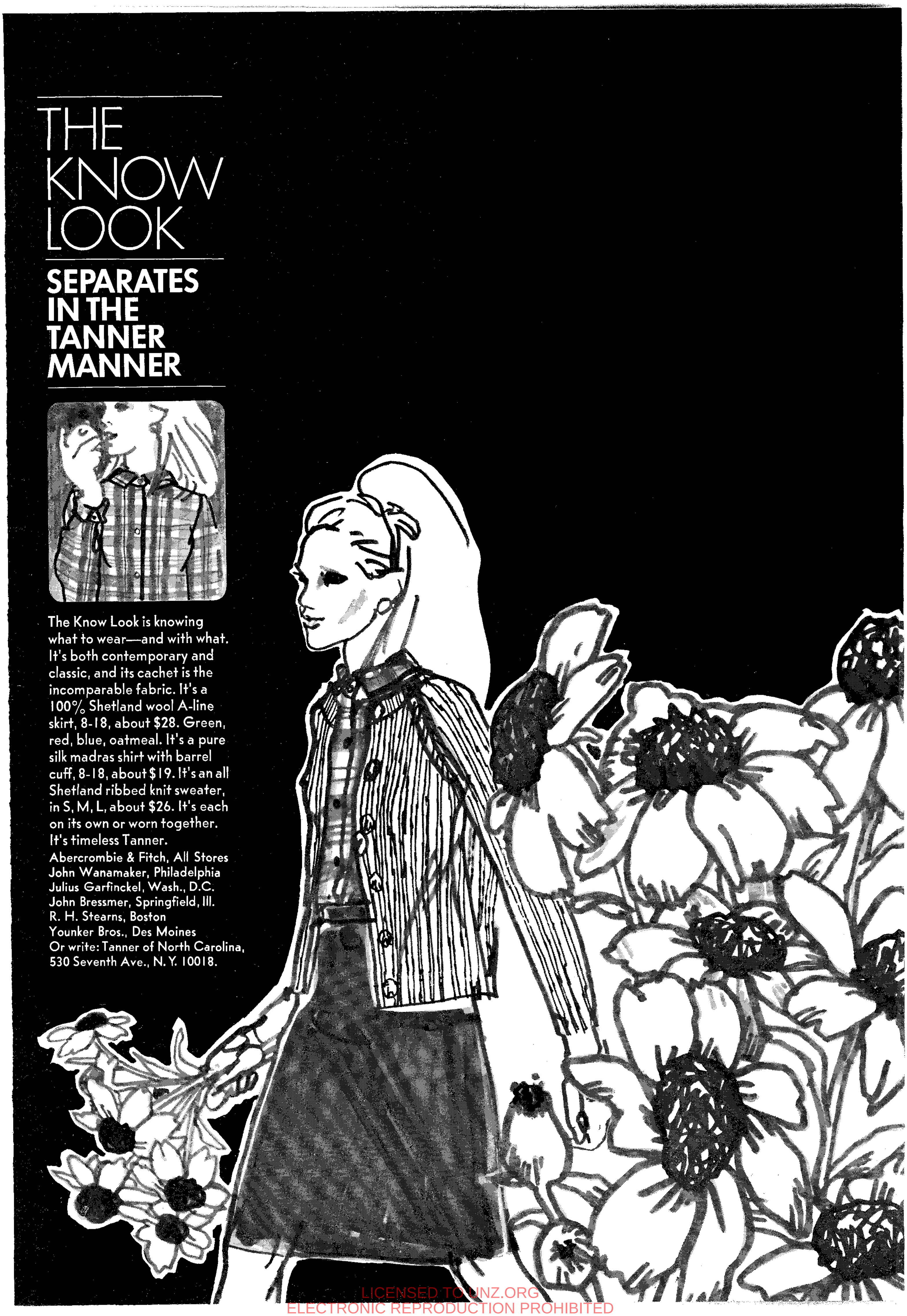
whose connections with America is a good deal more tenuous than the children's. These are people who moved from America to Palestine in the earlier immigrations, beginning with a tiny trickle before the First World War and growing to a total of somewhere between three thousand and five thousand by the outbreak of the Second World War. In the later thirties, American-born young people made up part of the influx, but they remained a small minority (between 1935 and 1942, according to one account, there were six hundred and sixty-four such out of twenty-five hundred). Most of the immigrants before the Second World War were people who had emigrated first from Eastern Europe to America and then, after some years, decided to re-emigrate, to Palestine. A few of these earlier Zionist settlers achieved prominence in Israel—the Russian-born Golda Meir, the former Israeli Foreign Minister, spent some years of her youth in Milwaukee before moving on to Palestine in the early nineteen-twenties—and it is doubtful if any of them would ever now think of themselves as Americans. They and their children have been absorbed into the socially and politically dominant group of Eastern European old-timers in Israel, to which they really belonged, and they are far removed in any of their present identifications from the Americans who have come to Israel in recent years.

There is another group of "American" Jews in Israel whose inclusion in these statistics is at least a debatable matter. These are members of several Hasidic, or ultra-Orthodox, sects who hold American passports, either because they were born in America or because they lived there for a time and became naturalized. There were said to be about a thousand of them in Israel at the time of my visit, living in separate small communities of their own. Most of the elders among them made their way to refuge in America from Hitler-threatened Eastern Europe, and, with only rare exceptions, raised their American-born children entirely within the closed culture of their sects. Although the members of the more extreme sects do not accept the statehood of Israel (because it did not come about through the appearance of the Messiah), many have settled there, joining older communities of their fellows or forming new ones. They are said to be even more zealous about retaining their American citizenship than other Americans in Israel. Nevertheless, they stand apart from the recognizable American immigrant group and also from the Israeli mass, and they are not included among those considered and described in this report.

According to one published record, the total number of immigrants from America to Palestine between 1860 and 1948 came to about 7,000. The number who came between 1948 and 1960 is given as a net figure of 7,595—"net," because it has been estimated that for every one who came and stayed, five or more came and left. Of about seventeen hundred Americans who came in 1948 to fight to establish a State of Israel, one in four, I was told, remained or returned to settle. It was guessed or estimated by some of my informants that a more favorable ratio was being maintained in more recent years, it being said that about fifteen hundred prospective American settlers were coming in each year and about a thousand leaving. A more recent total figure, published in December, 1964, raised the estimated net number of American immigrants since 1948 to 10,400—a period during which a grand total of about one and a half million Jews came to the new state. In mid-1964, the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel had four thousand families registered with it (approximately ten per cent of them Canadian). In the absence of more precise and verifiable figures, here is how, counting only adults and combining all the best available guesses and estimates, some of my most knowledgeable informants sorted out the numbers and locations of American Jewish settlers in Israel at the time I was there:

First. About two thousand individuals engaged in agriculture. According to a report made to the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel in March, 1963, a count had shown seven hundred and eighty-nine Americans on ninety-four *kibbutzim*, two hundred and thirty-nine Americans on thirty-four *moshavim*—somewhat less collective coöperatives—and two hundred Americans engaged in private agricultural projects. These last have operated family farms and orange groves, and have raised beef cattle and flowers. A majority of those on the land are of the older, or pre-1948 and immediately post-1948, immigrant generation, their ranks having been increased only very slightly since then. These farming Americans are to be found, however, in all parts of this tiny country—along the fertile coastal plain, in the bare hills of the north, where their settlements are often within sight (and shooting range)



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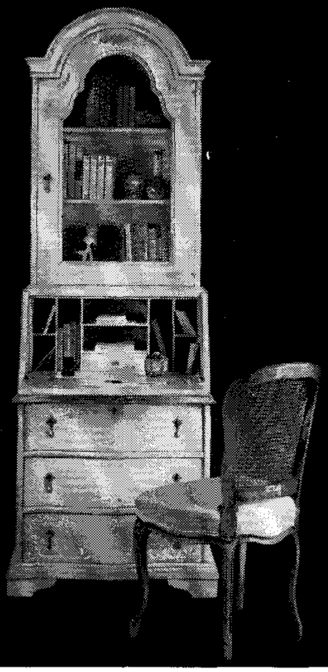

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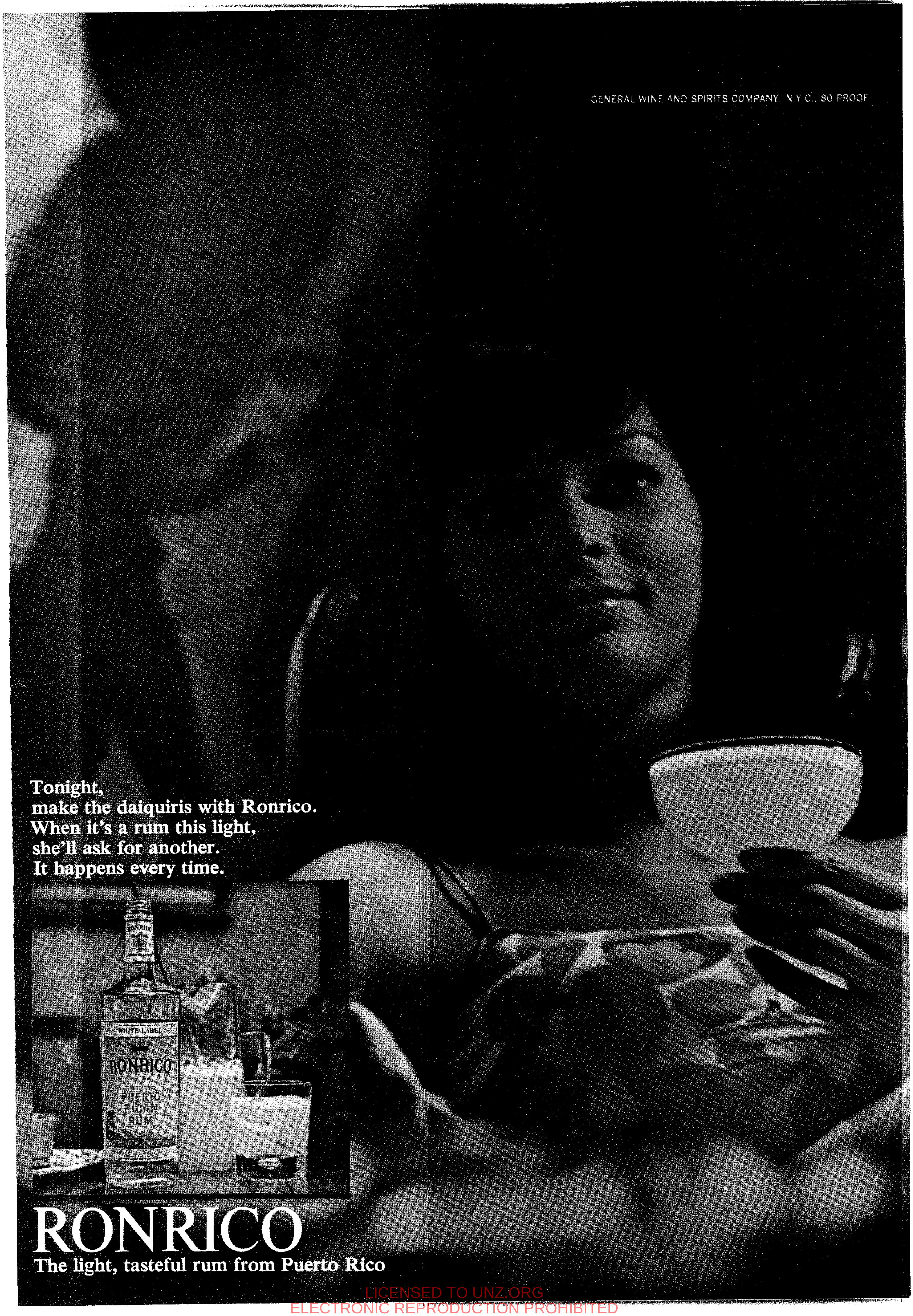
of the closed borders of Syria or Jordan, and on scattered patches of green drilled and dug out of the Negev, in the south, where the desert runs up to the Gaza Strip and the enemy land of Egypt in the southwest, and is menaced by further Arab hostility in the deep south, where it comes to its narrow end at Elath, on the Red Sea.

Second. About fifteen hundred—some of them ex-*kibbutzniks* and almost all of them post-1948 immigrants—working in private professional or semi-professional capacities, as teachers, scientists, engineers, doctors, nurses, and technicians of various kinds, often on the staffs of institutions in the fields of education, health, welfare, and the like, or in some private capacity in the major scientific, industrial, or construction enterprises of the government. Mainly, they are to be found living in Israel's three chief cities—Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, and Haifa—with a few in some of the "new towns" that are springing up to meet the needs of this bulging little nation. For most of them, the most desirable place to live is in Jerusalem, where—even in its newer parts, atop the Judaean hills, and separated by barbed wire and barriers from the older sections, which are now part of the hostile state of Jordan—they can feel that they are breathing the air of distant ages. The magic of the city's name, together with government-imposed restraints on building styles and materials, has preserved its semi-cloistered atmosphere, in which it remains somehow possible to feel a connection with the remote past, a link with the people of the Bible.

Third. About three hundred American immigrants who have gone into private business. They are mostly concentrated in Tel Aviv, and their businesses are mostly small ones, the estimated typical capital put at fifty thousand dollars. There are retail and wholesaling firms, and small factories, in metal fabrication, plastics, and motors, and there are repair shops and the like. American enterprise has introduced the supermarket to Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Sizable amounts of American capital but very few Americans are to be found in the handful of large industrial and construction firms now operating in the country. In the small-business community, Americans are a tiny minority and a rather embattled one. They are scarcely visible in the crowded city of Tel Aviv, a metropolis of some four hundred thousand that Jewish immigrants began to develop about forty years ago. Here you can find exemplars of all the stereotypes attached to East-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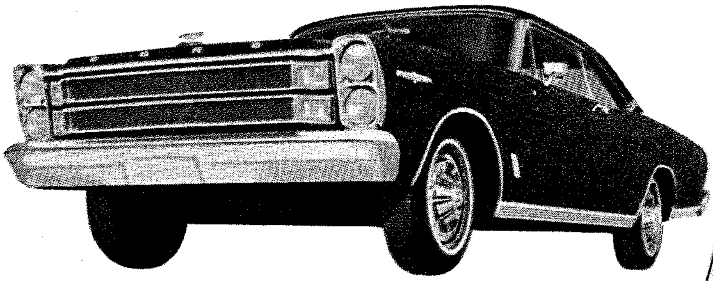

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ern European Diaspora Jews, including what Jerusalem residents disdainfully call "that element" in commerce, and also a stunning new concert hall, where a symphony orchestra plays to packed audiences, not to mention a new university that has arisen here to challenge the long-standing monopoly of Jerusalem's Hebrew University in higher education.

Fourth. About three hundred Americans in government jobs. These are all civil servants at the middle or upper-middle levels of Israel's flourishing bureaucracy. There are no Americans in posts of political power, unless you count Golda Meir as an American, and none at the top in any branch of the government, unless, again, one counts as American someone like Simon Agranat, now President (that is, Chief Justice) of the Supreme Court, who is probably the most highly placed "American" in the country. His father came to Palestine from the United States in 1922, and he himself came in 1930. He became a judge under the British mandate long before the State of Israel came into being. The other most prominent semi-American is an ex-Canadian, Dov Joseph, who came to Palestine from Canada in the nineteen-twenties and who rose to become Minister of Justice under Ben-Gurion. As for younger American immigrants, whose origins are more readily identifiable, there is one who is a chief scientific adviser and several who work as relatively obscure but sometimes influential aides and secretaries in key Ministries. An American specialist conducted Israel's first census and now heads its manpower commission. Another runs a government aircraft-assembly plant. The senior civil servant in the Ministry of the Interior is an American, and so is one of the top police officers. A few have reached similar levels in the Ministry of Defense and in the armed services.

Fifth. An estimated two thousand American women listed as "non-working wives" of the assorted urban settlers—a description that hardly applies to the lives they lead as they look after their homes and raise their children in conditions that are difficult at best. There are also women among the professionals and the other specialists in the urban groups, and, of course, among those on the *kibbutzim* and in other rural establishments.

Sixth. Finally, a special group of about fifteen hundred Americans who are called "senior residents." These are men and women over sixty-five years old who have come to Israel from

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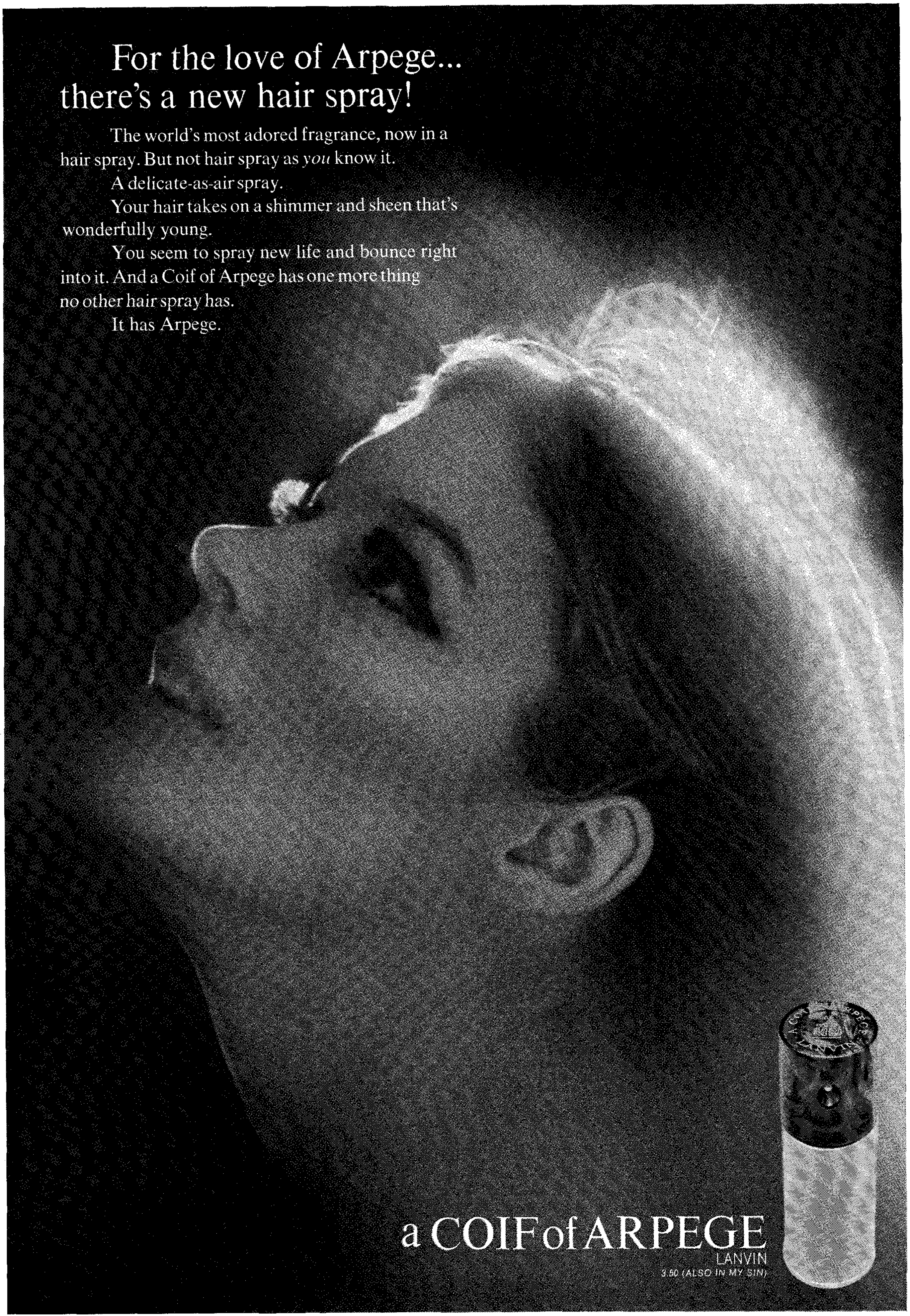
America to live out their years of retirement with the help of their Social Security checks. Almost all of them came to America from Eastern Europe a lifetime ago and have chosen to come at the end to the land of the Zionist dream. Some live in special homes or hostels supported by organizations they belong to back in America; others have costlier but lonelier little apartments of their own—a few in softer, older Haifa, in the northwest, and a few in various places near children settled on the land, but most of them in the big city of Tel Aviv, where it is easiest for them to get together with people of their own age and backgrounds.

None of these six groups of Americans are to be confused with the American tourists, who come in swarms (seventy thousand in 1964, eighty thousand in 1965) or with the Americans who come as students for a year or so (about five hundred in 1965), although some tourists do come, or come back, and stay for long periods, and some become "commuters," moving back and forth at intervals of months or years. I am dealing here with those American Jews who either are more or less permanent dwellers in Israel—*olim*, or settlers—or are trying to become so, or, at least, are trying to think of themselves in this way. As listed above, they number seven thousand six hundred, and perhaps, counted differently, this figure might run to ten or twelve or even fifteen thousand. In any case, together with seven thousand Jews from England, forty-five hundred from South Africa, and much smaller numbers from Canada and Australia, they make up a group of settlers in Israel generally called, of all things, "the Anglo-Saxons."

THE first time I heard the term "Anglo-Saxon" applied to American Jews in Israel was during a conversation with a visiting Israeli professor in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a few years ago. He was surprised at my surprise, and was a full half minute slow in joining in my laugh at the humor of it. For him, the irony had long since been rubbed off the term by familiar use, and I found this generally true of the Israelis I met in Israel. But many of the "Anglo-Saxons" themselves proved to be uncomfortably self-conscious about the term, avoiding it and trying, not very successfully, to discourage others from using it. For instance, there was "the Anglo-Saxon Shikun," in Jerusalem, a block of sixty-two comfortable coöperative apartments just being completed at the time of my visit—a long two-story structure in the city's characteristic stone lying flat along the rocky slopes just below the imposing buildings of Hebrew University. This *shikun*, or housing project, was put up by and for a group of well-established residents, almost all of them Americans, each of whom was paying something like £50,000 (about $17,000) for his apartment, with financial and other assistance provided through the project's sponsors, the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel. From the outset, the place had automatically been referred to as "the Anglo-Saxon Shikun." When its resident owners got together, they tried to give it a different name, some wits first suggesting a name that included both being on the heights and enjoying a higher standard of living. This would not have been exactly libellous, for these modest two- and three-bedroom apartments were positively luxurious by current Israeli housing standards, but no one, and least of all these Americans, wanted to emphasize economic inequalities. They finally settled on the name Nayot, a word out of the Bible meaning "pleasant places," which indeed the block is, in housing-parched Israel. The official name on the sign at the entrance is "American-Canadian Housing Project in Jerusalem—Nayot," but to taxi-drivers and to everyone else it has remained simply "the Anglo-Saxon Shikun," or, in Hebrew, "Shikun Anglo-Saxi." One of its occupants told me testily, "Nobody likes the term. I don't like it. It's an Israeli term. I'm not Anglo and I'm not Saxon. We used to fight it, but I guess we've given up on it now."

As "Anglo-Saxon" is used by many Israelis, it seems to carry with it not irony but a certain sting of malice and envy, only sometimes mixed with grudging admiration. The "Anglo-Saxons" are generally seen as better-off, better-educated, more highly privileged people—people who did not personally experience the holocaust and who therefore, unlike so many of the European immigrants, still have their families intact, including living parents, and even grandparents; who came to Israel not because they had to but because they chose to, a fact that makes them "fools" in the eyes of some Israelis and "true idealists" in the eyes of some others; and who, uniquely, have somewhere to go back to if they want to leave. All this is applied to almost all of the "Anglo-Saxons" but most particularly to the Americans, and it stings be-



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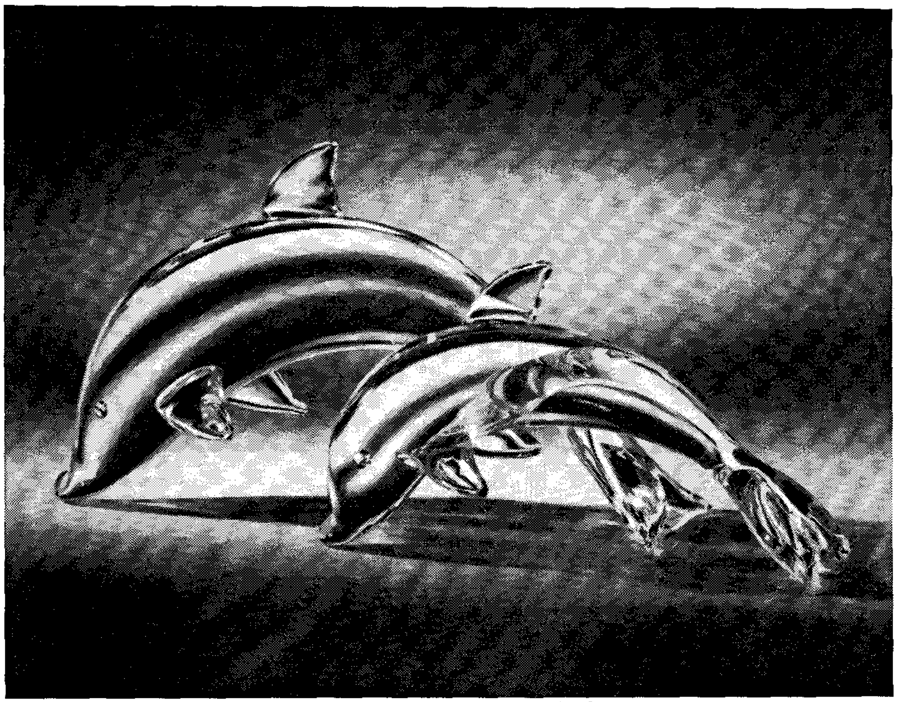

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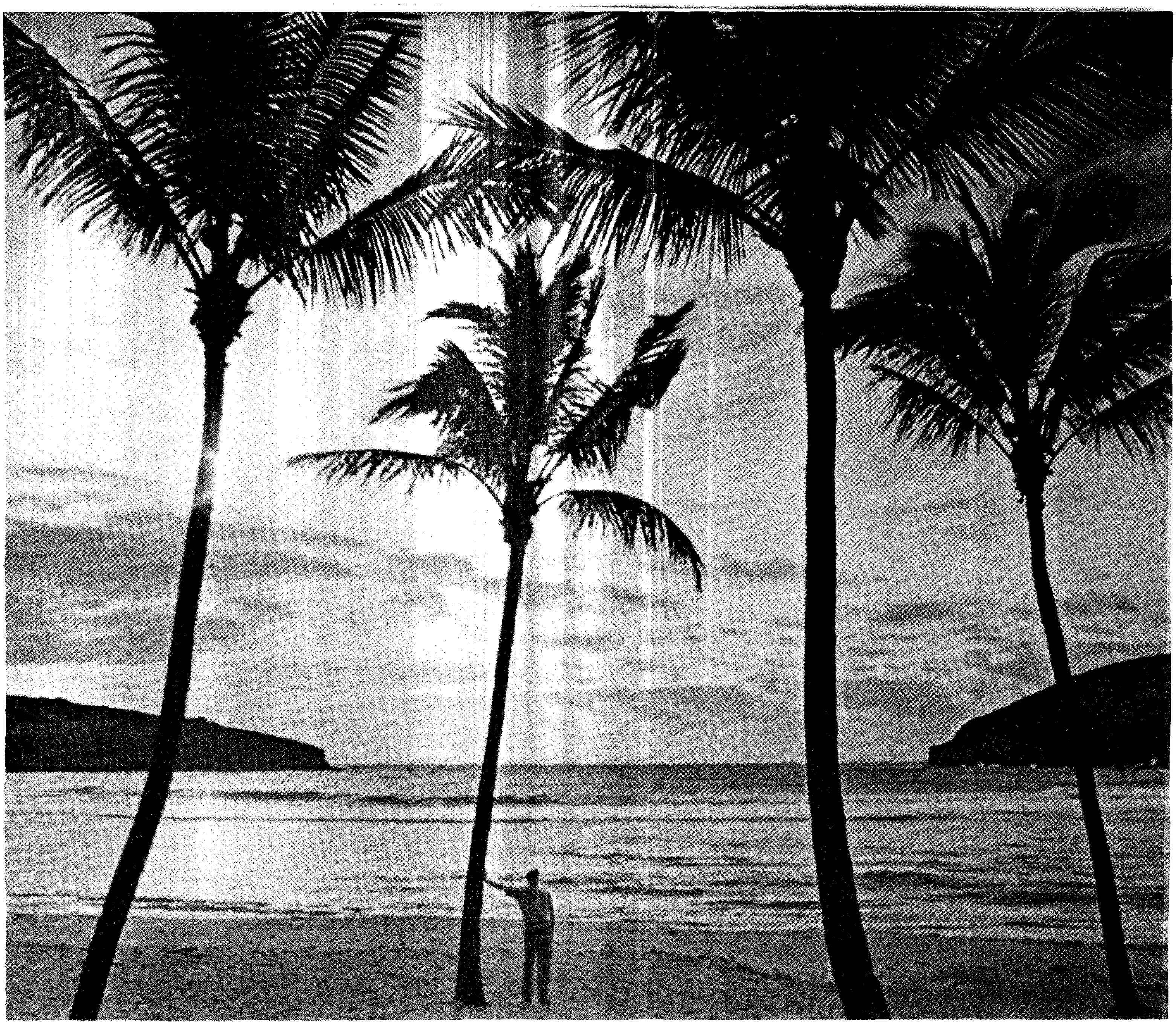
cause it is all usually quite true. Hence the mixed feelings with which the "Anglo-Saxons" themselves receive the term. But I would guess that there are also other reasons for their discomfort—reasons that are more complex and more obscure. Rubbed into parts of the picture are faint but unmistakable marks of old snobbery about Anglo-Saxon superiority, and various deeper feelings and associations as well. To at least some of these displaced Americans and Britons in Israel, I suspect, the values of the Anglo-Saxon society and culture are very important, their own yearning for identification with the world of the Anglo-Saxon is strong, and their feelings about it are tender and sore, because though they had accepted it, they felt that it had failed to "accept" them. This may be no small part of the reason that many of them left home. For them to acquire, finally, in Israel, an identity as "Anglo-Saxons"—or even simply to be labelled as such—is a paradox whose humor they cannot always enjoy.

Actually, as far as I could discover, the use of the term began not in irony, envy, or malice but as a matter of bureaucratic convenience, being part of an even more broadly ironic use of national labels for the various segments of the great masses of immigrants who crowded into the country during the last thirty years. The Jewish Agency, an extra-governmental body which had the responsibility for handling this massive immigration, was, roughly, organized into sets of "national" sections, much like the geographic "desks" in a typical Foreign Office, and, like them, each bore the name of its particular country—the Polish, the Lithuanian, the Rumanian, the Czech, and so on. For the many purposes of immigration and absorption, these national sections handled their people as groups and referred to them in the handiest way—by their national labels. For many of the immigrants—if not, indeed, for most of them—this was an unaccustomed identification; what had marked in the most explicit way their status in their home countries was their identification as "Jews," not as "Poles" or "Rumanians," and most emphatically not as "Algerians," "Moroccans," or "Egyptians." It was only when they emigrated to embrace a new nationality of their own in the Jewish homeland that they finally acquired the nationality labels they had been denied in the lands that had been their homes for so long. There was one exception to this practice of the Jewish Agency, though: it would have been a bit too much, even in this land of paradoxes,



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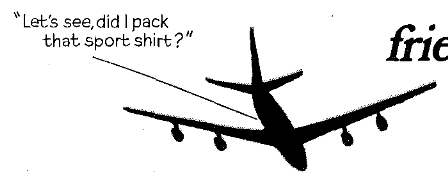
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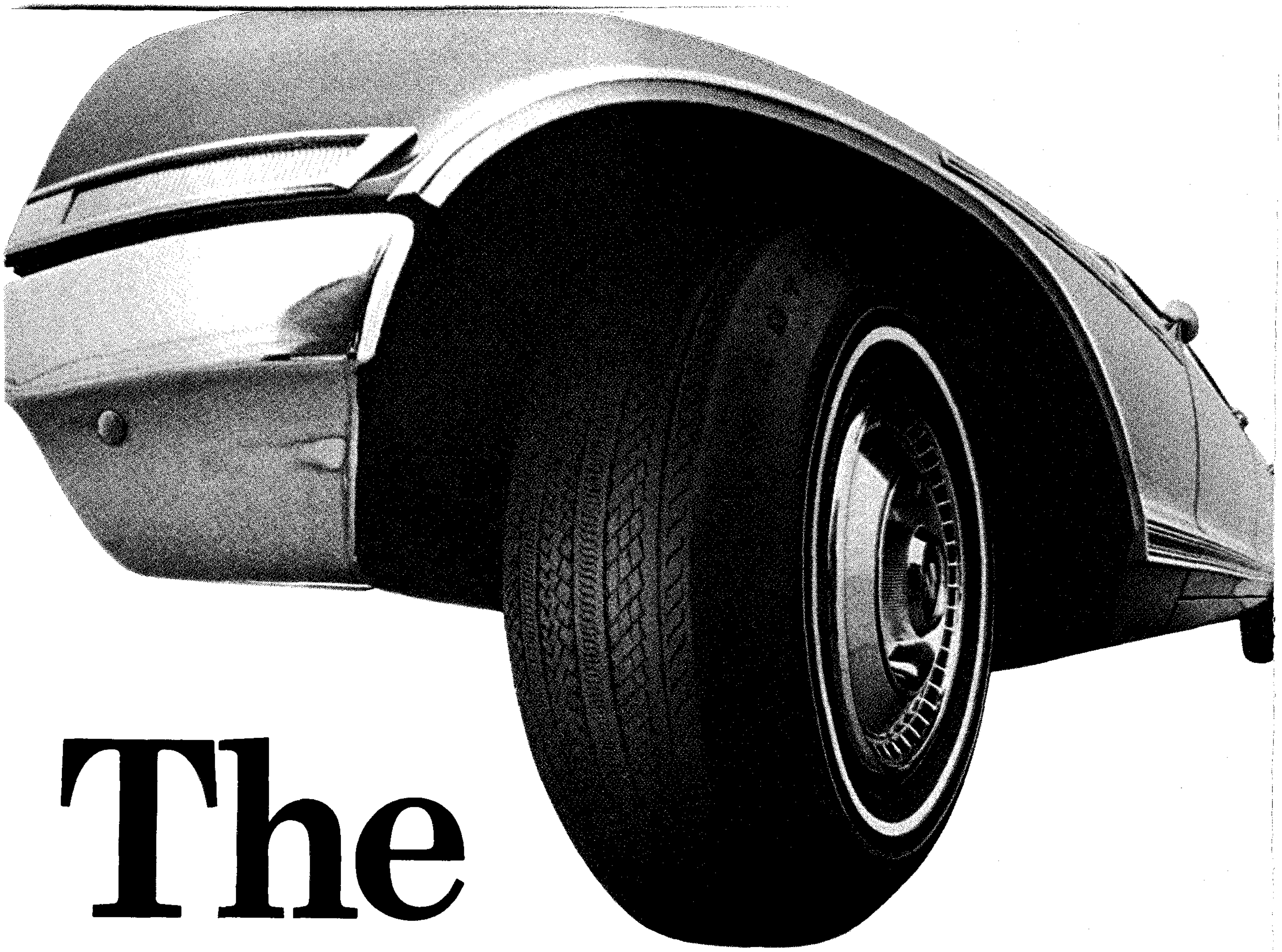

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for the Jews who came in masses from Hitler's Germany in the nineteen-thirties to become known as "Germans." Their organization was once formally called Hitachdut Olei Germania, or Association of German Immigrants, but Jews from Germany soon acquired the nickname "Yeckes," which was attached to the firstcomers and has stuck ever since. "Yeckes" literally means "jackets," and had to do with the tie-and-jacket neatness of the middle-class German Jews who came to Palestine—Jews who were always tidy, always trim, very urban bourgeois, in contrast to the non-jacket-wearing, open-shirt-collared, deliberately non-bourgeois Eastern European pioneers they joined there. In time, the name "Yeckes" implied all the characteristics of the German stereotype—neat, precise, formal, rigid, efficient, and, on the whole, rather unimaginatively intelligent.

In reference to the various "Anglo-Saxon" Jews, the use of national labels carried different ironic weights, suggesting the different specific gravities of separateness of Jews in the English-speaking countries. I asked the secretary of the British Settlers Association, a young grandmother, how English Jews felt about being called "Anglo-Saxon." She laughed an arch little laugh and said, "It's become quite a joke. In all our memos we use 'British settlers' and avoid 'Anglo-Saxons.' It is something we are trying to get away from." When I asked her how the English and the Americans got on together, she said that some of her best friends were Americans, and added that, what was more, her daughter had actually married one.

Jews who migrated from Eastern Europe to England two or three generations ago became "British," but this never made them "Englishmen"—any more than they ever became "Australians" or "Canadians" or "South Africans" without the additional identification "Jew." By contrast, the "American" identity implies an inclusiveness that would make "Americans" out of all the different kinds of people who have arrived on American soil. The ideal holds any imposed separateness to be a violation of the national credo, and any self-chosen separateness to be a right of any group or person, limited only by the common rights of all. For a long time, as everybody today recognizes, this was more preachment than practice, especially for non-whites, non-Anglo-Saxons, non-Protestants, and non-North Europeans. But for quite a while now it has been theory-painfully-

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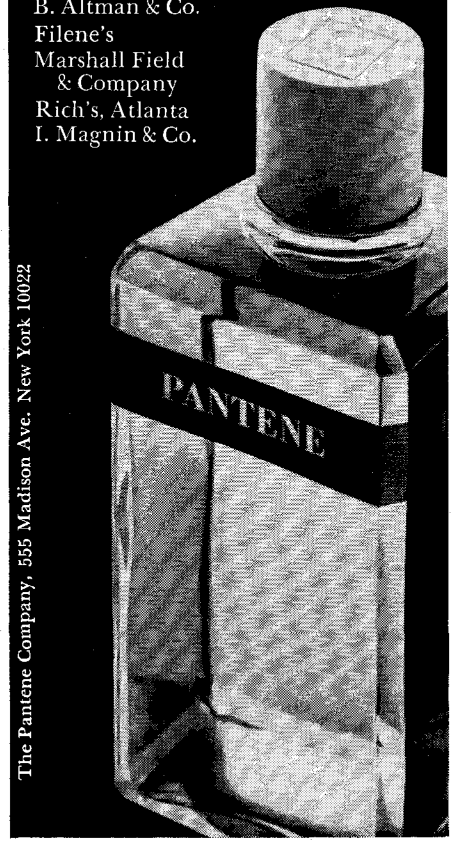
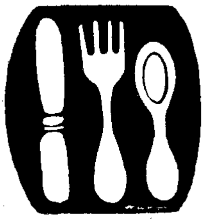


becoming-fact, and this—both as goal and as partial reality—has done more than anything else to create the uniqueness of the "American" identity. This marks off American Jews from the European Jews whose origins they share only two or three generations back; this early fixed a special relationship between American Jewry and Israel; and this remains stamped hard even on the small number of American Jews who have felt driven by some lack in their lives as "Americans" to migrate to Israel to try to give priority to living as "Jews." In Israel, this marks off the "Americans" even from their fellow "Anglo-Saxons." A very special mixture of things is indicated, therefore, when some of these Americans, reaching for their share of the common Israeli lot, say ruefully, in their turn, "In America, we were 'Jews.' In Israel, we become 'Americans.' "

These differences are partly reflected in the way the various "Anglo-Saxons" have sorted themselves out in different national combinations. Among the organizations formed by the various national groups we find the Americans and Canadians together in the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel, the Australians and New Zealanders joined with the British in the British Settlers Association, and the South Africans by themselves in an Israel section of the South African Zionist Federation. Each grouping maintains its separate existence, preserving its special characteristics, and sharing only in the vague and embarrassing lustre and special status that come from being "Anglo-Saxons" in Israel. The three "Anglo-Saxon" organizations are by no means the only such national groupings, or *landsmannschaft* organizations. There are dozens of them, in which people of common origins come together, partly to deal as a group with the formidable Israeli bureaucracy, partly to enable old-timers to help bewildered newcomers, and partly to provide a way for members of each of these many species to flock together, be with their "own" kind, hear their "own" language spoken freely again, and share the tangible and intangible samenesses of their backgrounds. The newer the immigrant, the greater his need for this kind of support, yet among the older immigrants, as their Hebrew-speaking children pull away from them to give new shape to what is called "the Jewish life" in Israel, there is often, it seems, a continuing need to belong to nationality groups, although as nationals of the countries they came from they were perhaps not allowed to "belong" at all. It is usually said that Jews have come to Israel from eighty countries, and I was told that there were at one time as many as forty-five *landsmannschaft* organizations in existence. By the time of my visit, attrition and mergers had brought the figure down to about thirty.

In Hebrew, the names of the *landsmannschaft* groups follow a uniform pattern. Each is known as a Hitachdut (Association of) Olei (immigrants from) Such-and-Such a Country. The Hebrew name of the American-Canadian group is just like all the others—Hitachdut Olei America Canada. In English, however, the group is called the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel. In the difference between the name in Hebrew and the name in English—that is, in the elimination of the "Olei"—lies the heart of the story of these American Jews in Israel; this detail, tiny as it is, lights up the dilemma in which they have placed themselves and the ambivalence in which all but a few of them painfully live. The word "*olei*" is a plural form of "*oleh*," which is usually translated as "immigrant," though it actually means "one who ascends"—meaning that someone who comes to Israel is rising to a higher destiny, to a higher realm of the spirit, and thus is not to be confused with a mere "immigrant," who, like the millions of immigrants who went to the United States a few generations ago, were seeking a better material life. The *olim* who come to Israel are, in Zionist terminology, to be considered seekers after social and spiritual integration as Jews in the land of the Bible, the home of Jewish history. Hence the "*aliya*," or "ascent." Backsliding *olim* who reëmigrate—to the United States, whenever they can—are called "*yordim*," or "people descending." Mortified Israelis have estimated that Israel may have lost as many as seventy thousand *yordim* during the two decades of its existence, including, according to the Jerusalem *Post*, at least ten thousand Israeli-born young people—the most mortifying kind of *yordim* to lose. In this idealized vocabulary, to be an *oleh* is to be reaching for something not far from the equivalent of what Christians call grace, and to be a *yored* (singular of *yordim*) is to come fairly close to falling back down into a state of sin, if not into Hell itself.



Now, it is this question of being an *oleh*, or, less poetically, just an im-

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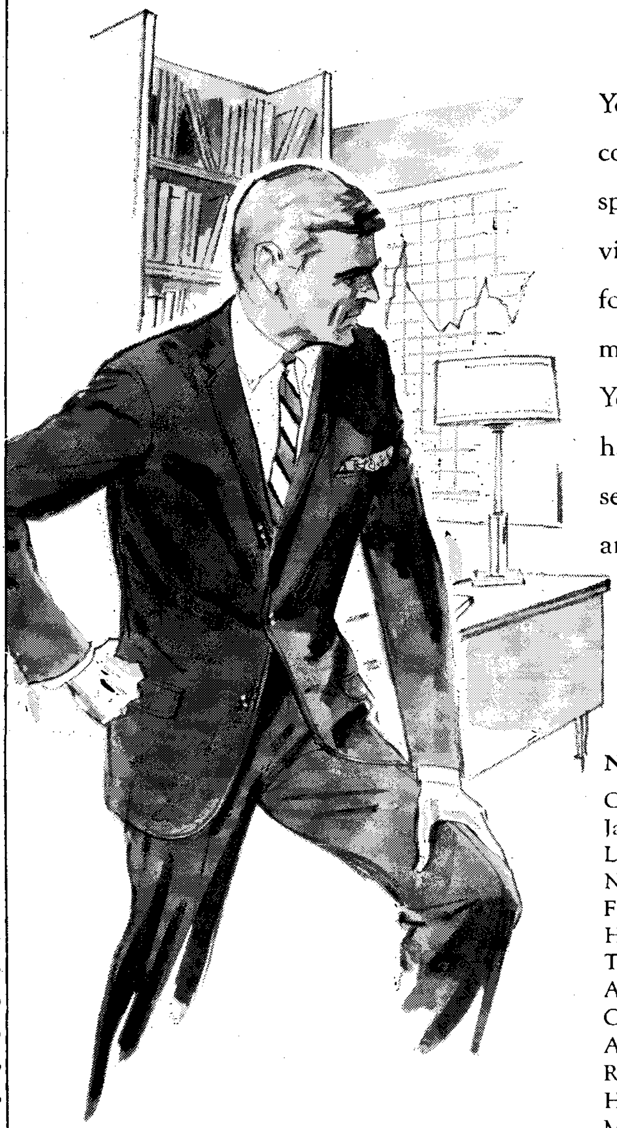

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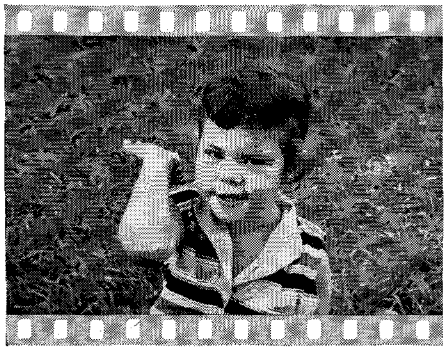
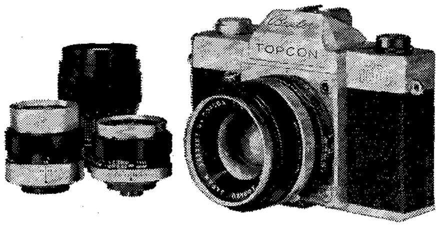

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migrant, that most sharply and uncomfortably divides the American Jews in Israel from the great mass of Israelis among whom they have come to live. Almost all the million and a half Jews who have crowded into Israel since 1948 came not as idealistic pioneers but as refugees fleeing either persecution or the fear of it. They were, in the Zionist vernacular, more “pushed” than “pulled.” They came in as part of the great ingathering of Jews, on the terms written into the unique Law of Return, of 1950, whereby all Jews were automatically accepted as Israelis upon arrival in the state. That is to say, they came as *olim*, rising to whatever higher level Israel could raise them to as Jews. By contrast, all but a very few of the Americans who came in this way came as “idealists,” or, at least, came of their own choice. Whatever it was they were fleeing, it was not persecution or the danger of it in their homeland. They were truly much more “pulled” than “pushed.” Yet it has been the rare arriving American who has come in under the Law of Return as an *oleh*. Instead, the Americans take advantage of the choice that Israeli law gives them and “opt out” of Israeli citizenship. They come in—nowadays virtually without exception—as “temporary residents,” and in due course (after holding on to this status as long as possible) become “permanent residents,” remaining American citizens throughout. This is the central paradox of their experience of migration. And this is why, although the Hebrew name of the Association identifies its members as “Olei” or “Immigrants,” there is a certain sensitivity to the use of this term in English, and all the possible alternatives seem uncomfortably ambiguous. “We prefer to use the term ‘settler,’ ” one of their leading spokesmen told me. On the other hand, when an attempt was made in 1961 to change the English name of the group to the American and Canadian Settlers Association, an embarrassed argument arose that this would seem to exclude all those who retained status not as “settlers” but as “residents,” and the matter was left unresolved. It has remained so.

Sometimes—by no means always—a change of individual name offers an indication of the choice a person has made. Some of the early enthusiasts who came as *halutzim*, or pioneers, to win and work the holy land, shed not only their American citizenship but also the names they had acquired in the Diaspora, and adopted Hebrew names. “In the bravo days, people were more

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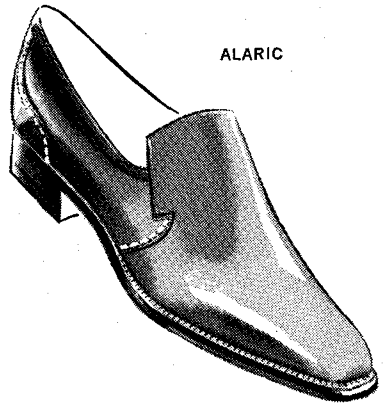

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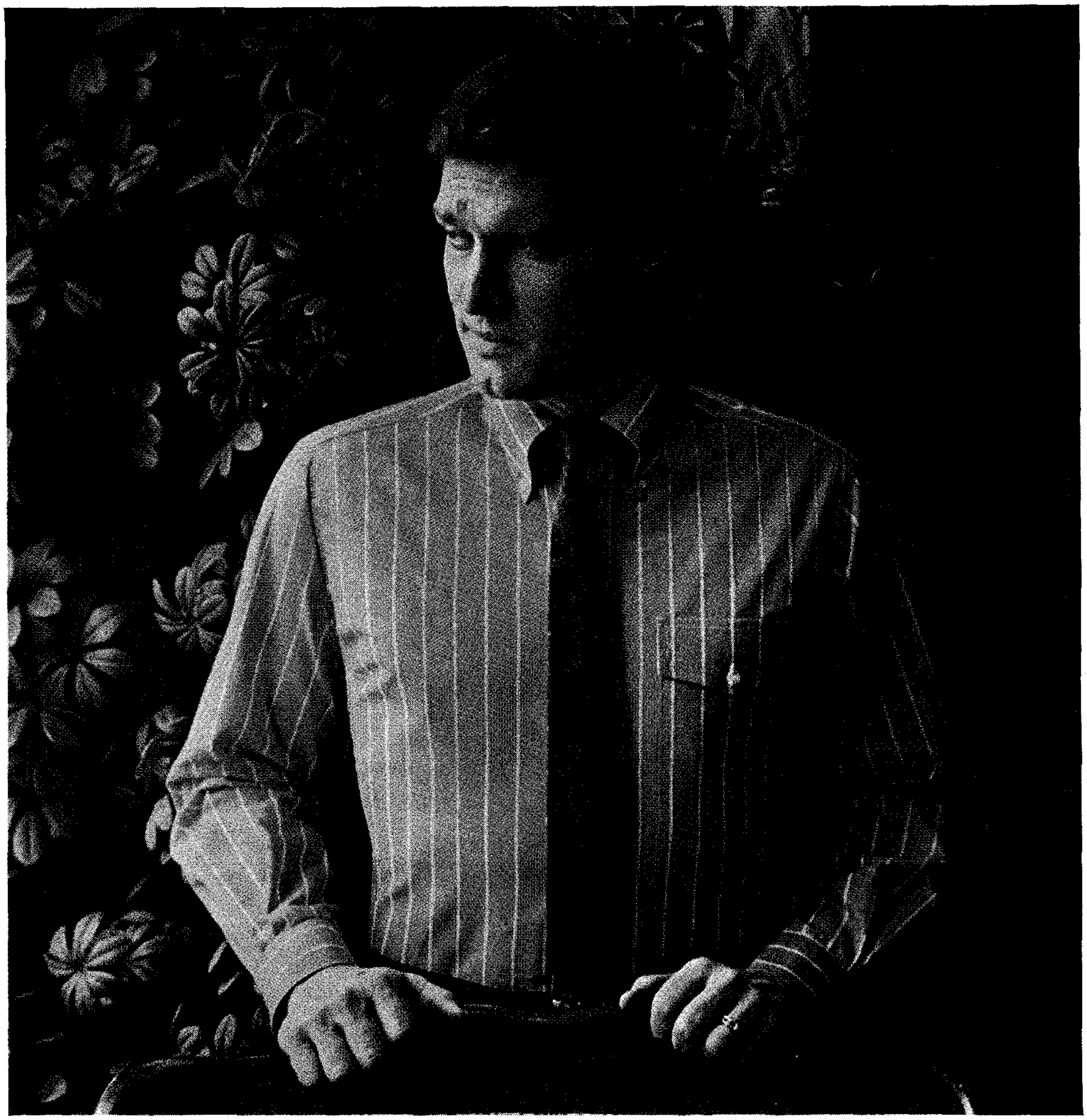

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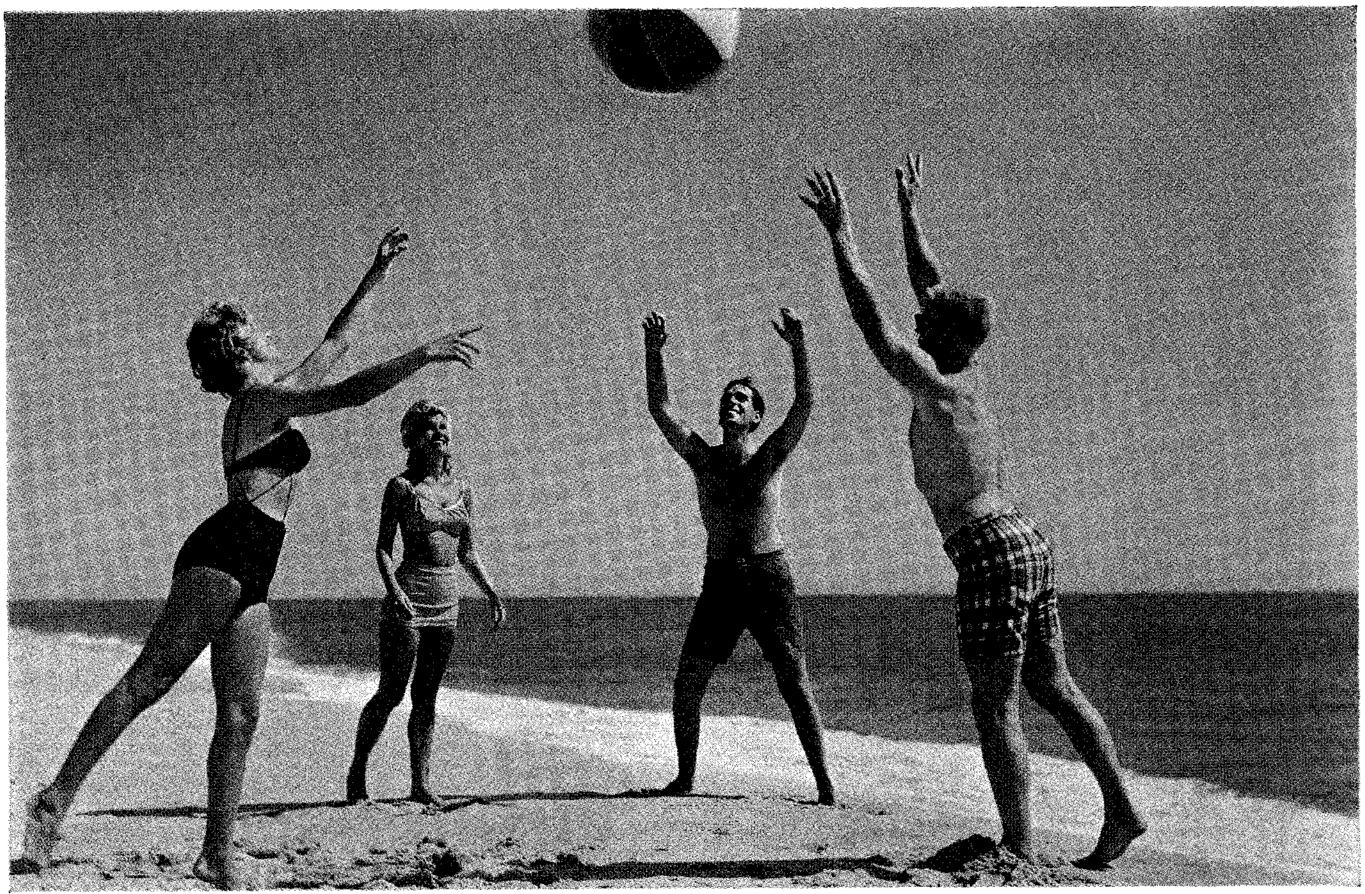

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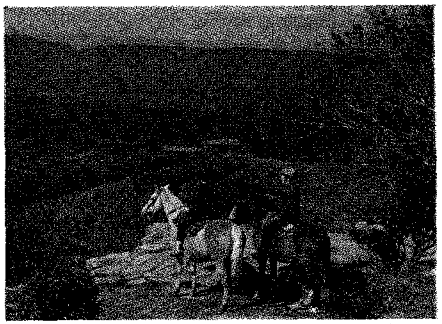

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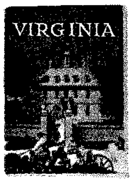

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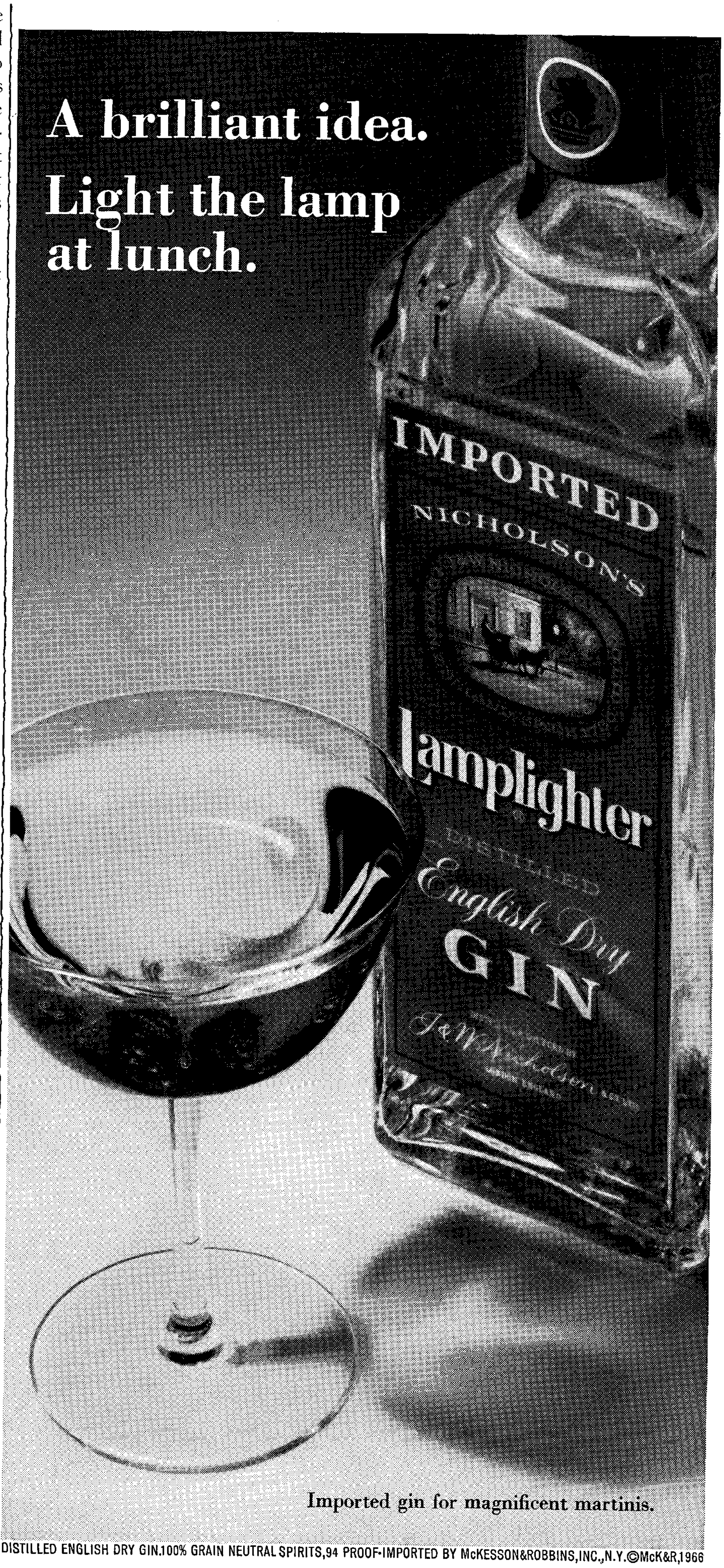
likely to adopt new identities in the formal as well as in the informal sense," I was told by an American who had come at that time but, for reasons he found it difficult to cite, had kept the name he came with. "It is less common now, for Americans who are not becoming citizens would find it most embarrassing," he added. One meets Americans with Hebrew names more often on the *kibbutzim* than in the cities, but since some citizens have not changed their names and since some name changes are made for reasons of expediency or for professional reasons, this is not always an indicator of citizenship.

MOST American Jews in Israel are faced by a great tangle of problems of everyday living, which are hard, and an even greater array of problems of life, which are even harder. In the latter area, they struggle with the concepts of "insiderness" and "outsiderness," and with those of being "American," being "Jewish," and being "Israeli," with discovering what culture they are part of or want to be part of, with deciding what kind of life they want and where and how they want to live it, what nationality they want to claim, what passport they want to carry—a formidable series of dilemmas, demands, and unanswered riddles. In the end, each individual must somehow, by act or by default, decide where he *belongs*. Much of the difficulty arises from the special circumstances into which these Americans come, but much is also wrapped up with their reasons for coming. These reasons are many and mixed—idealistic and ideological, peculiar and personal—varying greatly according to the individual's background and the time of his coming, and according to his personal circumstances. One man, indeed, suggested that since their numbers were so small, it was probably the most personal and idiosyncratic circumstances that came closest to explaining the behavior of any one of them. These were not often easily identified, and some of the people I met seemed weary of trying to figure the whole thing out. "I've stopped asking people why they came," said an American I met during my first few days in the country. "They might tell me."

Many reasons for coming remained elusive, I discovered, and the feelings underlying them even more so, and in some cases this may very well have been because they had to do not with being an American or a Jew but with being one's own peculiar self, with problems



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that one was trying to solve by fleeing from one place to another. Many people mentioned this as a factor, but almost always, of course, in talking about somebody else. "Anybody who can't make it at home is not going to make it here, either," one long-established settler said. A European psychiatrist in Jerusalem told me that he had found his American patients—though he acknowledged that he had had only two or three—to be "alienated people to begin with, uprooted from themselves, without a good identity of their own, not feeling good about belonging in their surroundings at home and therefore failing to feel good about their surroundings here." I have no doubt that there are some American Jews in Israel who do not yet know that one cannot alter the drama of one's life by simply changing the scene. I met one restless man who had been unable to make up his mind about his life for years and had now brought his unwilling wife to Israel to see if he could find what he wanted there. Another was a middle-aged spinster left adrift when her mother died and when her best Gentile friends turned out to be polite anti-Semites. But here what may be purely personal can often be seen as something broader. Jews generally, whether in Israel or in America or elsewhere, suffer from rootlessness not because they are alienated personalities in the first place but because they are Jews. They belong to a group of people for whom alienation, separation, exclusion, rejection, and marginality have been the chronic conditions of life for so long that they have shaped many of the defensively ingrown features of the group life and even elements of a common personality, shared in some degree by all. It is precisely these features of the Jewish group identity that have come up for drastic and challenging revision. The great mass of American Jews is in the process of shedding the condition of rootlessness by becoming integrated into American society. This is producing cries of alarm among some Jews over the threatened disappearance of the group through assimilation. It is also forcing American Jews to define their Jewishness by something other than their outsiderness. How this great mass of Jews is getting on with this process in Gentile America is a large subject, filling many people's minds, but what I am concerned with here is the tiny handful of American Jews who have chosen to try to overcome the common condition of rootlessness by migrating to Israel. They are Amer-

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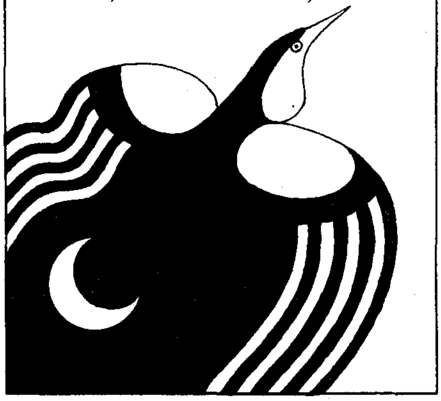

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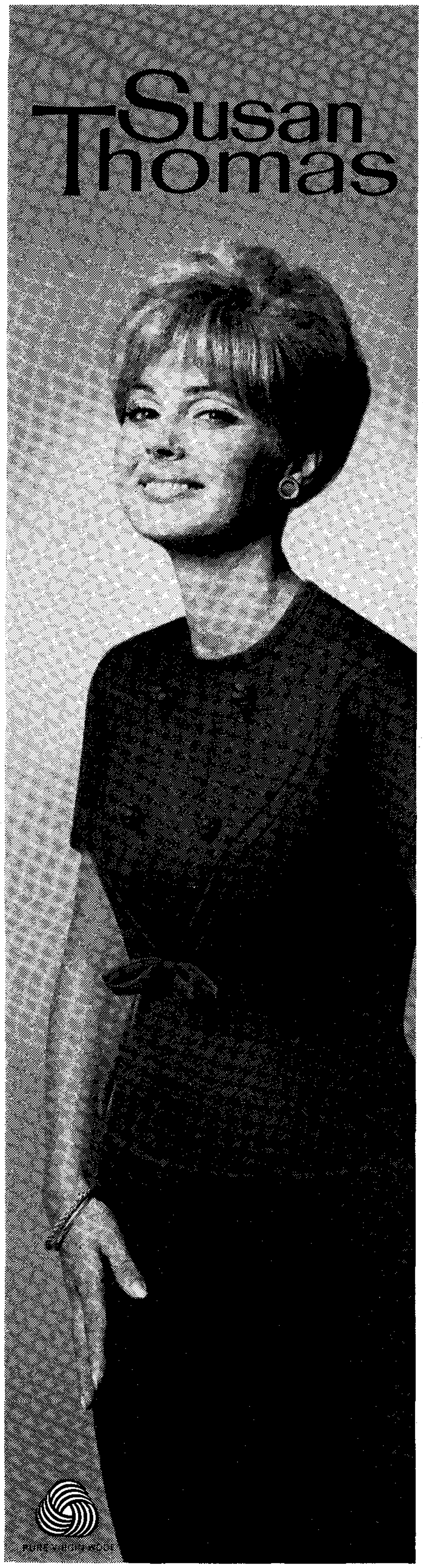

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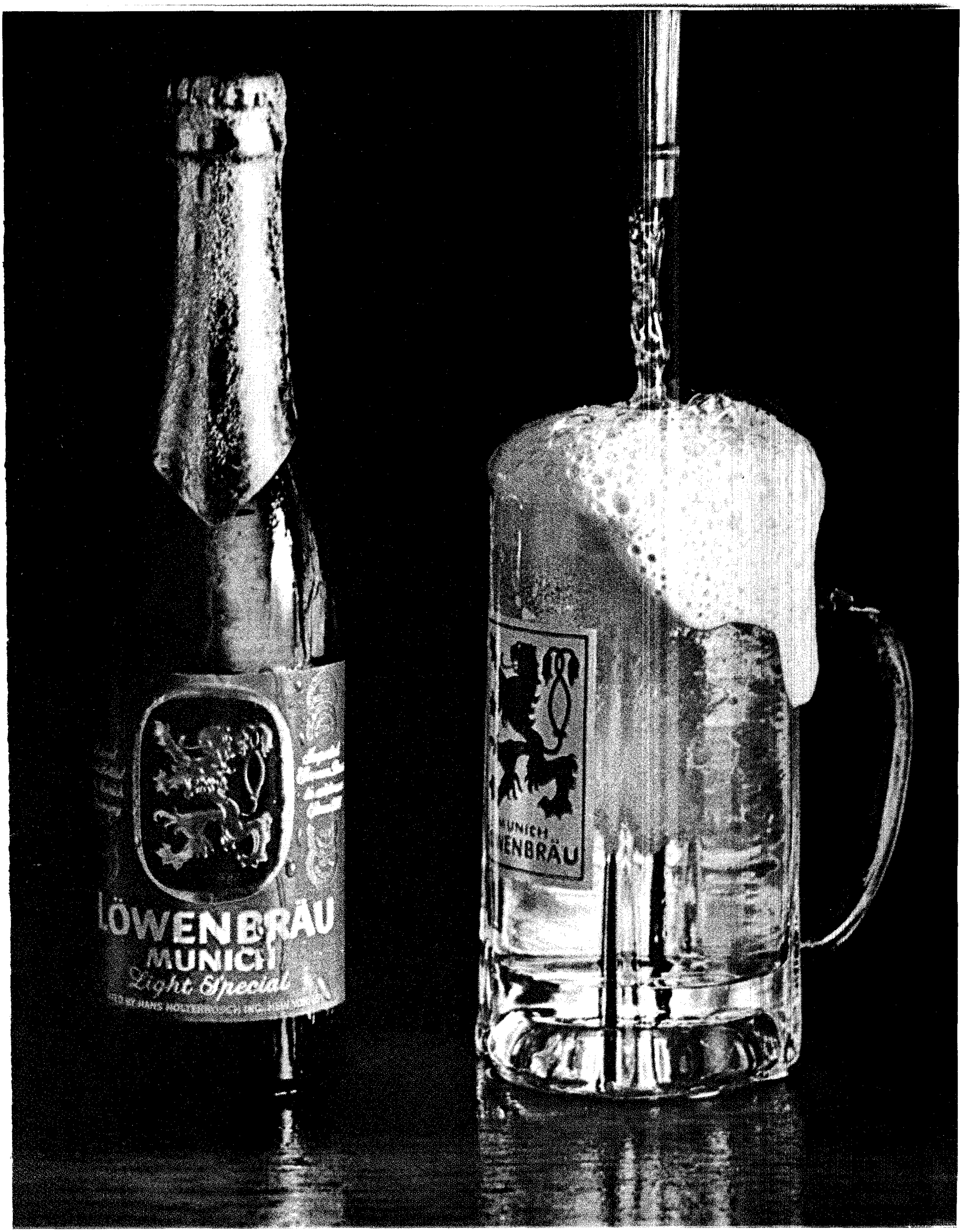
ican Jews who argue, in effect, that Jews will never be able to "belong" successfully in Gentile America, or that they will be able to "belong" much more successfully as Jews in the Jewish State of Israel. Many different backgrounds, styles of life, and ways of coping with the existence they find in Israel are folded into the reasons these American Jews give for their act of migration. The reasons often overlap one another, but they do sort out the different kinds of American Jews who have migrated, roughly marking off some special groups, and explaining in part the varying levels of their commitment and the varying degrees of their success in trying to "belong" in Israel.

Perhaps the most clearly marked among the kinds or groups are those migrants who came out of strongly Zionist-oriented immigrant families in America or out of Zionist youth groups there, or—what is more usual—out of both, and, as a result, found themselves at a very early age headed away from America and toward the Land of Israel. There is no way of saying exactly how many of the American Jews now in Israel had this background. The chances are that they would include almost all those who are engaged in agriculture, and especially the seven hundred-odd who are at present on the *kibbutzim*. It was a cardinal tenet of Zionist ideology that Jews not only should return to the Land of Israel but should literally return to the land as pioneering tillers, ceasing to be urban captives of the Exile who were condemned to be merchants and traders and manipulators of money. From the great stream of immigrants that began to flow west out of Eastern Europe in the eighteen-eighties, small rivulets were deflected southward by the first dreamers of the Zionist dream who went to Palestine as pioneers. The greater masses who went to America were there caught up by another dream, the American dream, and out of its stuff their lives and the lives of their children and grandchildren were largely made. Those children became today's five and a half million American Jews, many of whom dutifully contribute to the Zionist cause but never think of their act as even remotely implying that they might ultimately migrate to a regained Jewish homeland. Among the Jews who came to America, however, there was a small band of the Zionist faithful who thought of America only as a stopping place for them on their way to Palestine. A small number of the Zionists did actually reëmigrate from America to Palestine after a few years; nearly two thousand of them went to join the Jewish Legion of the British Army in the reconquest of Palestine in the First World War, and of these about five hundred became settlers. Many more remained faithful, but only in their fashion—living on in America while continuing to dream the Zionist dream and passing it on to their children. Most commonly, the children, like their fathers, fell or half fell by the American wayside, replacing the promised commitment to Palestine with an actual commitment to America, but some of them remained successfully transient in the spirit of their upbringing. When the general disaffection and alienation of the nineteen-thirties sent so many young people in search of radical cures for their ills, these young sojourners found theirs in radical Zionist youth groups that were then being formed in a few major cities. These were essentially political organizations, in the tradition of groups going back to the beginning of the century, and they gave some of the newer Socialist shapes to the old Zionist communal dream. Their members went in small groups to join established *kibbutzim* or other communal settlements, or to join European immigrants in founding new ones. A small group of these American settlers founded the *kibbutz* Ein Hashofet, in 1937. One of the leading members of that group estimated that his organization, the more radical "Hashomer Hatzair" (The Young Guards), had sent over, up to that time, about eight hundred recruits, of whom five hundred remained, most of them on ten *kibbutzim* scattered around the country. Its rival, the more moderate Social Democratic "Habonim" (The Builders), has about three hundred Americans on about half a dozen other *kibbutzim*.

This background showed up clearly among the answers I began to get when I asked Americans why they had come to Israel—especially Americans who by Israeli standards could be regarded as veteran settlers.

"My parents originally intended to come to Palestine but went to America instead, in 1921," said an Ivy League Ph.D. in his late thirties. "At eleven, I joined the Zionist youth movement in New York. I grew up with the intention of coming to Palestine, of going on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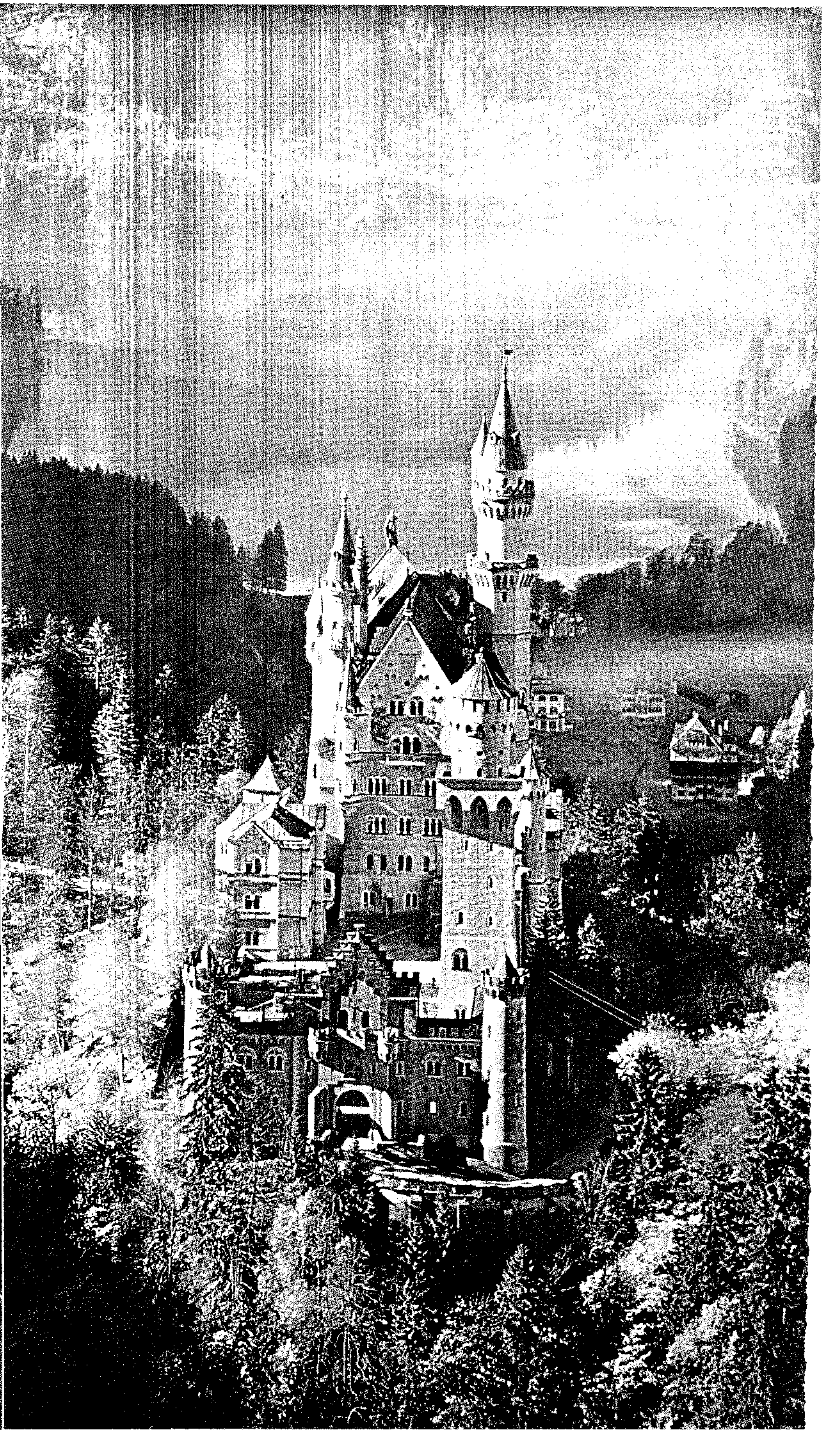

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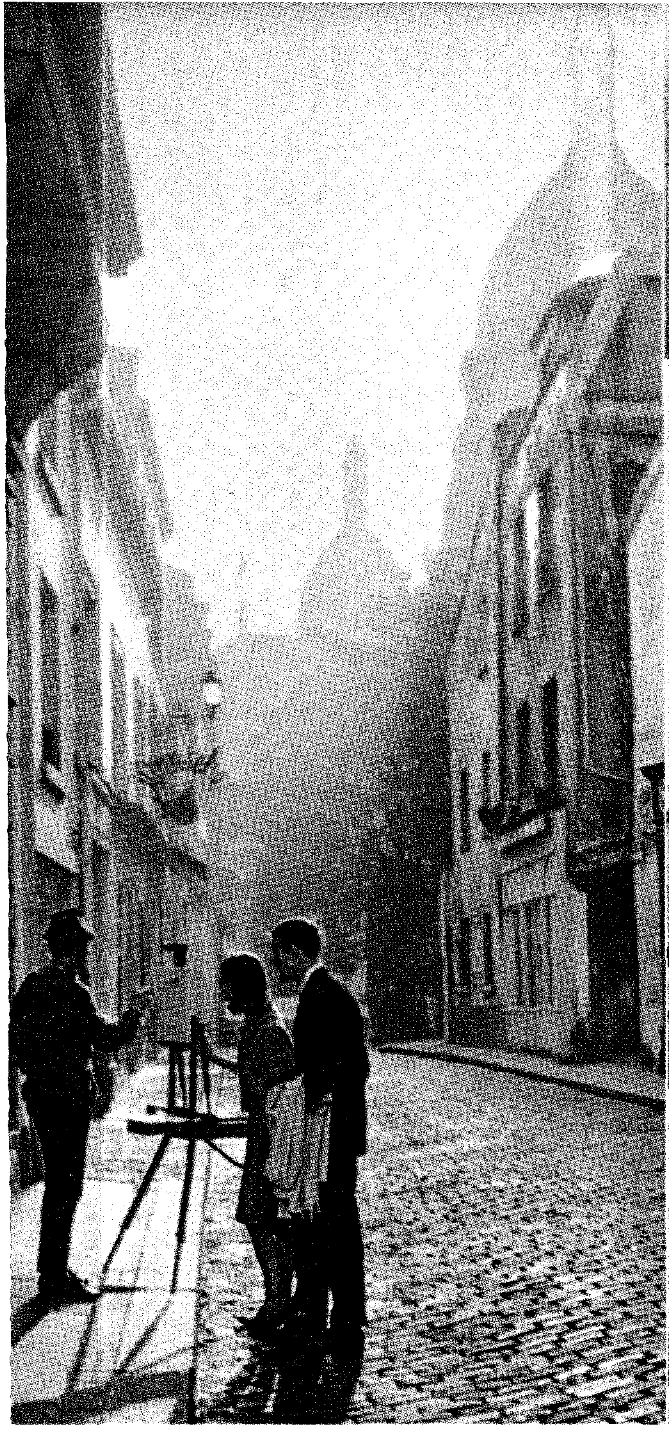

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Don't miss the Dalmatian Coast, Yugoslavia.

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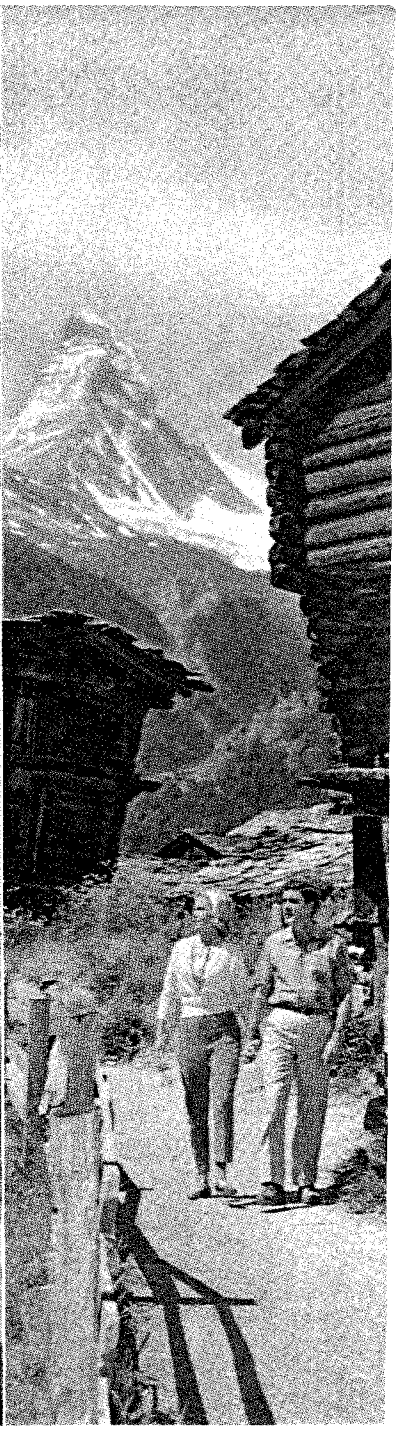
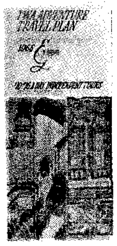


Under the Matterhorn, Switzerland.



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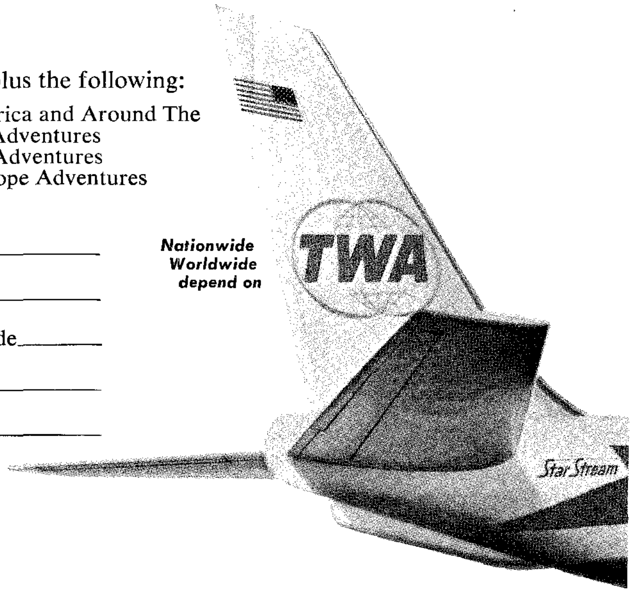

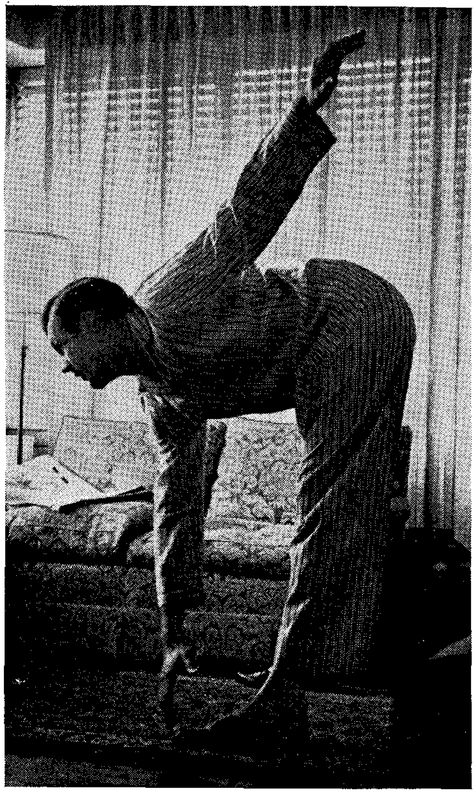

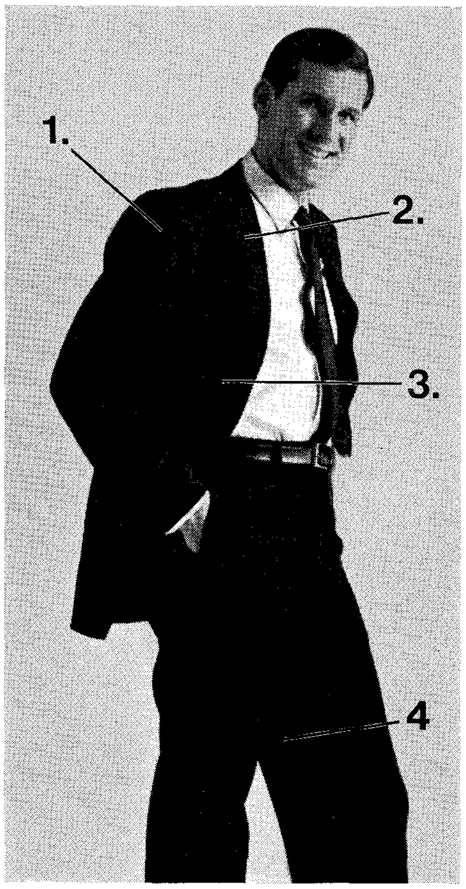

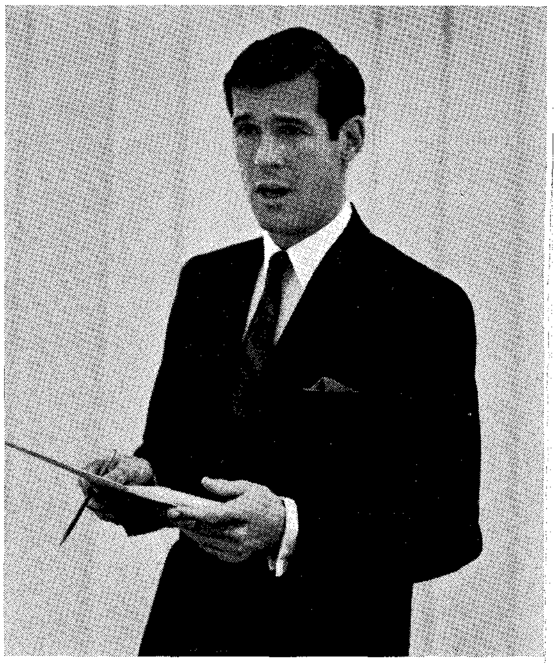

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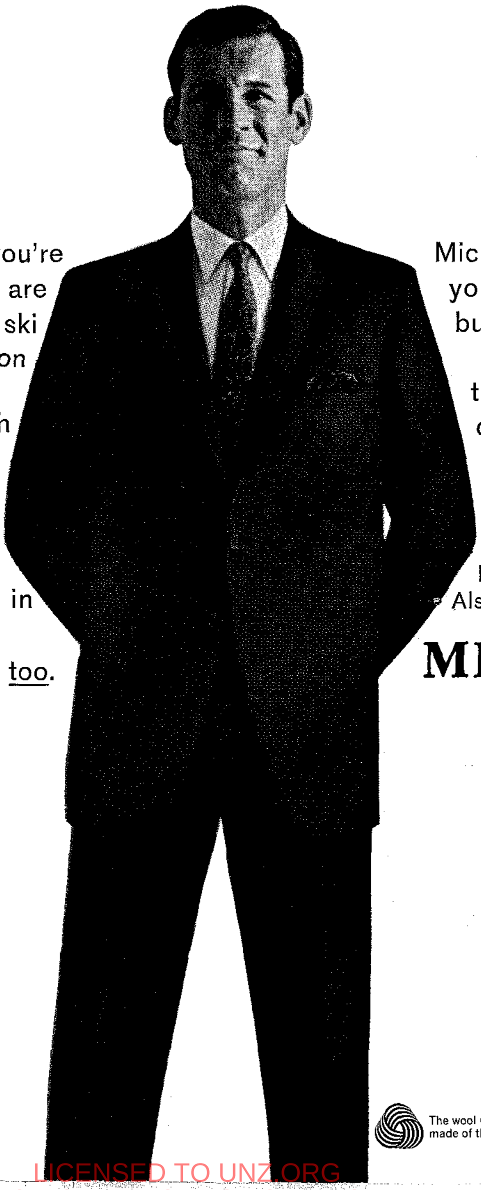

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"I came of an old Zionist family, always oriented toward Israel," said a university professor in his forties. "There was always the sense of being transients in the United States. Then, in 1944, when I married, my wife and I didn't set up a home, for we expected to be coming to Palestine."

"My parents migrated from Rumania to the United States on their way to Palestine, and they eventually did come here," said a newspaper editor. "When I graduated from Cornell, in 1930, they were here. I came to join them, and I've stayed."

"My father went to the United States in 1913," said a teacher of physics in a *kibbutz* high school. "He was a Zionist and worked as a milkman. I went into the Zionist youth movement at thirteen or fourteen, and I was about seventeen when I decided to come to Palestine, in the late nineteen-thirties. This was the natural path for me to follow—that I would not make my life in America but would come to Palestine to make my life as a Jew—and I got here in 1946."

"My father arrived in America in 1906 and tried to study agriculture in preparation for going to Palestine," said another teacher. "He became a professional Zionist, but he never did manage to get to Palestine. That disturbed me. But *I* got here, finally, in 1950."

These, then, were migrants who were realizing a lifelong ambition set before them in childhood, and often realizing it where their fathers had failed to do so. To this early impetus there has to be added all the ideological and emotional commitment generated by the political groups to which they belonged and the fact that even among their political comrades they were an élite minority who finally "made *aliya*"—that is, actually left America to take part in the winning of the Land of Israel, a small epic in itself, in which an individual got the chance to have his own finest hour. It therefore seems reasonable to assume that for many of them the departure from America held less sorrow or ambivalence than it held for most of those Americans who made the move for other reasons, and the commitment of their future to their chosen new land was made with far fewer hesitations and reservations. Even so, it is commonly said that for every one who stayed at least two left, some leaving the *kibbutz* for the town, some leaving Israel altogether to return to America. But it is among the survivors of this strongly motivated group,

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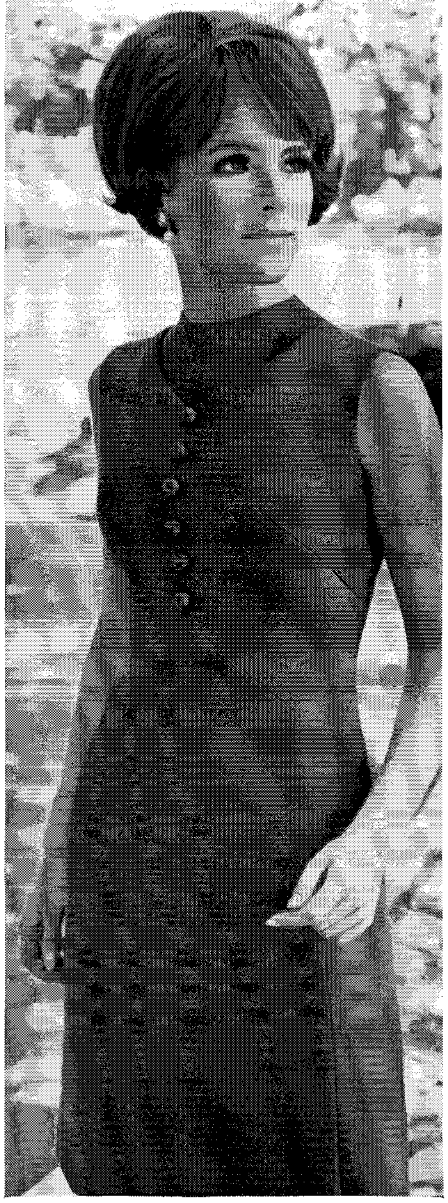

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brought up on Zionism, molded by political ideologies and commitments, and held together by the shared memory of their dedication and great toil for this cause, that one now finds the most settled and, relatively, the most integrated American Jews in Israel.

Besides early Zionist conditioning, the other great spur to migration to Israel by Americans was the fate of Europe's Jews at the hands of Hitler. I met some individuals who had strayed from the Zionist path early in life and were brought back to it by the holocaust and its aftermath. Among them was a tall, graying man of about forty, born and raised in Pittsburgh, whose devotion to his job as a government servant in Israel for over a decade or so had worn him thin and dogged. "I see myself so differently now from the way I saw myself then that I wonder how one ever gets to understand these things anyway," he said, with a tired smile. "My family was Zionist. This gave the movement a negative value for me when I was younger. I didn't become Zionist, or even particularly Jewish, until the war. I was trained in the Army Air Forces as a navigator but worked as a statistician, because I was good at math. We began to hear what was happening to the Jews in Europe. By the time I was out of the service and at Columbia working toward a Ph.D., what had happened in Europe had begun to affect me greatly. I could have finished in 1948 and got an assistant professorship, but when the war broke out in Israel I decided to come and help build this state."

Among those who came to Israel at this period, however, there were many whose lives had been brushed by Zionism only faintly or not at all. Some of these had received some elementary Jewish education or had had an occasional exposure to Jewish religious observances, but others had not had even this much experience of their Jewishness when they were jolted by the discovery of what had happened to the six million Jews in Hitler's Europe, and, in some cases, were jolted even more severely by the failure of the West, and especially of America, to bring timely succor to the victims or give refuge afterward to the survivors. This experience deepened the sense of Jewish identification among Jews everywhere, including the Jews in America. A number of American Jews—almost all of them veterans of the war—enlisted in the Aliya Beth, which was a quasi-military force helping to carry out the "illegal immigration" by smuggling Jews out of Europe and manning ten of

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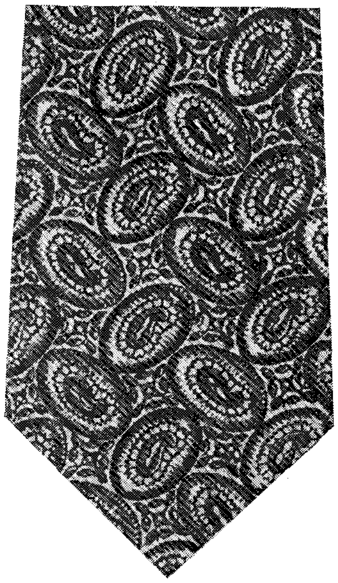

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the ships that ran the British blockade in the Mediterranean between 1945 and 1948. With the proclamation of the State of Israel and the beginning of the war against the Arab nations, another foreign brigade, called the Mahal—from the Hebrew initials for "Overseas Volunteers"—was hastily recruited. It numbered fifty-three hundred men, of whom seventeen hundred and seventy were Americans, and these Americans played crucial roles, forming whole units and serving with great distinction as officers, especially in the Air Force. One American unit lost thirty per cent of its officers during that short but rough war fought against such heavy numerical odds. According to a report of a poll taken among themselves, ninety-eight per cent of the seventeen hundred and seventy were veterans of the Second World War, ninety-five per cent of them were unaffiliated with any Zionist organization, ninety per cent of them knew no Hebrew when they arrived, eighty-five per cent knew no Yiddish, eighty-three per cent were American-born, and only three per cent said that they had thought of settling in Israel after the war. According to this report, three hundred and seventy American veterans of the Aliya Beth and the Mahal did in the end remain or return as settlers.

"We debate on why we came—whether out of Zionism or out of religion," one of the members of this migration said. "I don't know. I'm not Orthodox. There was no Zionism in my family. I was in the Army for three years during the war, in the Philippines, and it was there that I learned of the plight of European Jews. I was disappointed in the non-Jewish world—in the view it took of the Jewish plight. I came to feel my Jewishness more than my Americanism. I came in 1948."

An energetic young man who was born in the Bronx and whose father was an immigrant from Poland and a window-cleaner by trade had served as an officer in the American Merchant Marine during the war. "There was nothing Zionist in my life—no Zionist youth movement, nothing," he told me. "When I got out, in 1946, I began to read about the situation. I heard about the call for volunteers for the illegal-immigration ships, and I decided to find out about it. I asked only one question: Was it for pay or for no pay? They said it was for no pay, and I said, O.K., I'll go. If people were going to be paid, they could find better-qualified people than me, and I wasn't interested. But if it's a volunteer deal, I said, O.K., I'd go. That was the beginning of my Zionism. Why? How do we know? There was what happened in Europe and what didn't happen. It was what the Nazis did and what the democratic countries didn't do. I'm a Jew—maybe I ought to put that first in explaining why. I really don't know where that fits. Then, there's the fact that I was brought up in the American tradition, whatever that is. To me it means you're for the underdog, and these Jews were really the underdogs."

Obviously, neither a Zionist upbringing nor the shock of the holocaust could be the whole explanation for an individual's act of migration, for there was a much larger number of Jews who shared in these experiences who did not go to Israel. There is no question, however, that for those who did go, especially during the dangerous period of the reclaiming of the land, the struggle for the state, the illegal immigration, and the war with the Arabs, these drives did supply substance, sustenance, and much needed stamina. It was a time for heroes, and even the least among them could live the rest of his life on the emotional capital gained in that hour of commitment. "Me, I can say I participated in creating the Jewish state, a homeland for Jews," one of them said. "That's what *we* did—I mean those who came to fight or to take part in the *kibbutz* movement before the war. The guys who came after all that can't say as much. I'll also say that my kids won't get out of this what I've got out of it."

For most of those who came afterward—that is, from 1950 on—it was a blurrier matter, both in their reasons for coming and in their experiences after they came. If they came because of an early Zionist background, it was a steeply refracted Zionism, no longer easily defined, and much embattled both in Israel and in America, where Zionists have not even now redefined themselves in the light of the reality of the Jewish state. Hardly anybody comes to Israel anymore to serve as an agricultural pioneer, and even less to build some kind of Zionist-Socialist utopian society in the Holy Land of the Jews. The Hitler holocaust has its place in the mind of every Jew of this generation, but its jaggedness had already been so flattened out by the on-rolling years that in 1961 the Israeli leadership felt impelled to remind their own young

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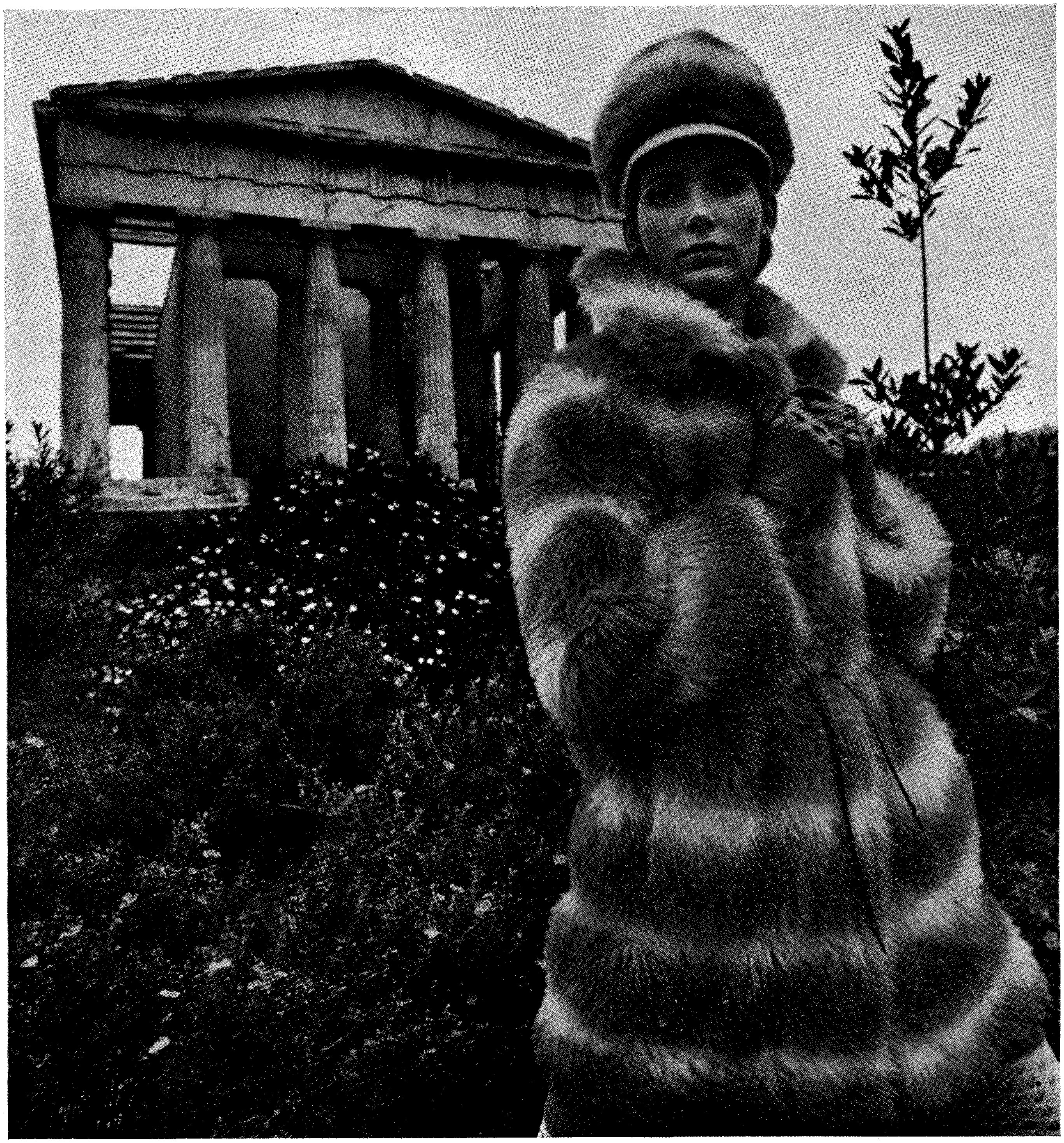

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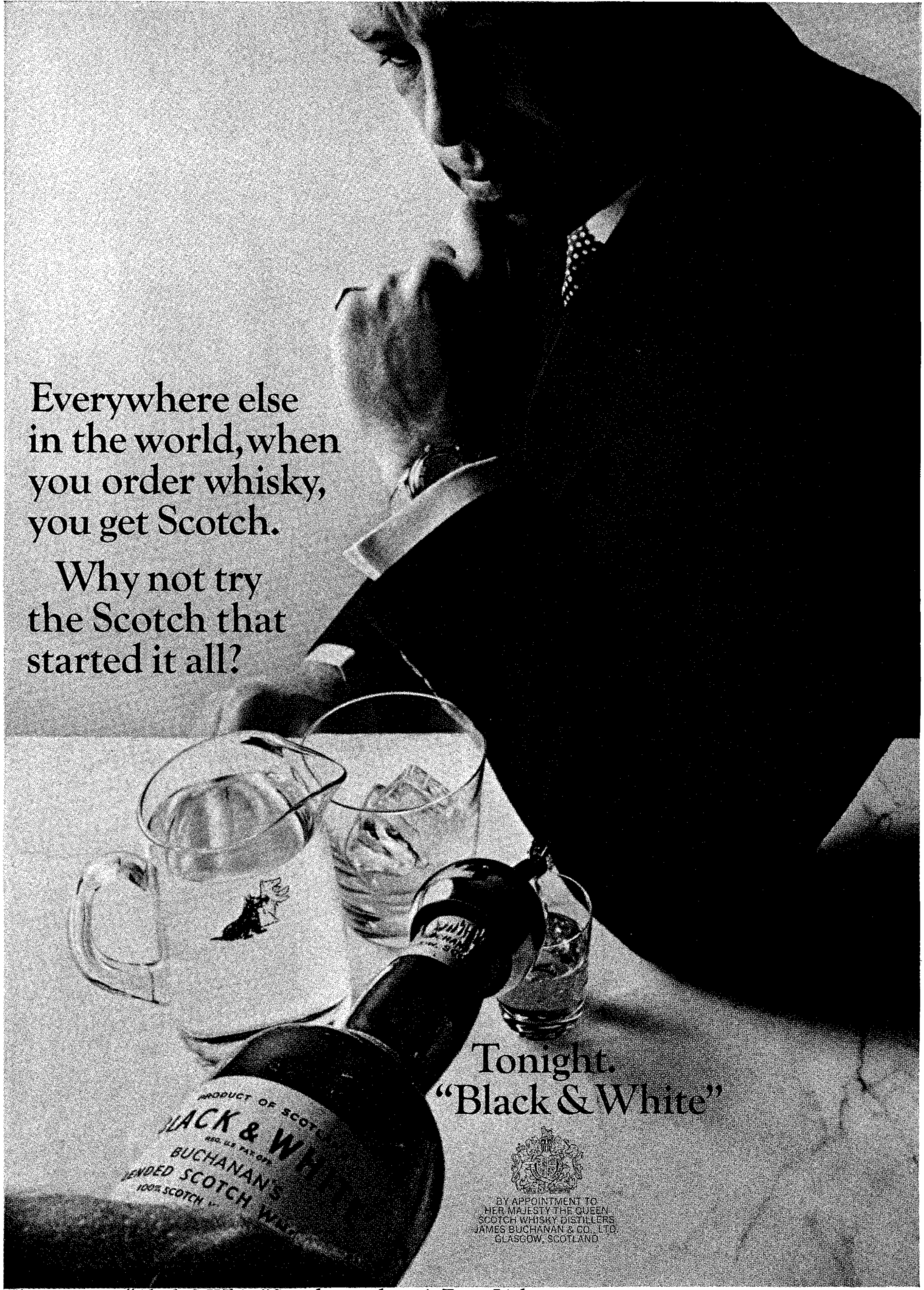
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people and the rest of the world (through the Eichmann trial) of what had happened. Probably no American Jew in Israel would say he migrated because (as some Zionists still darkly prophesy) it could happen again, and in America, too. In the early nineteen-fifties, a few politically motivated American migrants did leave, to get away from McCarthyism or the Korean War or both. But the fear that America was about to be made over in the image of McCarthy (plus Cohn and Schine) quickly passed, and the Korean War also ended at about the same time. By far the majority of the American migrants over the last ten years or so have been middle-class Jews whose dissatisfaction with their lives in America was much vaguer. They came to Israel to make up for some lack they felt as Jews in America, but it seems fair to say that most of them hoped, while somehow solving the problem of their Jewishness, to reproduce, in Israel, as far as possible the way of life they had enjoyed in America. For many of them, this was more than a matter of material comforts; it applied to deeper values as well.

In the explanations I was given by many of these individuals for the "push" and the "pull" involved in their leaving America and coming to Israel, two formulas frequently recurred. One was the oddly jarring statement "By coming to Israel I solved the Jewish question." The second was the more positive, though vague, affirmation "I came to Israel to lead the full Jewish life." The pursuit of what these two statements meant to the people who made them led me into some quite obscure corners of their experience.

"Solving the Jewish question" sounded at first disconcertingly like certain other phrases—"final solution" was the one that kept coming to mind—and this impression was not dispelled by some of the first answers I got to further questions. "I mean that, being here, you don't have to define your Jewishness," a university professor replied somewhat shortly. "That question is removed." What was actually removed was made a bit clearer by another inhabitant of the intellectual world: "Here you don't think of being a Jew. It's no problem. You don't think of it all the time, as I did when I was a kid—thinking I was somehow different, subtly or otherwise. One was always conscious of it." A *kibbutznik* who was no intellectual at all gave this change of feeling a literal, almost physical force when he described his sensations upon returning to the United States for a visit. "The only

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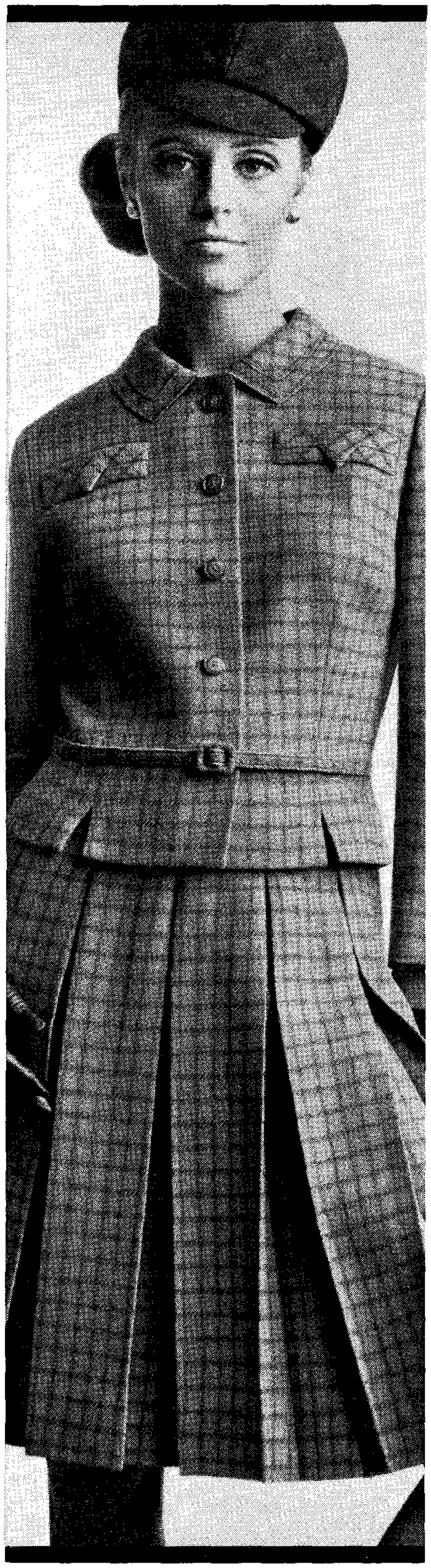

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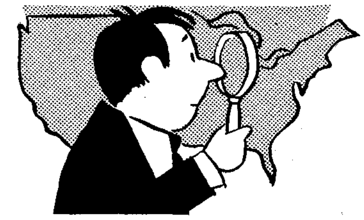
place I never felt like a Jew was here in Israel," he said. "When I got off the ship *in* New York, I knew. As soon as I got off the ship, I felt like a Jew again." When I asked him what it was that he felt, he replied, "I would be particularly concerned, when I was with non-Jews, that I shouldn't yell too much or use my hands too much." A young man who also told me that what he liked about being in Israel was that he did not "have to think of being Jewish" went on to say, "In the United States, the question about being Jewish is always on your mind, as to what difference it makes. You wonder how *they* feel. You have to be careful and watch out. Here you feel really at ease." And another young man said, more explicitly still, "Here you don't feel you have to be on your best behavior, have to make a good impression, worry about being accepted. In America, you go to a party, you size up whom you can talk with freely and whom you can't, tell jokes with, let your hair down with. Here I am much more at ease. There there was the Jewish crowd and the non-Jewish crowd. Here there are just Jews. Jews in the States try to achieve this themselves, congregating in Jewish resorts, associations, fraternities, and so on. No, I wouldn't say I was unhappy in the States—just had a heightened awareness of the inherent unwillingness of the Gentile community to accept Jews. I was back there last month, and I put myself on my best behavior, like somebody from a foreign country, watching what I said." (Or, as a character in an early Saul Bellow novel says, "You couldn't say you were master of yourself when there were so many people by whom you could be humiliated.")

One of the fullest and most explicit statements of this unease in the Gentile world came from the only authentic working-class type I met among the Zionist Socialists of the *kibbutzim* I visited—a hard-muscled man, a former shipyard worker, who had come to Israel from Brooklyn ten years before. He said, "There was no getting away from being a Jew in America. I wasn't ashamed of being a Jew, but then maybe I was. I don't know. But there would be a thousand small, subtle things—nothing really tough. It'd be easy if somebody called you a Jew bastard or something, and you let go and fought it out. It was all the other things. You get a job in a place and you come in and meet the other guys and the first question—mind you, the first question—was not 'What's your name?' or 'Where do you come from?' but '*What*



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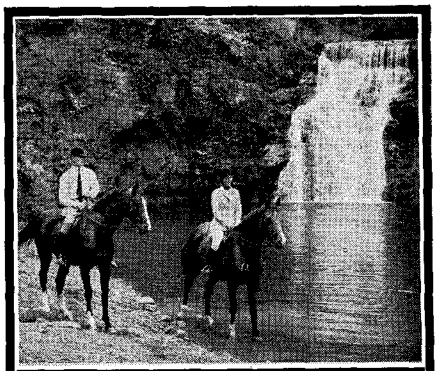

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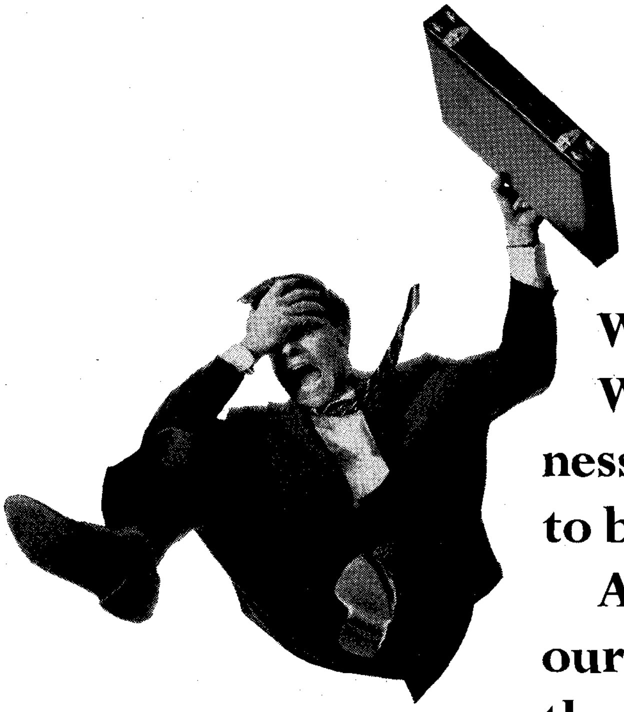

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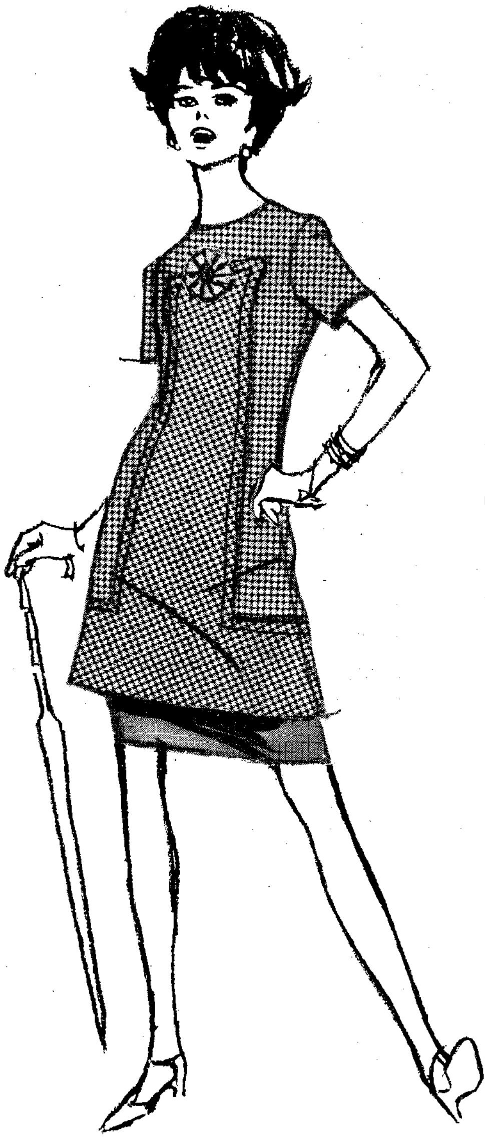

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*are you?'* So I'd say, 'I'm a sheenie and what're you going to make out of it?' 'Calm down,' he says. 'Don't get het up, it's all right with me.' And maybe it is and maybe it isn't. I became a bowler, the best bowler in the shop, and used to go all around with our bowling team, but always it was being different from the others in some way. Here you're away from all that."

And, finally, the same theme as it was struck by another *kibbutz* veteran, who was schooled at the University of Minnesota: "Although some of my best friends are goyim, there is never any doubt that I am I and they are they. I did not want to subject myself or my children to this ever-so-small but permanent conflict, the awareness of not being a hundred per cent at home. For example, in a class at college you could discuss any subject under the sun with complete freedom, yet when you got home among your Jewish fellows there was always still greater freedom. There is always some kind of imperceptible restraint. Go to a Jewish lodge and bring one non-Jew in, and you find an imperceptible change in the presence of a goy. You sit up a little straighter, you talk a wee bit more grammatically, you will be a wee bit more polite. It's true. If you called this to the attention of those concerned, they would be offended and deny it. It's the difference between the in-group and the out-group. It was not a question of friction. What is relevant is a feeling of being at ease. Why couldn't we feel at ease? If I weren't a twentieth-century rationalist, I would say it was historical memory—memory of the Spanish Inquisition, of the Russian persecutions, of Hitler. Historical memory is there. But I am more or less of a rationalist. I'm not given to mystiques. Still, I will say this is something that passes from generation to generation."

For these people, it seems clear, "solving the Jewish question" up to a point meant getting away from being "Jews," although what they meant by being "Jews" was not always clear, not always pleasant to contemplate, and not always closely examined. In any case, they escaped being "Jews" not by relieving themselves of the problem of defining their Jewishness but by getting away from the Gentiles, by removing themselves bodily from contact with the real or imagined superiority, rejection, or hostility of the Gentiles and coming to live in a Jewish state, where everybody, or nearly everybody, was a Jew. This was the refuge, the relief, the pleasure, the satisfaction, the one thing each person could say he had gained. I was told, "There is one thing we have all got. Everybody's got the one basic desire. Here we are all Jews together." And this, for many, was a good and sufficient—if incomplete—definition of "the full Jewish life." It meant, among other things, being able to relax and be one's own Jewish self, whatever that might be. "In America," an older settler explained, "you were always trying to be a 'good' Jew. Here *everything* you do is Jewish." It meant substituting a Jewish pecking order for a Gentile pecking order, it meant confronting Gentile "outsiders" at last as Jewish "insiders," and for some it meant, most of all, facing Gentile hostility with Jewish power. The Jewish state might, like the ghetto, exist rimmed by foes, but while the walls of the ghetto fenced in fear, submission, and helplessness, the borders of the state could bristle with armed defensiveness. As the muscular man from Brooklyn put it, "I hate to say it—it sounds terrible—but I'll say it anyway. Here you are the majority. Here you can meet all that, if you have to, with a gun."

Although all this could and did provide some satisfactions, answers with which some people could be content, it left unanswered many questions about what it now means to be a "Jew" and to live something called "the full Jewish life" in Israel. These are vital questions now for all the Jews in Israel, and elsewhere as well, but for the Americans in Israel they assume special forms and arouse feelings that seem to elude precise expression. The answers I got to the questions were wrapped up in each speaker's idea of what it meant to be an American and a Jew and in each speaker's way of wrestling with the ambiguity shadowing both halves of this double identity. These were the more deeply gnawing problems of life, the source of the "private agony" that so many of the Americans carried with them as they struggled day after day with the even more numerous and sometimes more exasperating problems of living in Israel.

"ALMOST all Americans who come here come out of high idealistic motives and conjure up a perfect Israel, and consequently they come down with a big bump," an American old-timer told me. For different people, the bump takes different forms. The reasons that Americans have for coming to Israel play a large part in what

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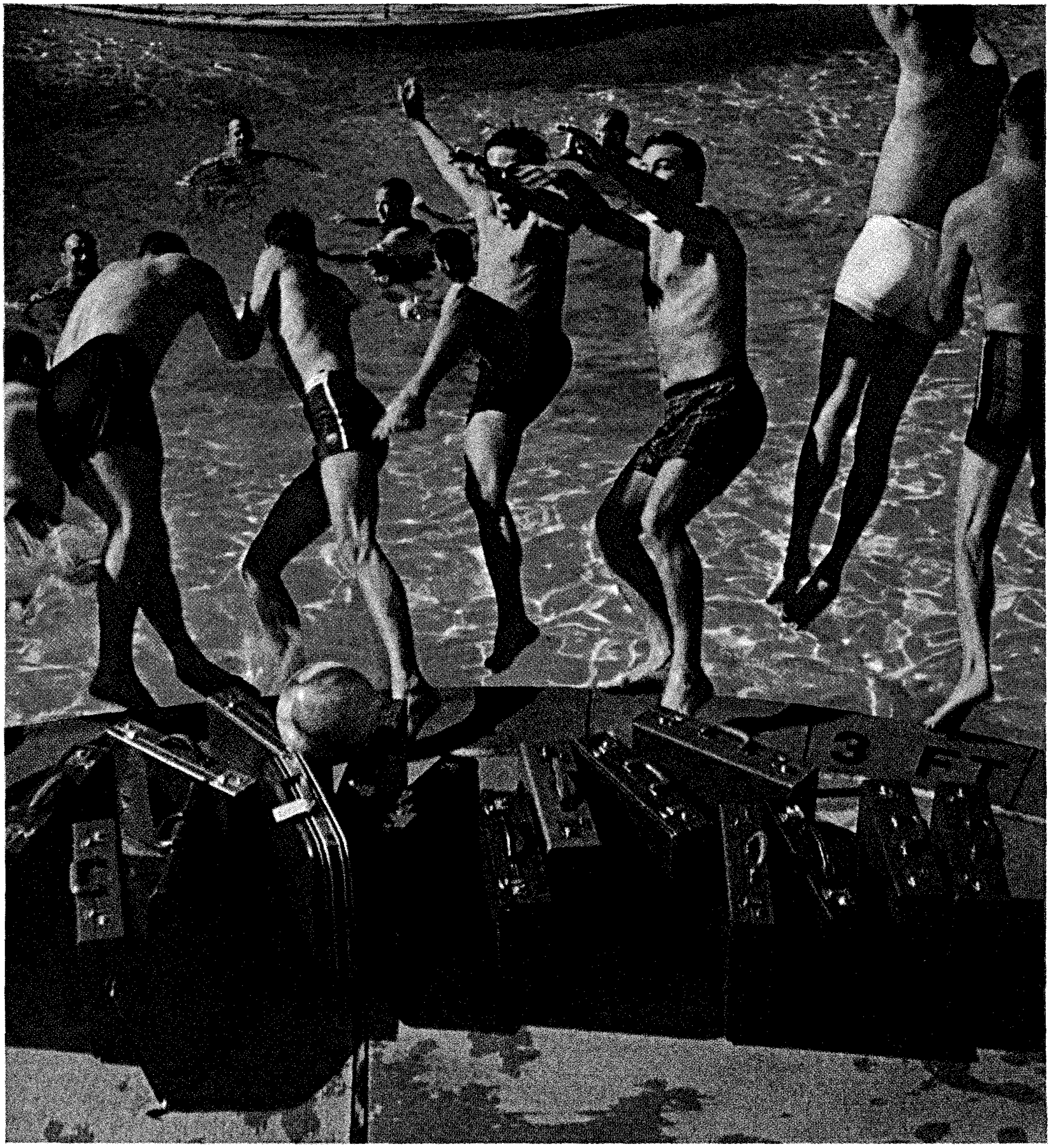

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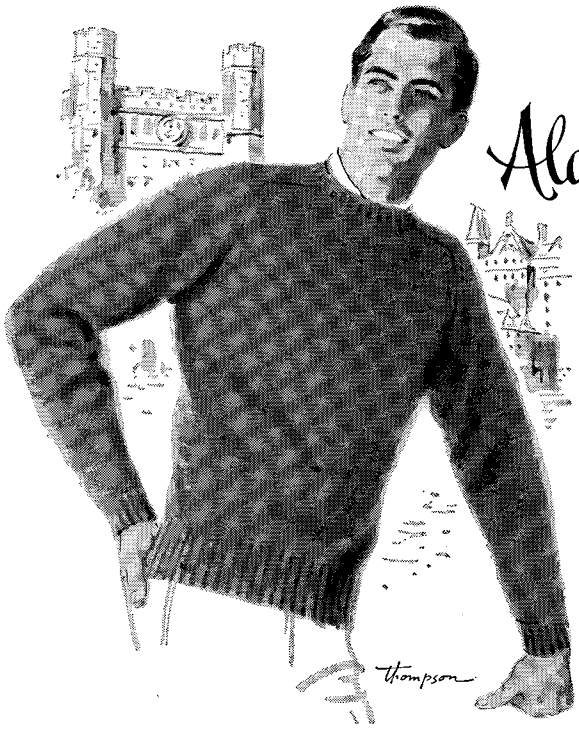
they do and where they go and what happens to them after they get there. The Americans who have come as a result of membership in the various Zionist youth organizations have usually come as recruits for one of the *kibbutzim*, and they move out directly onto that path of experience of living in Israel, with all its attractions and all its disabilities—especially for the American individualist who is trying to become a collectivist. These communal recruits, never a large number, have lately become even fewer. By far the greater number of Americans who have come since the founding of the state have come as individuals, to make their way on their own, and have settled in the cities, seeking places for themselves in urban occupations. The *kibbutzniks* and the urban dwellers share in some degree most of the fundamental problems of life facing American Jews in Israel, but their problems of living are quite different. Except on some of the newer and more exposed collective farms, the early rigor and hardship and danger of *kibbutz* life have been giving way in recent years to a somewhat more secure and even comfortable stability. Whatever the problems American *kibbutzniks* have to cope with, they do not lie in the areas of low wages and high costs, scarce and expensive housing, language, schooling for their children, and the bureaucratic miasmas of many kinds with which the newly arrived urban-dwelling migrants must wrestle so desperately in their efforts to become settled settlers. For these newcomers, especially, the bumps assume a great variety of shapes and sizes, and make the going very rough, often in the very process of arrival.

Israel has developed assembly-line techniques for receiving and absorbing immigrants in masses—people coming by the shipload in "forced" migrations from one place or another. It has nothing of the sort, however, for receiving individuals who come in "free *aliya*"—that is, as immigrants entering of their own free choice—especially from America, for Americans are all assumed to be "rich" and therefore to need no assistance from anybody. It is the most common complaint of American settlers that—although Israeli Zionist authorities keep saying they want to attract Western, and particularly American, immigrants—aside from some special recruitment of certain professionals, little or nothing is done to help them, nor is there adequate recognition of the fact that they have special needs. American migrants to Israel often see themselves as "or-



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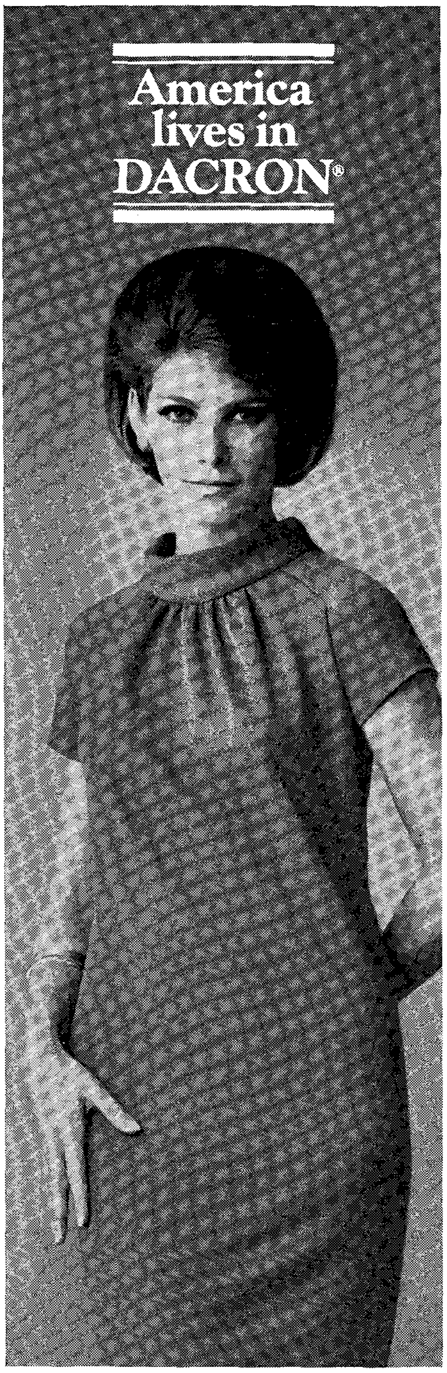

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phans," or even as "bastards"—a term used in the inaugural speech of the incoming president of the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel at a convention I attended. They feel that no one at home supports them—as their British and South African fellow Anglo-Saxons are supported—and that no one in Israel cares what happens to them. They are left to make their own way through the mazes of the formidable Israeli bureaucracy and the stringencies of the Israeli job market and housing market, and to fight their own way through the difficulties of getting themselves settled. The Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel, created precisely for this purpose, has been trying to supply some of the help they so badly need, but for most American newcomers in Israel getting settled has been a long siege of extremely trying experiences.

There are acute problems of language; some Americans of mature age find it extremely difficult to master Hebrew, and this in itself keeps them in some degree apart not only from much of Israeli life but also, in due time, from their own children, who grow up speaking the new tongue and sometimes resist retaining English as a second language. For those Americans who arrive in Israel with children of school age, both the need to learn a new language and the shortage of adequate schools pose very pressing problems. So far, no universal or free public schooling is available beyond the primary level, and in the high schools that do exist the competition for places is so keen that only forty per cent of those of eligible age can be enrolled, so the American child who is a relative latecomer to the environment is likely to be at a severe disadvantage. As for the matter of jobs, much of the difficulty experienced by newcomers stems from the hard facts of Israeli economic life. There are places for individuals possessing special technical or administrative skills of a high order, but it is very hard for the more averagely endowed or trained individual to fit himself in. Doctors, teachers, and community-service professionals of various kinds can find useful work to do if they can solve the language problem, can manage on the available salary, and are willing to rough it in one of the "new towns" or outlying areas where new immigrants are urged to settle. American-trained lawyers have to find something else they can do if they want to make a living in Israel. In the jobs that Americans can find and fill, they can hope to earn salaries that are one-third

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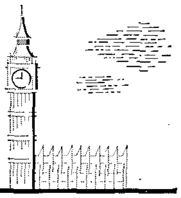

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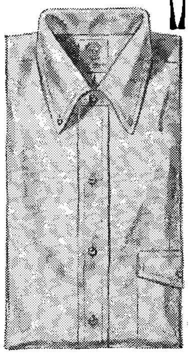

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or less of what they might expect to earn at home. A typical upper-level take-home pay check (the tax deductions are heavy) is equivalent to two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars a month, yet the cost of living is nothing like as far from the level at home. It is roughly accurate to say that for an American capable of earning such a salary a move to Israel means cutting his standard of living by about a third. The most grinding of the purely economic difficulties have to do with housing. There is almost no rental housing available, and the cost of buying an apartment—and most of the apartments available are small and generally inadequate—is cruelly high. A would-be settler, I was told, should come to the country with a minimum of ten thousand dollars to see him and his family through the initial period of living in an *ulpan* (a combined boarding house and language school) and getting enough of the language to start shopping around for work, then getting settled in some kind of job and beginning to earn, and—if there is any money left, and he is terribly lucky—starting to buy some place to live. A man who comes hoping to open some kind of small shop or buy into some small business will not get anywhere with less than fifty thousand, and he will not get very far with that much.

Almost as distressing as the stories of housing hardships are the accounts one hears of the difficulties of coping with the Israeli bureaucracy, which is apparently like all bureaucracies, only much, much more so. This struggle begins almost at the moment of arrival and goes on for months, and even for years, concerning ways of bringing things in through customs, permits of various kinds, papers relating to housing, jobs, taxes, and status, and all the many other points at which an individual meets not only the government of semi-Socialist Israel but also the quasi-government bureaus of the Jewish Agency, with which he must deal in solving many of the vital problems of everyday existence. "Americans coming here with their idealistic expectations find out that Jews are people, too—people with all their petty foibles," a veteran settler told me. "They find that Jews are not angels. They also feel the bureaucracy and the general lack of efficiency to be entirely different from what they are used to. Here you get much more closely involved with the government. Everything is so small and so nearby that you are much more in contact with it. The people in government offices don't answer the tele-

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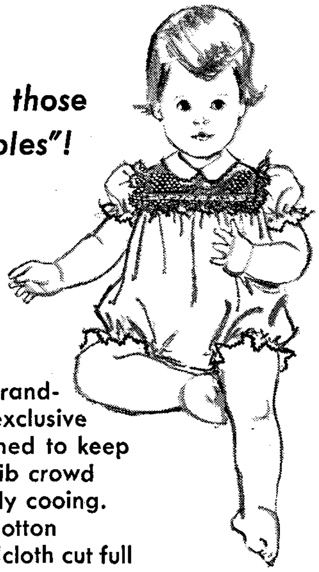

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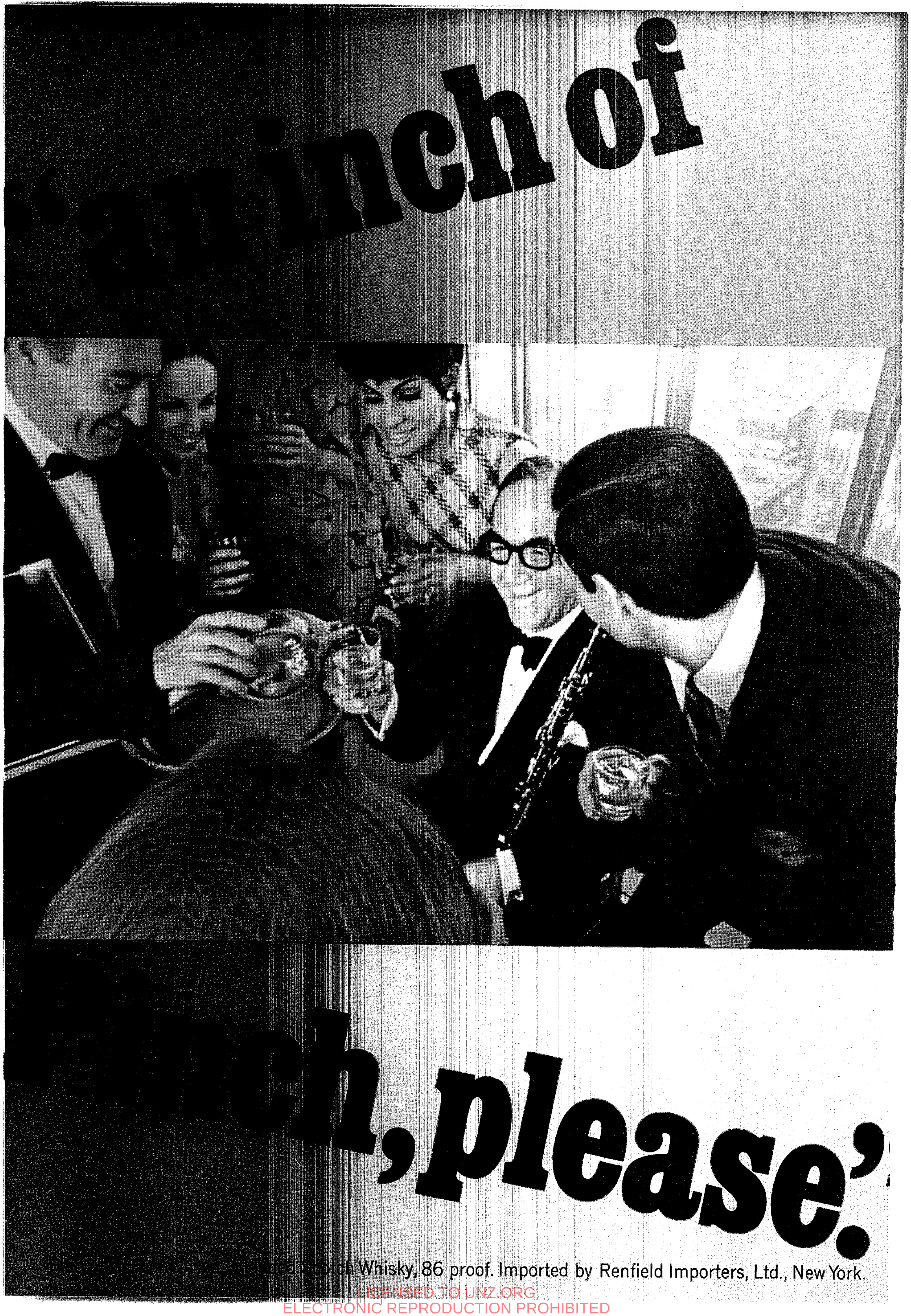
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phones very promptly, and often they will keep people waiting while they drink tea, and they are not always polite. It is probably the same as other bureaucracies—I really don't know—but here you may spend a whole day just getting a signature on a piece of paper, and you may have to go to many different offices before you get it."

The veteran settler continued, "Many Americans can't give up the American style. They miss too many things too much. All kinds of difficulties pile up and begin to get them down. A man comes here feeling like a hero—he is going to devote himself to Israel and so on—but then all this comes on him and he begins to weaken, and then finally comes a point where he simply can't take it anymore." We were sitting in an open-air café on a street in Tel Aviv, and just then an American newcomer came bounding toward us across the street. He was a man from whom I had lately had a long but calm factual account of the newcomer's problems—the customs regulations, the language, the place he had to live in, the school his daughter had to go to—but now his face was shining. "I've broken the ice!" he shouted as he came up. The man I was sitting with had put him on to a chance to earn some money selling encyclopedias, and he had just sold his first set entirely on his own. This had transformed his immediate world by making it seem possible for him to live in it. The two men talked over some business details, and the salesman went radiantly on his way. "He's a good type, and not a usual one," the man I was with said. "Too many come with stars in their eyes and their feet nowhere near the ground—they just aren't prepared for what they find here. I say you're not going to be a hero doing this. Nobody here wants you. If you think Israel needs *you*, nothing doing, you're a fool, don't come, stay away, I tell them. But do *you* need Israel? That's the question. If you think you need Israel, then come, and do whatever you have to do in order to satisfy your need. That's the way to make it."

—HAROLD R. ISAACS

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

◆

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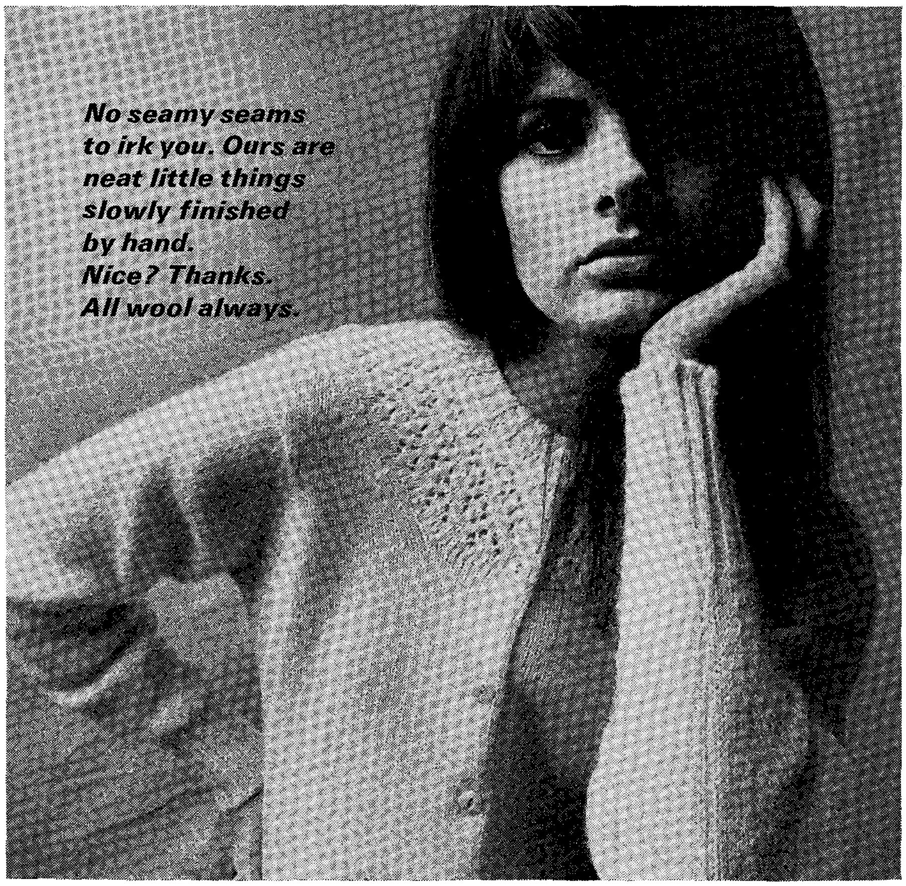

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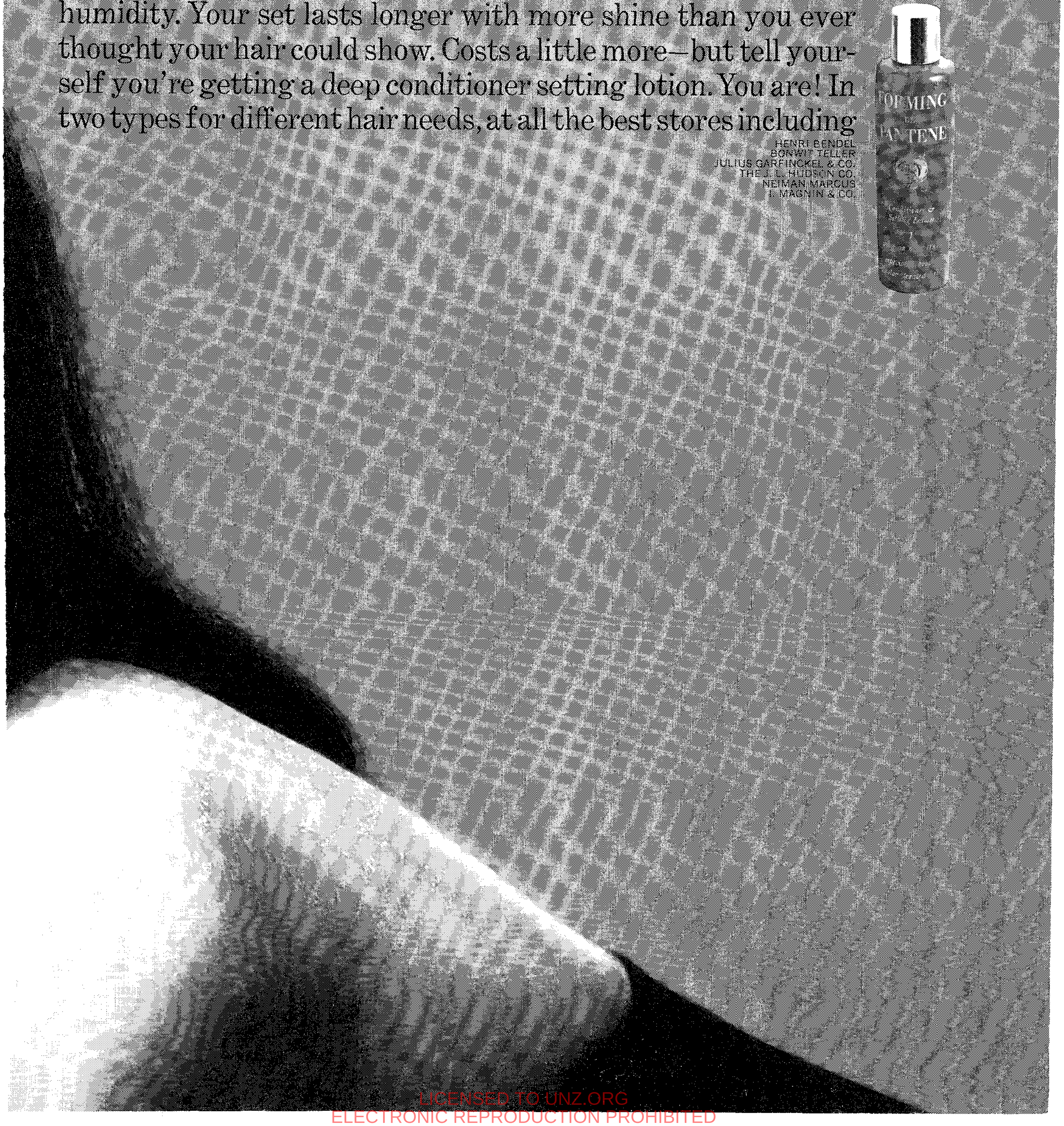

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Adapted*

"This Property Is Condemned" is a film inspired by Tennessee Williams' poetic little play (monologue, really) with a cast of two—a boy called Tom and a girl called Willie. In the play, Willie arrives onstage teetering along a railroad track, wearing torn finery, eating a rotten banana, and carrying a scruffy doll. Tom addresses to her the play's not very artful opening line, "Hello. Who are you?," and thereafter his contribution to the dialogue is confined largely to such remarks as "Yeah?," "Yeh!," "Uh-huh," "Naw," and "What?" Willie gives a good account of who she is—mainly by speaking of her beautiful, popular older sister Alva, who is dead. Ten pages later, Willie teeters off down the track, and the play is over. The screen version, written by Fred Coe, Francis Ford Coppola, and Edith Sommer, uses the conversation between Tom and Willie as a frame for a two-hour flashback about Alva, and it is a measure of Williams' talent as a playwright that this addition—which, though not distinguished, is by no means terrible—adds nothing to the play. There are some dead spots—notably, a scene in an abandoned railroad car in which Robert Redford, as Alva's beau, flats his lines in the awful, self-doubting way of an actor falling out of his part. And there is a scene in which Kate Reid, as Alva's mother, is permitted to overact. But the main problem throughout the film is Natalie Wood, as Alva. Miss Wood plays the role as a girl strung taut and in herself theatrical—a part within a part—and this is a perfectly plausible interpretation in terms of the script. The trouble is that it takes a very strong, assured actress to play someone so false and nervous without calling the poise of her own performance into question, and Miss Wood seems always on the verge of missing a note. One loses that perfect trust in the self-confidence (quite apart from talent) of the performer which permits an audience to view a performance as theatre rather than as a live event. Miss Wood actually does make it through all right, and the film survives. But barely.

In terms of the fears and embarrassments one can suffer for actors—and in any other terms, for that matter—"The Pad (and How to Use It)" is an excruciating experience. It is adapted from a one-act play called "The Private Ear," the lesser half of a double bill by the English playwright Peter Shaffer. The script of the film, like the title, is abysmal. Shaffer's slender play is lost from the start—which might be no great loss in itself, except that the story scrambles off at once in several misleading directions. It begins like your ordinary bad film about a shy boy meeting and winning a girl who will help him realize his dream of becoming a composer. Then, suddenly, the shy boy seems to be spending an inordinate amount of time following a virile friend of his about, in and out of showers and other places, ostensibly to ask him how to treat the girl at dinner. The film disingenuously stresses this undercurrent, which is barely present in Shaffer's play, and combines it with TV-comedy jokes (complete with pauses for canned laughter) until it appears that a writer of family comedies and a male physical culturist are locked in mortal combat for every scene. There are long routines between the friends and the girl in which repartee skitters from one to another with all the lightness and speed of a medicine ball. It gradually becomes clear that the lines—a reference to Botticelli's painting as "Venus on the half shell;" a comment on the fact that a girl's name is Lavinia, "But it hasn't had any effect on her libido;" the question, in response to a résumé of "Madame Butterfly," "Is she a war bride?"—are not intended as examples of the horrible jokes people make (and are instantly mortified by) in everyday life. The scriptwriter *likes* them. Then, there's the acting. Brian Bedford, as the shy boy, furrows and unfurrows his brow, delivers each line as though he had not quite memorized it, stares, and, at the end of the movie, cries for many seconds; Julie Sommars, as the girl, thrusts her jaw forward and holds her mouth open, and stares a lot, too; and James Farentino is not at all miscast as the friend, who imagines himself to be a great comedian and romantic hero. Out of this mess there somehow emerges a true and hilarious fraction of a scene, in which Miss Sommars and Mr. Bedford treat her hand (which he is holding at the wrist, and from which she, with the other hand, removes a ciga-

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*As this particular scene opens, Dink is seated resolutely at his desk, drawing up a media presentation. It is an important one — the continued prosperity of his associates (chums all), and indeed that of the entire agency, depends on his razor-sharp judgment . . .*

$ $ $

"GREAT SCOTT!" Dink ejaculated, mentally kicking himself sharply on the shins. "I nearly forgot to include the flourishing New England market."

"And that could have been a costly error," Dink continued to himself, as he clutched several bar charts with one hand and a fistful of linage figures with the other. "After all, Greater Boston is one of our prime market areas. Just look at all those young, growing families. And what a perfect medium to reach them — The Boston Globe!"

"*. . . a costly error.*"

He checked the figures again, just to make doubly sure. It was as he thought: The Globe was first in retail. First in general. First in automotive. First in classified. First in total advertising linage. And on top of all that, The Globe had just won the Pulitzer Prize for meritorious public service, an honor which obviously wasn't going to hurt their burgeoning circulation.

"This is certainly a ridiculously easy way to make a living," Dink thought to himself. "Why, even a Harvard chap would arrive at the same sound conclusion — that of recommending The Globe — if given these same overwhelming facts."

At that instant, the phone rang. It was his superior — the Media Director, a man wise in the ways of advertising. "Could you stop by the office a moment," he exclaimed, "I've just received some happy news!"

When Dink arrived, the Media Director took a white slip of paper from his desk and pretended to study it for a minute. Then he spoke:

"Dink, you've been with us over a year now and I've watched you develop into a crackerjack media man. Your work deserves some kind of reward. So brace yourself, my boy: As of next payday, you will be making $______!" Here he mentioned a sum which, though quite impressive (even by advertising standards), does not concern the reader at this point. "What do you say to that, Dink?"

"*Why, even a Harvard chap would arrive at the same sound conclusion — that of recommending The Globe.*"

Dink tried to imagine what this most generous increase in salary would mean. A bigger donation to the athletic fund of his beloved "Blue." A *15-cent* orange-crush at lunch. But most of all, more chances to squire about on weekends that beautiful wordsmith, Mary Jane Hightower. But then he drew himself up sharply. Easy, Dink, he mused. Taking money under false pretenses *isn't playing the game.*

"Certainly this wonderful gesture proves the faith that you — indeed, the whole agency — have in me," said Dink, visibly moved. "But, sir, I must nevertheless decline. My work assignments, so far, are too easy to be worthy of any such reward. Instead, may I suggest that you give the money to_________," said Dink, mentioning the name of an older associate (a rather surly fellow, if the truth be known). "I understand the poor devil's in reduced circumstances and a little down on his luck. Perhaps the extra wages might straighten him out," Dink added hopefully.

Dink left — no richer, true, than he had entered. Yet with a warm glow that comes from helping somebody in distress. The Media Director, for his part, couldn't help but feel that here was a young fellow destined for far greater things. And perhaps in the very near future . . .

**ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER!** Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

rette) as though it were a small, interesting child that had just wandered in. The scene, however, is ruined almost at once by being grotesquely overdone. There is also an imitation of Tony Richardson's now famous eating scene, which, like its prototype, goes on forever, in what appears to be a dread that someone—arriving at the theatre late, perhaps—will miss the point. And there is a line, "I thought you were my *friend*," that, uttered in an incredulous whine, is becoming a staple of conversation between adult males onscreen. (The same line occurs in a recent film as a comment on the friend's seduction of the speaker's girl and the speaker's mother.) Finally, there is a scene in which Mr. Bedford frolics gaily up and down in a mud puddle (Jean-Pierre Cassel might have brought it off), and a scene in which, to show that Mr. Bedford is dreaming, his face is made to waver and go out of focus. This is a directorial cliché, and, like so much else in the film, one that is awkward and meaningless. If anything should go out of focus to show that a character is dreaming, it is what he has been looking *at*.

"Alfie," starring Michael Caine, with Shelley Winters, Millicent Martin, Julia Foster, Jane Asher, and Vivien Merchant, is full of genuine actors. At no point does one worry that they are going to become uncertain and spoil it all—and there is not that much to spoil. Alfie (Mr. Caine) is a Cockney seducer, not heartless (he grows almost fond enough of his son to marry the boy's mother, and he is upset by an abortion) but free and self-centered. He is another of those irreverent, irresistibly charming fellows who keep appearing onscreen, and he addresses the audience with worldly little asides and winks and aphorisms: "The one thing I can't bear to hear about is a bloke and a bird having an innocent talk. Sometimes I think it's more intimate than the other thing." Even on occasions when he has a girl in his arms, he makes comments to the audience as though he were guiding friends on an amorous lecture tour: "It will round off tea nicely," and "Two husbands dead, and I've got a good idea what they died of," and "Marvellous what you can get on National Welfare, isn't it?" The trouble is that the jokes—and there is an endless stream of them; nearly every line of dialogue is delivered as a punch line—are tired. The irreverence is old hat, and the reason Alfie can keep talking to the audience as though there were some kind of understanding between him and us is that there is: we know the scenes and the jokes and the characters by heart. Caine as Alfie is not for a moment credible (the supercilious, well-bred carriage and facial expression are, in any case, completely incompatible with the Cockney voice); Caine playing himself as a star is charming enough. After all the comic, high-spirited tension, however, it is positively restful when the plot goes suddenly harsh—a little tragic relief, so to speak. There are two genuinely funny scenes—one when Alfie describes a girl (Jane Asher) who cleans house compulsively to forget an old love affair, and the other a grand fight in a bar, though this, too, is spoiled by a couple of over-familiar sequences.

—Renata Adler

• •

## A PAUSE FOR BREATH

Having taken her slowly by surprise
For eighty years,
The hills have won; their ring is closed.

The field-walls float their pattern
Over her eye,
Whether she looks outward or inward.

Nothing added, nothing taken away.
Year after year, the trout in the pools
Grow heavy and vanish without ever emerging.

Foxglove, harebell neither protest nor hope
By the steep lane where she climbs.
Out of nothing she grew here simply,

Also suffering to be merely flowerlike
But with the stone agony growing in her joints
And eyes, dimmed with losses, widening for losses.

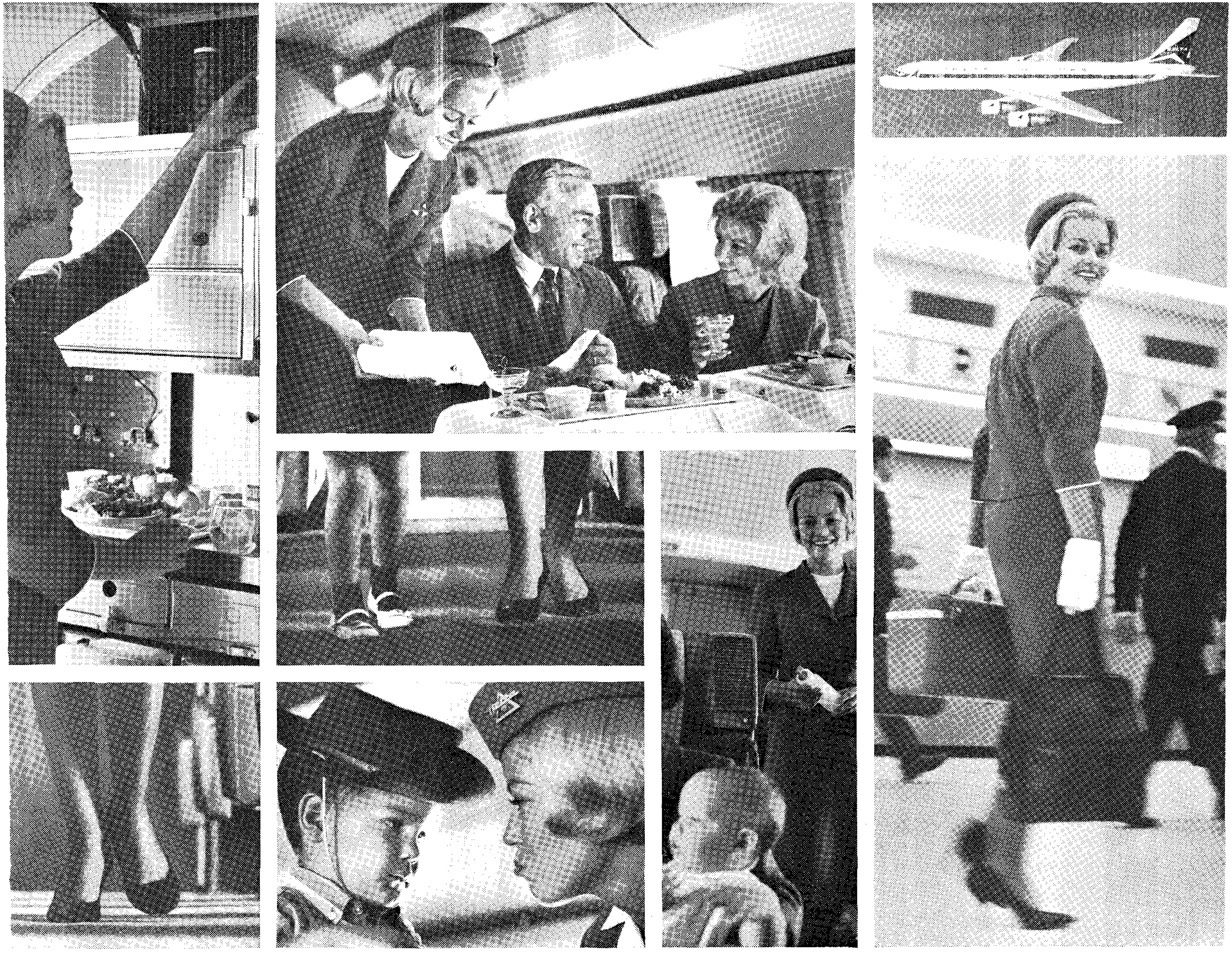
—Ted Hughes

JUNIOR HOUSE®
does the freshest things

You'll be right in the groove
for Fall with this snappy gear.
It's all done with sharp, smokey checks
of grey, black, brown and
tobacco wool, from our
English countryside collection.
Jacket, $25. Swing skirt, $15.
Both 5-15. Grey turtleneck,
34-40, $13. Prof. Higgins hat, $8.
Bermuda bag, $9.

L. S. AYRES, Indianapolis
BILLY LEWIS, Dayton
CARSON, PIRIE SCOTT, Chicago
FILENE'S, Boston
B. FORMAN, Rochester
HIMELHOCH'S, Detroit
At the stores and branches listed
or for the fine store or college shop
in your city, write to JUNIOR HOUSE, INC.,
1407 Broadway, New York 10018.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES



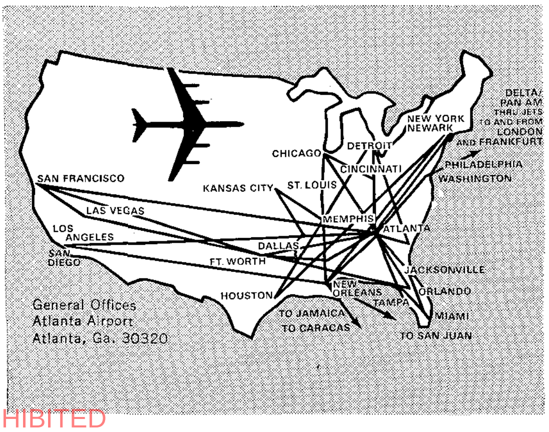
# Coffee, pillow, magazine, snack, refreshments, baby's bottle, questions, dinner service for 133, jetcetera, jetcetera...

## she walks 5 miles between Peachtree and 5th Ave.!

At 600 miles per hour, a Delta Jet covers a lot of real estate in a hurry. But your Delta stewardess racks up still more miles between here and there as she tends her passengers. On Delta, there's personal service every mile, every step of the way. Mind if she slips into flats now and then?

**DELTA**®

*Best thing that ever happened to air travel*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ORLANDO
TAMPA
TO JAMAICA
TO CARACAS
MIAMI
TO SAN JUAN

General Offices
Atlanta Airport
Atlanta, Ga. 30320

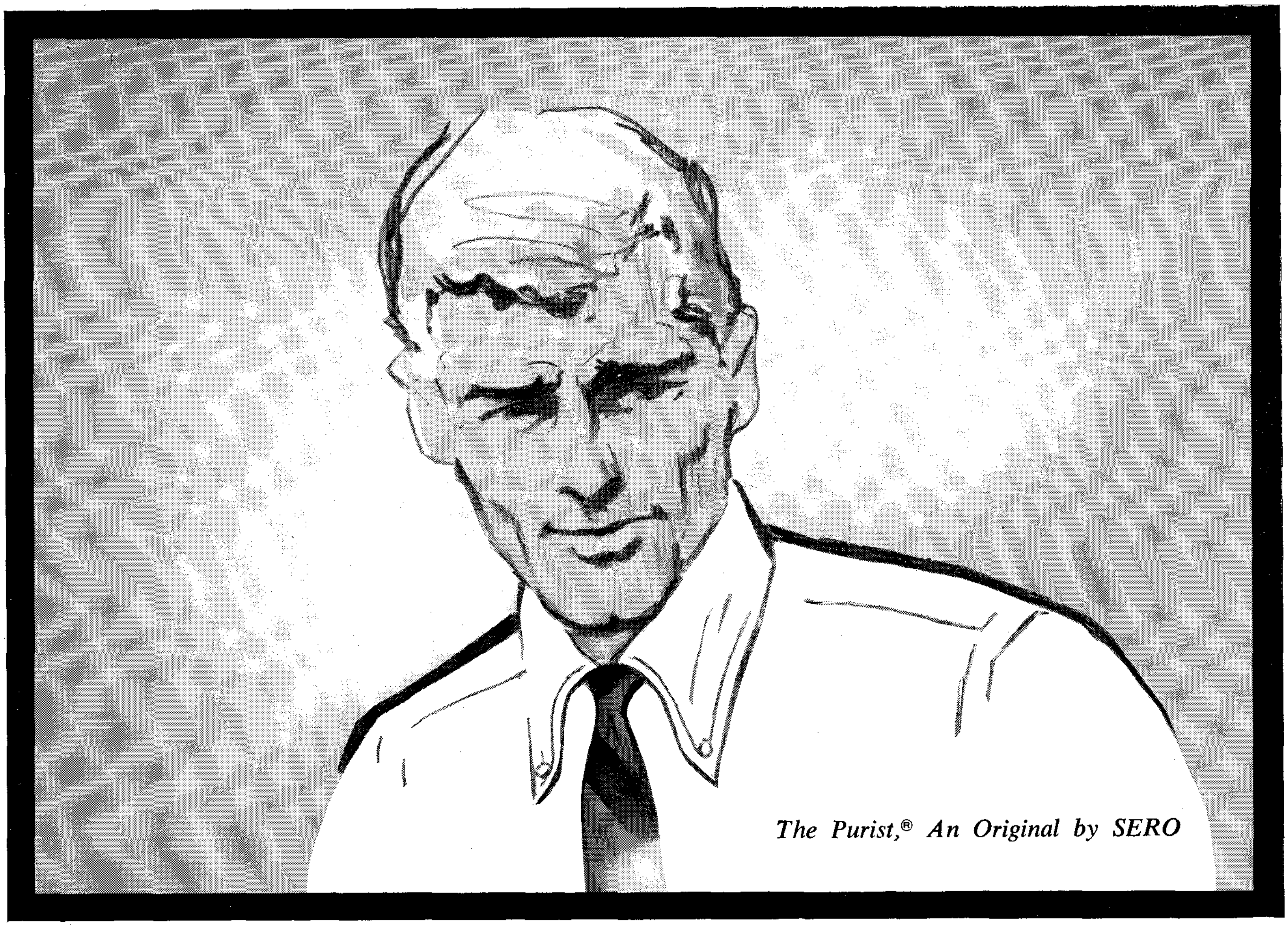
# THE SPORTING SCENE

## ABOUT ONE MILE FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YARDS

A SERIOUS unappreciation of the Henley Royal Regatta is possible only if one devotes too much attention to the results. A list of the major winners and losers at last month's renewal of the ancient British water festival can suggest only that Henley in 1966 was a large triumph for the East Germans and an even larger disappointment for English rowing. Although there were a mere thirty foreign entries in the regatta, against a hundred and seventy-three home crews, visitors won seven of the nine events open to them, including what are regarded as the three most important prizes—the Grand Challenge Cup, the Thames Challenge Cup, and the Diamond Challenge Sculls. Competition at Henley, to be sure, is between rowers rather than between nations, but East German oarsmen, after gobbling up this year's Grand and Diamond Sculls, as well as the coxed-fours event, the double sculls, and the pair-oared championship, probably should be forgiven if they felt a small national, if not ideological, swelling. At the same time, there must have been very few foreign visitors at Henley last month who were unaffected by a painful moment toward the end of the luncheon interval on Saturday—the fourth and final day—when the Scots Guards band, in its blue-and-white striped pavilion in the Stewards' Enclosure, struck up "Marching to Pretoria," and several thousand marvellously dressed Englishmen bravely turned and began marching back to the sunlit banks of the Thames, where they faced the near certitude of watching four successive championship races won by East Germans, followed by a Danish win, and then one and perhaps two American victories. I remember my secret, embarrassed relief when I looked at my program and discovered that the last two events of the day, although both somewhat minor, four-oar events, promised some joy for our hosts; one race was closed to foreign crews, and, somehow, no outlanders had gained the finals of the other. I think now, however, that I might have spared myself this patronizing sympathy, for Henley in retrospect does not seem to be a sporting event whose central purpose is the determination of winners. So subtle, so distinctive is the aftertaste of Henley that old oarsmen have reported that the sights and sounds of the place remain vivid to them long after their own races and their young eagerness for victory have grown dim; in time, perhaps, even the East German rowers will remember this year's regatta mostly for the fact that they were there.

PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM
O'BRIAN

I GOT to Henley in the afternoon before the first day of the races, and found the place glistening with expectation, like a country circus. White-coated workmen were unpotting hydrangeas and geraniums and trowelling them into new borders beside the bar tents, marquees, tea pavilions, and the awning-shaded wooden grandstand of the Stewards' Enclosure—a patch of rich, tree-lined lawn that commands a favored view of the finish line. The clean canvas sucked and popped in a blowy wind, and there were dark ruffles out in midstream, where the judges' box was perched on the water like a floating egg crate. Upriver a bit, near Henley's humpbacked stone bridge, the bank between the boat tents and the narrow launching docks looked as if it might founder under the weight of oarsmen, coaches, girl friends, reporters, townspeople, and forehanded spectators. Four or five crewmen in blue striped jerseys were kicking and heading a soccer ball in front of their boat tent, and the captain of a Cambridge college crew was putting his rowers through some perfunctory preëmbarkation knee bends before they toted their long oars down to the docks. There was a steady two-way parade of four- and eight-oared shells as crews embarked on and returned from practice spins, and knots of blazered old rowing buffs on the bank, puffing on pipes and gazing speculatively at the busy river, ducked their heads and leaped nimbly to one side whenever a great shell, dripping sunlight and water, was heaved up from the docks and swung about in midair. The cox, guiding the bow tip with one hand, would cry "Mind the shell!" in a self-important bark, and then the immense machine would go swaying off toward its boat tent, its seats and outriggers rattling in unison with the oarsmen's stride, and the old rowers would re-form their reminiscent circle. Most of the shells were anonymous, but others had brave or mysterious names stencilled on their bows—"Argosies," "Cœur de Lion," "Cunningham of Hyndhope," and "Grumbly." Some of the crewmen were labelled, too—often with old shirts or caps won from defeated rivals. The cox of the Molesey Boat Club


The Purist,® An Original by SERO

# There is only One Purist®

*...conceived by Sero*
*...made only by Sero*

We are flattered that competition is making their version of the Purist. To be copied is to be honored. But like a great painting, there is only one original. And so it is with the Purist button-down by Sero.

The Purist is exclusively Sero. *If it isn't a Sero, it isn't the Purist.*

There are many Purist imitations on the market. Many manufacturers, in fact, are referring verbally to their shirt as the Purist.

The Purist is the registered trademark of Sero — and only Sero. There is no other. It was designed exclusively by Sero to offer the ultimate in shirt styling to the wearer of traditional clothing.

What makes the Purist more traditional than the others? The focal point is the collar. It is longer . . . the cape is fuller and the spread is wider for a more casual roll . . . the band is higher to show more shirt . . . and there is no button on the back.

No fads . . . no loops . . . no trivia . . . the Purist is purely traditional.

Every intricate detail in quality shirtmanship goes into the making of the Purist. Nothing has been overlooked. The finest fabrics . . . exclusive patterns . . . proportionate tapering . . . the seven-button front . . . single needle stitching . . . box pleating . . . these form the basic anatomy of the Purist button-down.

The Purist stands alone in the traditional field. Copy as they may, there is only one Purist . . . conceived by Sero . . . made only by Sero.

Sero

THE GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT

For the store nearest you, write SERO, New Haven, Conn.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

**added**

Sometimes the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. For instance, three LADYBUGS® added together. The triple-tucked A-line skirt is fully-lined shetland wool. Persimmon, Sandringham, Hayseed, Butterscotch, Cardinal, Dungaree, Elderberry, Glen Green. At nicer stores. 5 to 15.

Skirt, about $15.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

© 1966, LADYBUG

**together**

Add the long-sleeved pin-striping pullover, all wool, with raglan sleeves and a V neck. 34 to 40. And the long-sleeved shirt in cotton Oxford cloth. 7 to 15. Pick both in colors to match the skirt, or invent some spicily uncommon color combinations. Write for your nearest LADYBUG Shopkeeper.

Pullover, about $12.

Shirt, about $6.

Ladybug®

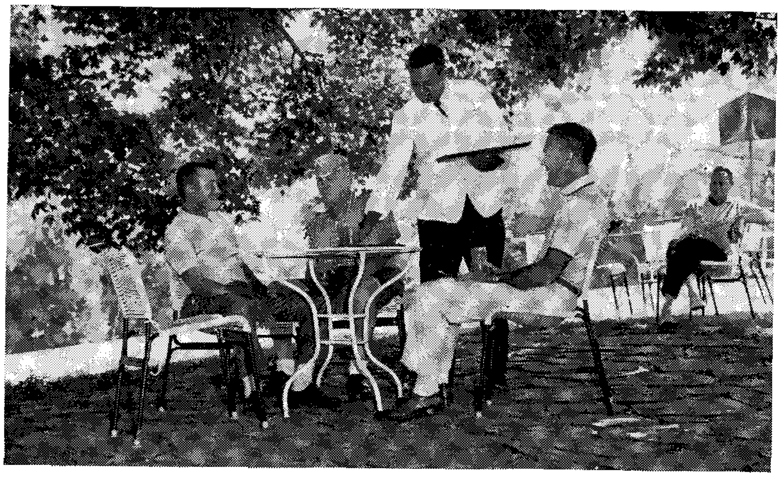
1407 Broadway, New York 10018

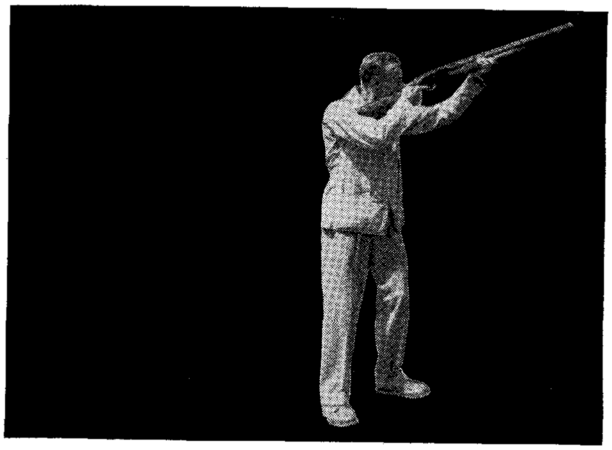
eight, a British crew, sported a T shirt inexplicably emblazoned with "A. A. West Roofing, Chester, Pa." Sweaters marked "S.P.S." helped identify some youths from St. Paul's School, in New Hampshire, who were industriously waxing their upended shell, using an aerosol can of Pledge. On the grass nearby, a man in overalls was carefully opening a long crate marked "MUY FRÁGIL" and "BOTE DE CARRERAS," which contained the shell belonging to the Argentine single-sculls champion, Alberto Demiddi; the lid came off at last, and I peered at the expensive, skinny mummy inside, wrapped in canvas and old copies of the Buenos Aires newspaper *La Capital*.

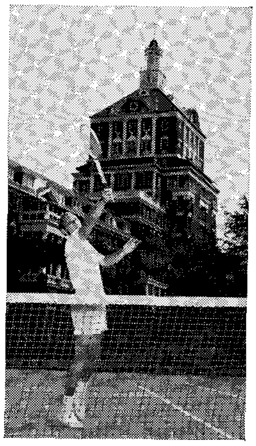
The cool late-afternoon wind blew over the Thames, bringing us the waterfowl cries of the coxswains and a reek of hops from a brewery in the town. Two lines of cars were stalled on the bridge; work was over in Henley—ruined for the week, in fact—and the place was filling up for the famous holiday. I walked downstream to watch the crews coming in. After a few hundred yards, there was no trace of the town anywhere. The Buckinghamshire countryside across the stream was all sweet green water meadows, broken by heavy, shadow-hung trees. On my side—the Berkshire bank, where crowds would stand and thicken for the rest of the week—there were a few families picnicking along the towpath, enjoying the peaceful river view in front of them and some good, loud banging and cursing behind, where workers were hammering together the stands and rides of the shabby carnival area. One of the last shells of the day, a schoolboy eight, came up the river, pursued along the towpath by a coach on an ancient bicycle. He was a sturdy, white-haired vicar wearing bicycle clips, a turnabout collar, and a small, flat rowing cap. There were two stopwatches slung about his neck, and he carried a dented megaphone in one hand. He came wobbling through the scattered babies and beagles, trying to call instructions to his boys. "Now, take it up! Take it up, there!" he shouted. "I want ten power strokes and— Oh, I *beg* your pardon, Madam. Frightfully sorry. . . . In the water, *in* the water! Don't slap it!—Oops, look out! Your dog, Miss. Sorry. . . ." Then he was gone. The shell, all spiky with oars, grew smaller, and its trail of washy footprints subsided and vanished. The course—a narrow water highway stretching away in perspective between two lines of floating booms—lay empty, waiting for the racing.

THE water highway was heavily travelled in the next two days. The Henley Regatta offers prizes in eleven events and imposes few limitations on entrants; this year no fewer than ninety-eight eight-oared crews, seventy-two fours and coxed fours, and a scattering of twenty-four pair oars, double sculls, and single sculls turned up at Thames-side. A couple of dozen eights and fours were trimmed out in preliminary races, but because the Henley course is wide enough to permit only two boats to race at the same time, there were a hundred and fourteen head-to-head races—sixty-eight on Wednesday, forty-six on Thursday—available to spectators on the first two days. This plethora of boats, oars, colors, starts, finishes, leaders, trailers, cheering, fractional times, and tanned, backward-facing young men almost exhausted my heretofore illimitable enthusiasm for sporting competition, but although there were times when I discovered that I was not exactly on tiptoe over the outcome of a race between, say, the Norwich Union Rowing Club and the Thames Tradesmen R. C., or a sizzler between the King's School, Canterbury, and the King's School, Chester, there were other instructive divertissements. I learned, for instance, various useful and exhortatory streamside phrases. When (as happened rarely) two well-matched crews came thrashing along in a dead-level, bow-to-bow struggle, one properly murmured to one's neighbor, "There's very little in it." A hoarse "Shrowsbreh!" or "Rowed, Redlah!" identified one as a partisan of Shrewsbury or Radley, both ancient public-school rowing powers. Also, whenever a Yank crew hove into view, I could hear shrill, un-English cries from small claques of parents and other jingoists: "Go, Harvard!" "Come on, Brown!" "Rah, Brooks!" "Yay, St. Paul's!" "Hurrah, Kent!" "Yippee, *South* Kent!"

Loud verbal expressions of loyalty are superfluous for Englishmen, since a retired oarsman in the Stewards' Enclosure is as over-identified as a male wood duck or a conventioneering Shriner. Since this was my first Henley, I could not interpret all the brilliant tie stripings, the variously blazing vermilion, glaucous, carroty, cerulean, and brindled blazers, or the baby-blue, rose-madder, and pearly rowing beanies, but in time I came to recognize

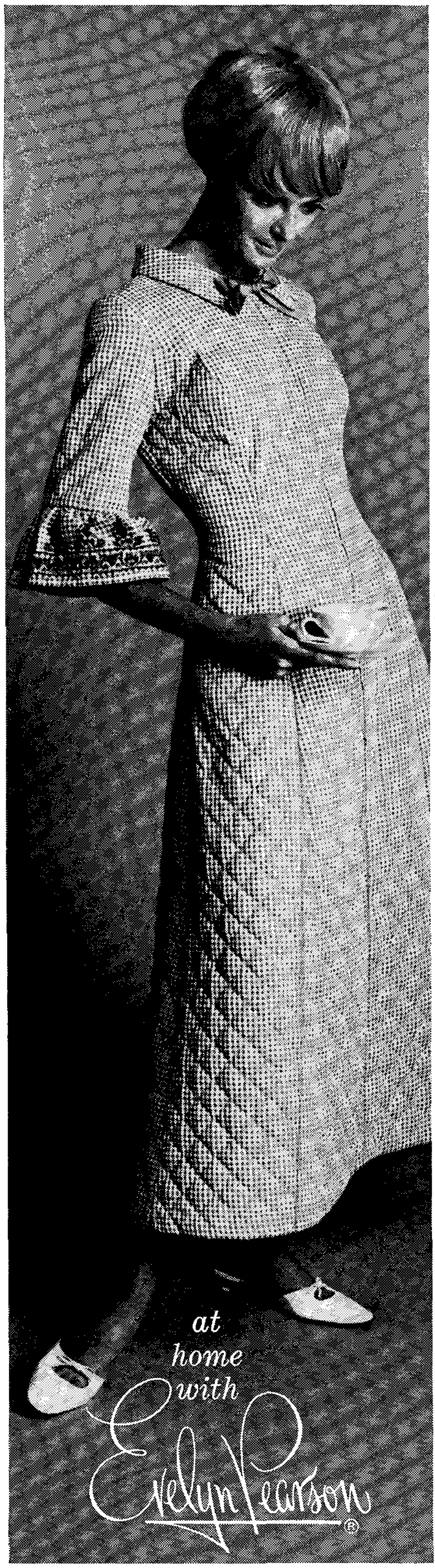






THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, *Virginia*

One of the world's great resorts . . . a 17,000-acre paradise
high in the cool Virginia Alleghanies. Direct flights daily from Washington, D.C. by Piedmont Airlines.



Checked gingham is froth-quilted for cozy comfort in the silhouette that does more for your figure than diets! Pretty princess lines . . . beautifully embroidered sleeves, flirtatiously contrast-lined . . . zip-in closing. Easy-care . . . easy-wear. Royal, Red, Moss. Sizes 10 to 20. **$17.** Duster version, **$13.** At Lord & Taylor, New York, & all branches; or write Evelyn Pearson, Inc., Empire State Building, N.Y.C. 10001.

such famous dazzlers as the canary cap and black-and-canary-trimmed blazer of Clare College, the scarlet of Lady Margaret, and the pure flamingo of the Leander Club. This last is a rowing lodge open only to winners or near-winners of a rowing blue at Oxford or Cambridge and to cup-winners at Henley; its clubhouse stands on the Berks shore, just below Henley bridge. The most magisterial Henley getup consists of the navy-blue Leander blazer with gold "L.C." buttons, worn with white ice-cream pants, white shoes, and flamingo socks and tie, the whole topped off with a dark-blue striped Oxford cap or a boater encircled by the pale-turquoise Cambridge band, and frequently garnished with a rich bouquet of mustache.

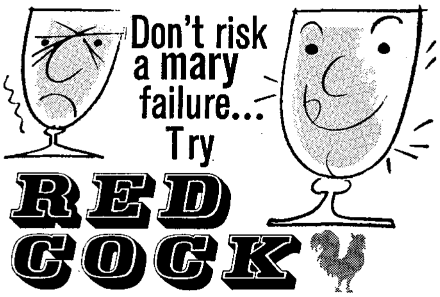
The sun shone, the trees rustled gently, the band played, the bars, champagne enclosures, and tea tents filled and emptied, and persistent applause and small cries of partisanship rolled up from grandstand and chair-lined riverbank as the pairs of racing shells, battling upstream, appeared before us at precise five- or ten-minute intervals. The schedule seemed impossibly ambitious, yet fresh boatloads of rowers sculled down toward the starting line in a steady procession, followed by low, ancient fifty-foot umpires' launches with midsummery Victorian names like "Amaryllis," "Clivanda," "Matrona," and "Enchantress." Each launch—nearly awash under its load of umpire, timekeepers, coaches, rowers' roommates, rowers' mothers, and sometimes a television crew—presently reappeared in trailing presidence over its assigned race, then relayed its data to the judges, unloaded and reloaded at a dock, and purred back toward the starting line behind a new pair of shells. The schedule was never off by more than a minute or two, and there was time—endless time—for luncheon and tea.

Only amateur managers would undertake such an inordinate program, but at Henley amateurism usually conceals a steely purpose and efficiency. Even the apparently carefree estimation of the Henley distance ("about one mile five hundred and fifty yards"—a measurement known by heart by rowers all over the world) is misleading. The full course is exactly a mile five hundred and seventy yards, measured from the starting punts, against which the sterns of the shells are held at the beginning of each race. The winner is determined by the first bow across the finish line, so the length of the boat—generally sixty feet for an eight-oared shell—is

The Talbots

**Imported Turtleneck.** Imported from Europe for every member of your family, our soft cotton turtleneck jerseys have lightly elasticized collars and cuffs. Children's in white, red, navy, maroon, powder, yellow. Sizes 6-14, $3.50. Women's and men's in white, black, navy, wine, coral (women's only), Norse blue, chocolate, forest, gold or beige. Women's sizes S, M, L. Men's sizes S, M, L, XL. $4.50 Postpaid.

Send for free catalog
THE TALBOTS • HINGHAM 86, MASS.



**FOR PERFECT BLOODY MARYS'!**
Just add to tomato juice and Vodka
Send $1 for 2 bottles Red Cock Bloody Mary Mix; Box 71, West Redding, Conn.
Also available at Bloomingdale's

Bonnie Oaks
Resort
Beautiful Lodge and Cottages
On Lake Morey's Shores
**FAIRLEE, VERMONT**
**Your Hosts, The Avery Family**
**Reservations: Tel. 802-333-4302**
Open to October 16th

Maharas
*in Cleveland for superb*
CHATEAUBRIAND STEAK
*and* "THAT" SALAD
*Convenient to Motels and Hotels*

# Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece. You can select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond.

Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. If she does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

*National Sponsors (partial list)*
*Faith Baldwin, James Bryant Conant,*
*Joan Crawford, Hon. James A. Farley,*
*Jerry Lewis, Henry R. Luce,*
*Frank Sinatra, Mrs. Earl Warren*

Save The Children Federation
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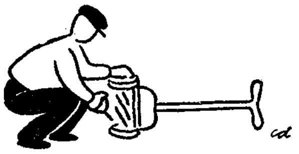
subtracted. Since bows must be level at the start, however, the longer of two disparate shells is pulled back at the starting line, thus insuring fairness and accounting for the "about." The regatta's presiding amateurs, the Board of Stewards—forty rowing sachems, plus the mayor of Henley—includes members of rowing families whose names appear among the earliest trophy winners, dating back almost to the first Henley, in 1839. Among the present stewards are G. O. Nickalls, who rowed on seven winning Grand Challenge Cup crews and who, with his father and uncle, Guy and Vivian Nickalls, accounted for forty-three Henley wins; Jack Beresford, who won the Diamonds four times and is the only man anywhere to have competed in five Olympic Games and won a medal every time; and Alan Burrough, a Cambridge Blue who rowed at Henley before the war, lost a leg in North Africa, and came back to compete formidably in the Silver Goblets in 1947. Mr. Burrough's present home is a rower's Beulah Land, for its front lawn touches the Thames about two sculling strokes' distance from the Henley finish line.



Beresford was involved in Henley's loudest wrangle, in 1920, when he won his first Diamond Sculls. The Henley officials that year had rejected a Diamonds application from a Philadelphia sculler named John B. Kelly. It was Kelly's belief, widely publicized at the time, that he had been turned down because he had once been a bricklayer. Pained, the stewards pointed out that Kelly belonged to Philadelphia's Vesper Boat Club, and explained that there had been a bar against Vesper and Vesper rowers at Henley ever since a stiff dispute over amateurism back in 1905. (The regatta once did have a bar against workingmen as competitors—not primarily for social reasons but because it was believed that the sons of toil would enjoy an unfair advantage in muscle.) In any case, Kelly achieved a positively Sophoclean revenge. He beat Beresford by one length in the Olympics that summer, mailed his old rowing cap to King George V, and hurried home to raise a son named Jack, who won the Diamonds in 1947 and 1949, and a daughter named Grace, who is now the best-known oarsman's daughter in Monaco. Jack Kelly was back at Henley this year as the manager of Vesper's eight-oared Olympic-champion crew (all certified amateurs), and Jack Beresford, now a steward and an umpire, was riding bow in the Enchantress. Henley is reassuringly continuous.

By far the happiest celebration of that continuity—and a comfort to crewmen and insurance men all over the world—was the return to Henley two years ago of the entire 1914 Harvard junior-varsity crew that had won the Grand exactly fifty years before. They presented Henley with a new Grand Challenge Cup, identical to the now fragile original, and then climbed spryly into a shell and made a triumphant voyage up and down the course while old Henleyites roared and clapped and wiped tears from their eyes with their caps. Senator Leverett Saltonstall, at bow, is the most celebrated member of that crew, but the most dogged is the spare, F. Wadsworth Busk, who made a fruitless trip to Henley in 1964, just as he did in 1914, and is still waiting for the first vacancy in the boat.

On Friday, the third day, there were fewer races but higher expectations. There was by now a sizable crowd of young, subdued-looking castaways among the women and the old crocks on the shore; they were the defeated, and it was perhaps just beginning to occur to some of them that they might never row in another race. Losing is far more painful to serious rowers than it was a few years ago, for the sport is currently in a state of revolution, and zealotry of the most austere degree is required of its devotees. The sustained speed achieved by German and Russian crews in the late nineteen-fifties caused many rowers to adopt their techniques and training methods, and now even schoolboys punish themselves with rigorous weight lifting and isometric exercises, put in long hours of intensive interval rowing, and practice to perfect the short layback, knifelike entry, and total blade control that distinguish the new international style. The results, even in an age inured to new athletic records, have been startling. Last year, in a famous Henley confrontation, the Harvard varsity, Vesper (the runner-up), and West Germany's Ratzeburger Rowing Club (the eventual winner) all shattered the previous best time for the Grand. Ratzeburger's time (6:16) and the current records for the Thames Cup and the Diamond Sculls are all down a full twenty seconds from those of a dozen years ago.

Charles Butt, of the Washington-Lee High School in Arlington, Virginia, and Derek Drury, of Emanuel School in London, are soft-spoken, affable coaches who seem to have given their students a fierce affection for the miseries of the rower's life. Butt, who is an aerospace engineer with the Naval Air Systems Command in Washington, does all his coaching after work, and keeps his young men on the Potomac two hours a day for six months of the year. Only a relative handful of students at Washington-Lee go out for rowing, yet Butt's crews have won the national schoolboy championships for nine of the past ten years, and captured the Princess Elizabeth Cup at Henley in 1964. This year, his boys spent most of their rare non-rowing and non-studying hours raising money—through benefit dances, odd jobs, and importuning local businesses—to pay for a new twenty-eight-hundred-dollar Donoratico shell. (Donoraticos, which are made in Leghorn, are the Ferraris of crew racing.) Emanuel boys also scavenged up the money for a new Donoratico last winter. Most Emanuel rowers first take up the sport after they have been rejected by the Rugby or cricket squads, but under Drury's guidance they are soon pursuing a stiff weight-lifting program during their school lunch hours and on alternate days in the gymnasium. The crews cannot practice every day, for the school is a half-hour train trip away from rowable water. Emanuel has won the British schools' Head-of-the-River championship four times in the past five years, and last year it tied the Henley record for the Princess Elizabeth Cup before suffering a painfully narrow defeat by Tabor Academy, from Massachusetts. "We want to win the Princess Elizabeth," Drury said to me on Friday in the boat tent. He was smiling, as if to apologize for his seriousness. "The boys have kept right at it. Standards in the race have gone a long way up ever since the Americans were permitted to enter, and now it's time an English school took it back." Any hopes that the two new Donoratico buyers would meet in the Princess Elizabeth final were abruptly destroyed Friday afternoon, when the splendidly conditioned St. Paul's School eight (which rows under the title of the Halcyon Boat Club) made up a half-length deficit and stood off a final challenge to beat Washington-Lee. Afterward, at the docks, the Arlington boys sat in their boat in dead silence with their

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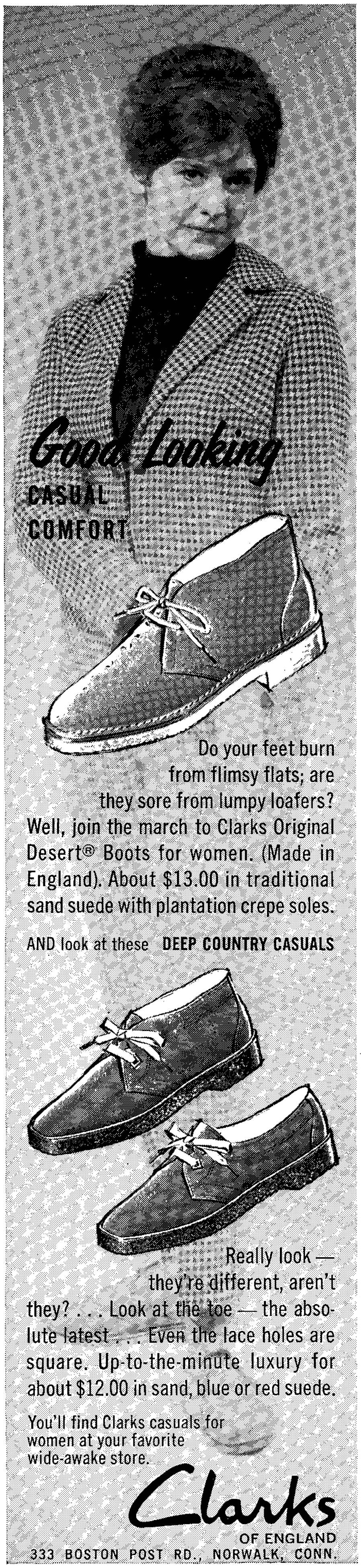

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heads down, while the perspiration dripped slowly off their faces. One of the jubilant St. Paul's rowers couldn't resist calling over, "National champions, eh?"

Henley spectators are provided with a running description of each race by loudspeaker, and this year there were sixteen large television sets propped in the grandstand rafters to convey downstream happenings, but the sport still belongs to the athletes. Rowing, it must be confessed, is an imperfect entertainment for non-participants. Even when the shells at last come into plain sight, it requires a highly trained oarsman's eye to see why one boat is beginning to move ahead of the other. Victory thus seems mysterious, even arbitrary, and defeat has the look of cruelty. As the meeting progressed, it was increasingly painful to see a by-now familiar crew or rower arrive at the finish line in second place, for the first and last time. Alberto Demiddi, the Argentine sculler, who had pleased the crowd with his bullfighter's sideburns and his elegant, long-layback style, came upriver on Friday a length and a half behind Achim Hill, a balding East German with a compact, enginelike stroke, and after a look at Demiddi's exhausted face, we could all sense his despair at what he saw from his speeding sliver: the long ribbon of water and riverbank he had painfully pulled out behind him, unwinding it stroke by stroke; the trees, boats, booms, and course markers all put away; and, at last, the faces and noises and clapping—and no sign of the river's other rower.

A few moments later, in the first semifinal of the Grand, an earnest club crew called the Tideway Scullers defeated Oxford (winners this year over Cambridge) by an easy three lengths. This was a surprise only to hoary traditionalists, for Oxford and Cambridge are not major rowing powers at the moment. For good or ill, their immense enthusiasm for the sport is centered on their own annual Boat Race, and is otherwise dispersed in bumping races and other intramural amusements. Cambridge had more than a hundred undergraduates taking part in the traditional intracollege competitions at Henley but could not scrape together a varsity crew good enough to enter the Grand.

Shortly before tea, the Vesper boat, its bow decorated with the interlocked-circle insignia of the Olympic Games, hummed down toward the starting line for its first race, and the blazer-wearers on the bank craned and nudged each other like housewives at a movie pre-

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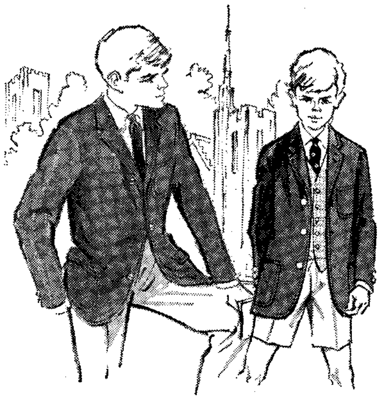

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mière. The Vesper eight, who had rowed a series of exhibition races on a State Department-sponsored tour of Egypt and the Balkans this spring, and had drawn a first-round bye in the Grand, were perhaps a little short on combat, but their size and experience and the memory of their violent scrap with Ratzeburg last year had established them as the most celebrated boat of the regatta. Their opponents, T.S.C. (the Turn und Sport Club, of East Berlin), had won impressively over the Thames R. C. the day before but looked a bit weedy for the job at hand, being outweighed twelve pounds to the man. Now both boats started off like express trains and then settled their pace. After a half mile, Vesper went ahead by six feet. At Fawley, the halfway point, the boats were level again, and the announcer could report only that there was very little in it. There was a spurt and reply, another spurt and reply, and at the mile it was T.S.C. with a quarter-length lead. The listeners on the bank stared at each other in surprised silence, and then the T.S.C. lead went up to a third of a length, to a half, and now here were the boats in sight at last, and everyone could see that the white-shirted Germans were not going to be caught. They swept over the line ahead by three-quarters of a length. The rowers dropped their oars and threw their arms up like cheerleaders, and the little cox dashed up a splatter of water in delight. Mighty Casey had struck out.

A SQUADRON of East German rowers, heavily wreathed in cameras, turned up on the embankment the next morning to watch Jochen Lucke and Heinz Bothe, No. 3 and No. 4 on the T.S.C. eight, warm up for their afternoon race in the Grand by defeating a British crew in the pair-oared championship. The festive crowds made the best of this unhappy beginning to the final day, but matters continued to deteriorate for the home side when, in a Thames Cup semifinal, the Harvard lightweight crew, outweighed by an average of twenty-one pounds each, held to its cool, precise understroking to overtake and defeat the London Rowing Club. Emanuel won its semifinal in the Princess Elizabeth by beating Radley, and in the other semifinal, Halcyon, after falling behind a full length to Eton in the early stages (Enclosure cries of "Well done, Eton!"), cut the lead to two-thirds of a length at Fawley (cries of "Come on, *Etonnn!*"), and then utterly smashed the English crew in the last half mile (appalled silence,

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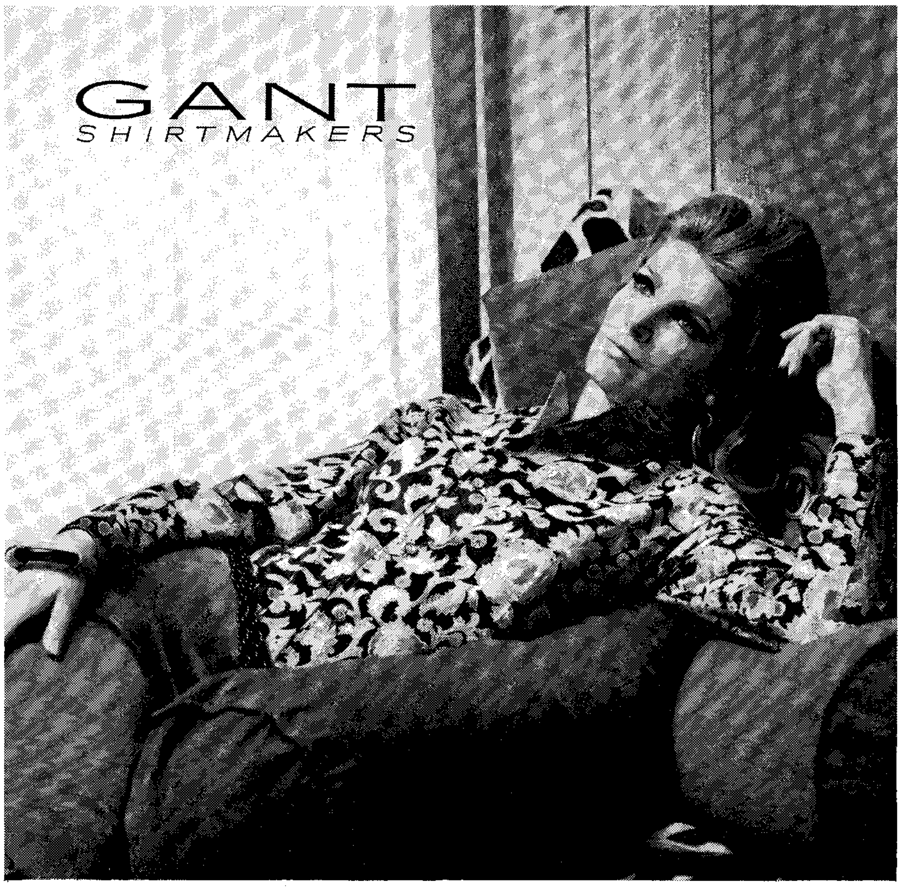

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punctuated by vociferations from a covey of St. Paul's School mothers). By this time, the expression of good sportsmanship on the faces around me was stiffening so noticeably that I left the Enclosure and made my way to the boat tents, where I found the Halcyon rowers in a state of sweaty exaltation. Their coxswain, a small cruise director in glasses, hurried about shouting, "Now, relax, all you guys! Calm down! You've got another race in just five hours, so you've gotta *relax!*"

Along the riverbank, the lengthy, sun-warmed luncheon interval stretched itself slowly into the afternoon, to the accompaniment of bagpipe music, laughter, and clinking glasses. In the packed refreshment tent at the General Enclosure downstream, the barmaids were kept busy at the pulls ("Pint of sludge? Yes, luv"), and three large rowers from Trinity College of Dublin regaled a friend with an account of their marathon post-elimination pub crawl—a bash that included a midnight glee-sing with a chorus of Henley dogs and a mass bombardment of Henley bridge with beer mugs. The rowing people seemed outnumbered in this part of the crowd, and many of the boaters with gay stripings were being worn by pretty girls. Down at the dusty, paper-strewn carnival, a lone couple circled in the sky in a Ferris wheel, whose operator, staring sleepily down the river, seemed to have forgotten about them. Two pale, thin-necked young girls in bathing suits were playing the penny slot machines, and a thick smell of cotton candy drifted over the crowds of picnickers along the bank. From here back up to the finish line the river had become a cheerful, untidy water slum, with double and triple rows of punts, skiffs, wherries, and canoes moored to the row of booms on the far side of the course. Families aboard them unpacked their hampers, and here and there a veteran river-going spaniel or retriever rested his muzzle on a thwart and watched the passing rowboats and kayaks with eyes half closed against the glitter of the water. A stiff, ancient launch—all brightwork and shiny teak—slid upstream, and then an amphibious car, and then down through the river traffic came an Impressionist punt, slowly poled by two Renoir gallants in boaters and shirtsleeves, and bearing two young women in white and violet lawn dresses, reclining in shadow under their parasols. Friends in boats waved to friends on shore, old ladies in canvas deck chairs that were lined five deep along the bank watched it all without dropping a stitch in their gossip, and the ancient Thames fell slowly through another English afternoon. Nobody wanted Henley to end.

Unfortunately, the business of the day remained, and for the next couple of hours business was all export. Two more T.S.C. rowers appeared, and won the double-sculls championship from a Leander crew. The coxed-fours final went to a muscular boatload from the S. G. Dynamo, in Potsdam, and then, in the Diamonds, Achim Hill (whose affiliation, the B.S.G. Motor Baumschulenweg, also sounded like a blue-chip industrial) churned up the first half of the course with such dispatch that he was able to coast home many lengths ahead of his opponent, a blond Dutchman named Wienese. There was a heartening cheer from the enclosures for the Tideway Scullers as they slipped downstream for the start of their race with T.S.C. in the final of the Grand, but its vehemence suggested a suspicion that there wouldn't be much to cheer about when they next became visible. Tideway lost the opening scramble for the lead, and after only a third of a mile the Germans had opened a chilling lead of a full length. There were audible groans around me when this news arrived upriver, but the English crew now raised its stroke and courageously won back a third of a length at Fawley, and then a half length. There the Scullers clung for the rest of the race, unable to claw another foot higher and refusing to fall back, and the boats went across the line as though glued together, to a roar of excitement and pleasure. Tideway had rowed the best race of its life, and had pushed T.S.C. to the best time of the regatta (6:35, which was considered fast for the water), and the Germans were kings of the river.

Some of the spectators now began drifting off toward the car parks, and I could not determine from their expressions whether they had been sufficiently nourished by Tideway's moral triumph or whether they were enraged at the sight of too many victories by the wrong chaps. Those of us who remained—all of us, I was convinced—wanted only the single British win that would properly join the athletics and the occasion, and thus make Henley whole. We were instantly punished for these expectations when the Danish Olympic-champion four-oar crew, Kvik (four oars and two small beards), defeated the Derby Rowing Club in the Stewards' Challenge Cup. Before the next race, the Thames Cup, I could sense a small rustle of hope that Isis, the Oxford second boat, which was defending its title in the event, would prove too strong for the Harvard lightweights. Isis, however, had apparently heard too many reports of the power of Harvard's low stroking, for it tried to steal the race with a sustained opening burst at forty-nine strokes to the minute. Unsurprisingly, several gaskets in the Isis machine blew out, and Harvard, all cool, quickly moved ahead and stayed there for the distance.

Tea talk during the interval was a bit thin, for there remained only Halcyon-Emanuel in the Princess Elizabeth, followed by two unredemptive, all-English finals for minor fours. Emanuel, however, moved off at once into an encouraging lead. By Fawley, they were two lengths up, and at the mile, when it was clear that they were not catchable, the race announcer lost his imperturbability and cried, "This is a beautiful crew, lifting right out of the water!" Someone on the bank broke out a large Union Jack, and Emanuel came champing toward us like some great threshing machine, accompanied by a wave of happy noise, and Henley was all right in the end, after all.

Following the racing, and before the balls and rowing dinners and fireworks, there were ceremonies on the steps of an open grandstand, facing the river and the flotilla of packed canoes and punts. T.S.C. carried away quantities of silverware; the Lady Margaret Boat Club rowers, who had won two college trophies, had the brightest blazers; and the Emanuel giants turned out to be schoolboys, pink and serious as they came down from the platform through clamorous applause. Then we cried three cheers for the rowers and stood up for "God Save the Queen." Everybody in the punts and canoes stood up, too, and, being members of a nation of water people, got through the anthem without falling into the Thames.

—Roger Angell

•

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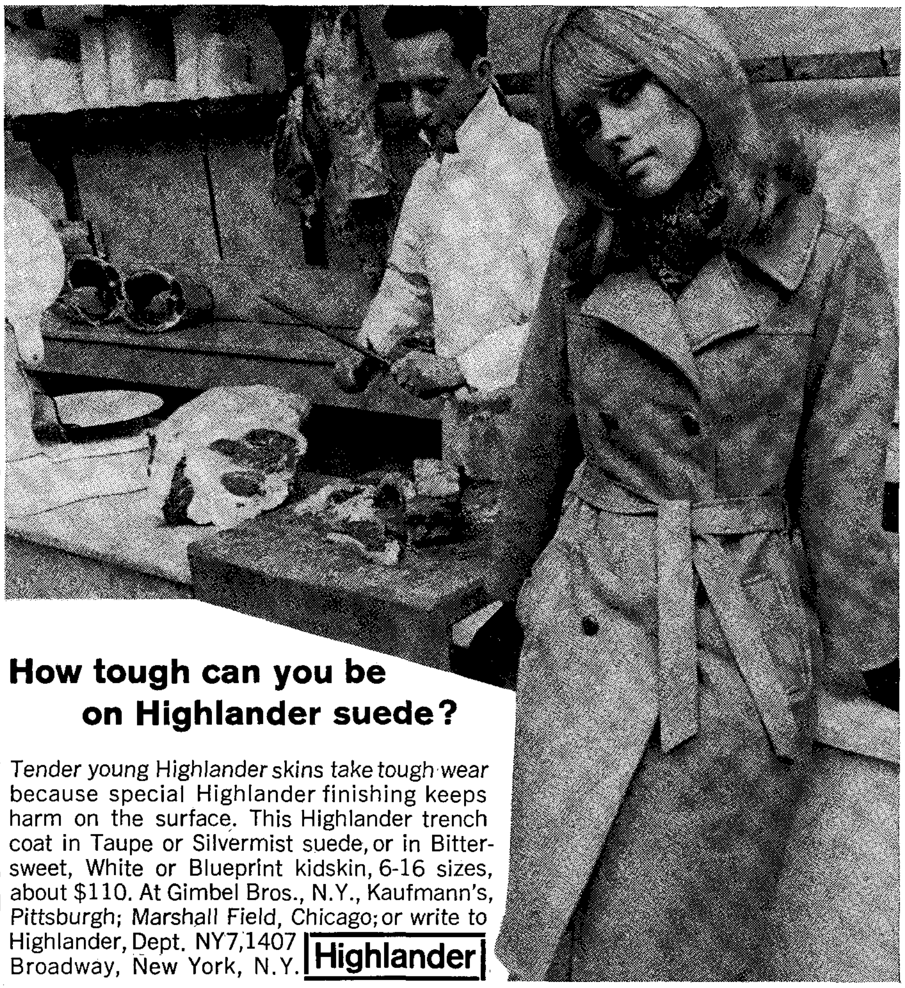

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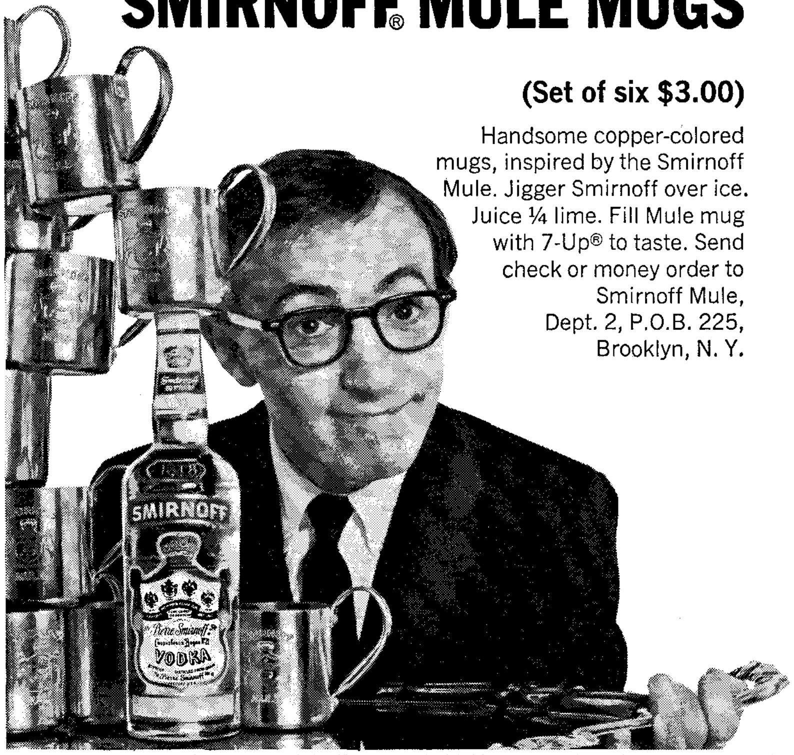

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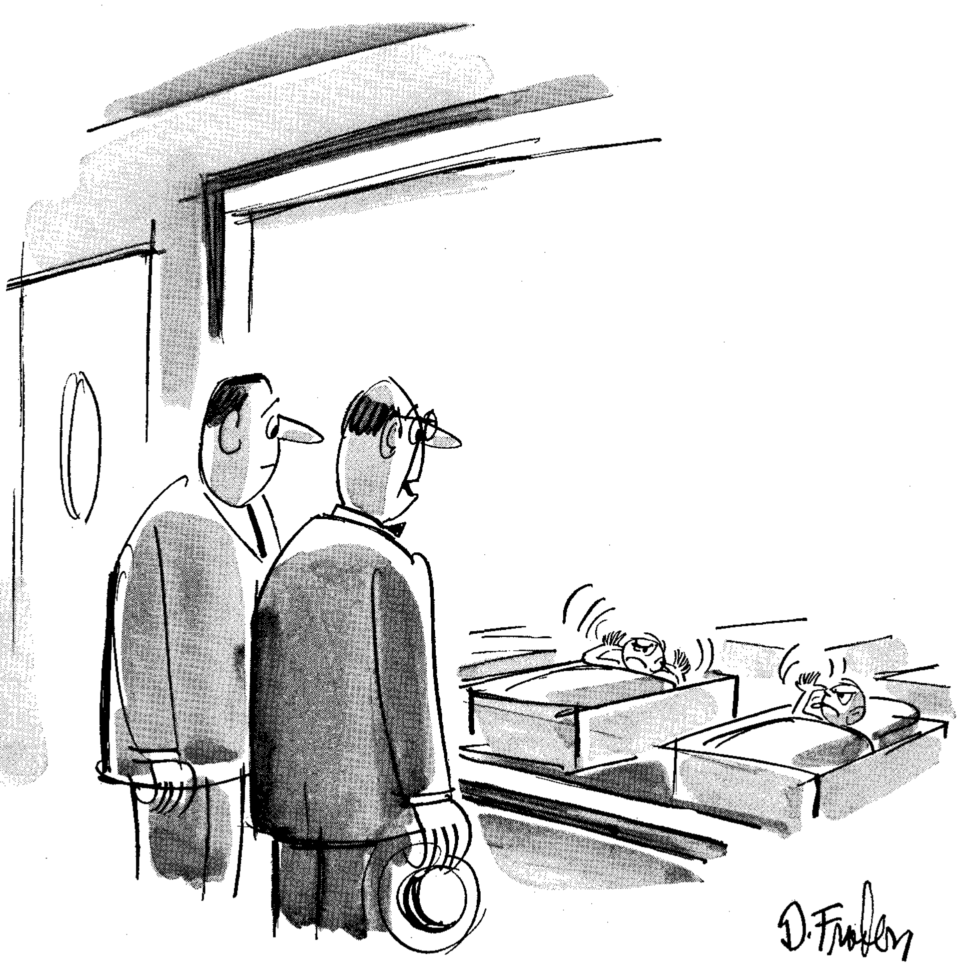
# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## THIS AND THAT

The inventors of the stuff to be observed in what are known as college shops may feel certain that they know all there is to know about thought transference, but they do not. The girl who dallies with higher education has a mind of her own, and a mind that can instantly become impenetrable for anything that it doesn't like. What it so often *does* like is to think up a costume (there is no other word for it) whose component parts may be standard but whose net result is wholehearted individuality. Whether she is playing at being an all-in-earnest drone swarming down the hills above Cayuga's waters in American dungarees and Aran Islands sweater on her way to a busy day in the School of Animal Husbandry or whether she is playing at being a queen bee departing in decorative if otherworldly habiliments from her Barnard dormitory to nab the train to a Princeton weekend, she is herself and nobody else. Thus it is that many a folly dreamed up by Seventh Avenue and similar sectors of Manhattan is born to blush unseen on any campus. And now, if you would like to see what the college girl will or will not be wearing between here and next June, will you please come along quietly with me?

Army will have a new football coach this fall, and—in his honor, I suppose—Altman's Young Colony College Shop is putting forth raiment in West Point colors. Such as long sweaters of black wool knit with two gold stripes high up on the sleeves, and slickers of black vinyl. More predictable is the presence of mini-skirts. In this emporium they are of black-and-white herringbone tweed, with belts of grosgrain striped in the Army gold and black. For time out off the football field, there are shirts of white oxford cloth with four-in-hand ties of silk striped in the same hues, and tasselled scarves of similarly striped wool knit. And there are tights of Helanca in matching colors, with (the nearest approach to true femininity) a fairly ornamental pomponed garter below one knee. I'm not sure *what* institution the Christmassy shifts of bottle-green wool jersey with red numerals emblazoned on the chest represent—Santa Claus Tech, maybe. Another inevitability is the presence of pants suits, which are just about everywhere else, too. Some of them are out-and-out jet set, and never mind *them*, but the ones here may do—jackets and trousers of orange wool with yellow crossbars, and sleeveless turtleneck sweaters of yellow wool jersey. These are $50 a set—a high price in this collection. *And* jumper dresses—well, why not? These are of tan wool ornamented with tiny navy and white checks. They are slit down the sides as far as the hip patch pockets. *And* vinyl, another inevitability, put forth in the guise of trenchcoats, double-breasted jackets, trousers, skirts; the hue is a taxicab yellow, and the embellishment is maroon and navy pinstripes. There are, in addition, over-the-shoulder pouches of the stuff, but enough togetherness is enough. If nature rather than chemical wonders is the consideration, turn to the fur department and the resplendent trenchcoats of café-au-lait Bavarian calf fur bound with matching capeskin and tagged at $500.



*"Good heavens! Now they're being born alienated!"*

The College Shop in Saks Fifth Avenue believes in natural surroundings, too, such as reversible greatcoats of lapin dyed part leopard leopard and part snow leopard, with green billiard-cloth wool on the other side, and such as reversible greatcoats that are opossum on one slope and camel-hued wool on the other; $195 and $395, respectively. Equally fancy (but less expensive) for what college life appears to be today are the three-piece deals, especially when the cardigans and the gored skirts are of purple wool jersey and the turtleneck sweaters are of ribbed fuchsia wool knit. Girls whose boots are seven-leaguers may, on the other hand, prefer the sort of riding-habit combination of long jackets and trousers of brown wool, or the combination of pea jackets and mildly bell-bottom trousers of navy gabardine. The accompaniment is provided by sweaters.

Bonwit Teller's college lair is on the seventh floor. What the establishment thinks of as Dr. Zhivago overcoats (at $140)—black Melton cloth

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with expansive collars of black Persian lamb—are queenly in concept but faintly queen-mother in effect. Cherry jersey, sometimes quilted and sometimes not, serves for slightly fitted button-up-high jackets, for A-line skirts, and for overblouses. For extracurricular life, there are long-sleeved, collarless dresses of gray wool with a lot of giant four-leaf clovers embroidered in three or four colors, and sleeveless ones of grass-green wool jersey slightly dizzy with bands of pink jersey and with wine, red, gold, and chartreuse bows. More dizziness is afforded by the glittery rayon knits that are used for the overblouses (broad white and pale-blue stripes) and the pleated blue skirts, these attached to bodices of white taffeta; $30. And, naturally, there are clothes for pomp and circumstance—long and high-necked wool ones (Shocking pink mingled with lavender and a vivid Paisley pattern) and long and décolleté ones (red rayon velvet and ivory cotton hopsacking with a cherry-and-olive floral print). These cost about the same.

Judith Shahn

LORD & TAYLOR does not keep its undergraduate stuff all in one place, but most of it is on the fifth floor, from which this broadcast emanates. The leaders of the big-budget pack are wonderful coats of faintly furry suèded calf in camel hue, with belts in back above inverted pleats and topped by epaulets; $275. Also in this category are windbreaker jackets of the calf, but dyed mouse gray and accompanied by brief box-pleated skirts of beige-brown-gray-and-white wool plaid; $215, which includes a turtleneck sweater of white wool. College wouldn't be college without corduroy, which L. & T. has in putty, to make trenchcoats, trousers, and one-piece culotte dresses whose V necks end below the waist (high-necked blouses of Shocking matelassé fill in the V-neck gaps)—these at prices much, much lower. The inextinguishable Norfolk jacket has its place, for trouser suits of gray wool knit; $55. And cardigans have theirs—in a French-poodle stitch involving teal blue, navy, and plum. It is hard to be sure, though, about the Indian-maiden sweaters in a seething mass of colors and stripes that ride off rapidly in all directions at once; the fringe dangling from the hip-length hem stays right where it is, though. The stretch trousers with which these are mated are content to appear in just plain teal, plum, avocado, or black.

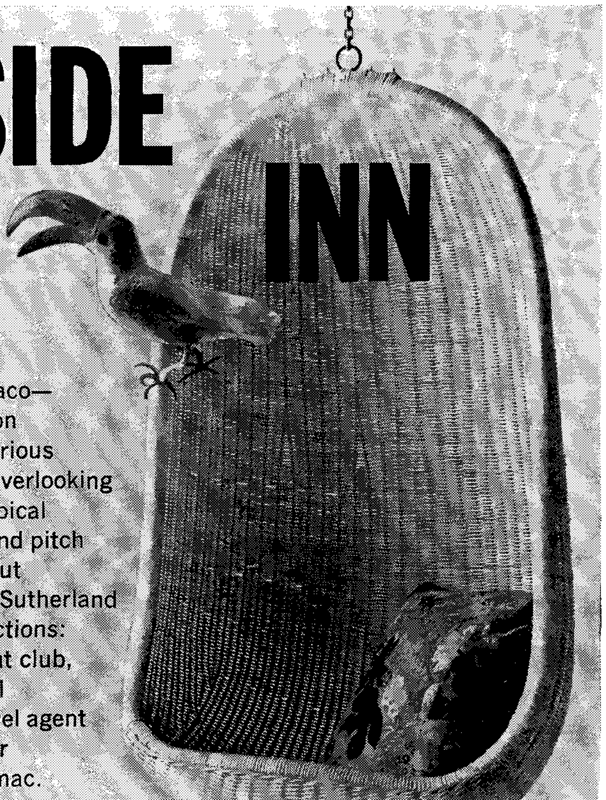
OHRBACH'S campus area, on its second floor, might pass at first glance for a Carnaby Street West, because it could caparison a midwinter-night's Modness, with items that never go above $8.99—Mod caps of white or black vinyl, vests of black vinyl lined with black-and-white flowered cotton, hipster trousers of natural cotton hopsacking with contrasting belts, four-in-hand ties of navy-and-yellow flowered cotton challis. For camping on the old tent ground: safari pants suits of chalk-striped gray flannel (these are $45), and vest and hipster trousers and mini-skirts of *soi-disant* zebra fur, and blue denim shirts, and ammunition pouches, on adjustable straps, of olive canvas. All well and all good, but the battle jackets and skirts in Army olive and the green berets can be done without. Every shop has sweaters, but there is something extra about the Ohrbach ones, brought from Italy, and at a mere $12.99, of all-mixed-up wool and Lurex in black and gold, or brown and gold, or four varieties of stripe, to be worn with trousers of wool knit in solid hues.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH'S Active Sports Department is expecting the worst winter of all, though as yet no moss is growing on the north side of the multitudinous array of coats it has in stock. We might as well begin with the reversible hooded greatcoats of double-faced camel wool on one side and wool in a white-raspberry-and-camel plaid on the other. A. &. F. must still be a conservative at heart, though; the wraparound skirts of camel wool that go with them are the only ones I have seen that are long enough to graze the knees. The trenchcoats are English—water-repellent cotton corduroy in buttered rum, at $85. (The others are $98.) Double-breasted box coats of natural buckskin have broad, notched collars that can pull up to shelter the ears, and horn buttons are the fasteners; $115. Pea jackets are all over the city; the ones here are a blend of wool and natural camel's hair—and you don't find *that* everywhere. White flannel trousers are what you expect on young males along the Italian Riviera, not on girls at the Dartmouth Winter Carnival, but here they are, ready to go, and in the company of Scotch turtleneck sweaters of cashmere in a white cable stitch.

THE separates are the first things to trap the eye in Best's college domain, for the plaid wool they're made of is quite active—yellow, red, royal blue, and black. Anyone can guess what to expect: jackets, box-pleated skirts, A-line skirts, slacks, hipster knickerbockers, visor caps, poor-boy sweaters (these last in gold or black wool knit). The prices are all far from heartbreaking. So much for the poor boy, or the tomboy, in all of us. Three-piece, and more feminine, arrangements (jacket, skirt, slacks) appear in olive cotton velours with a print of very small flowers in assertive hues, and—in between tomboy and tomgirl—there are ponchos of basketweave wool in brown and white checks and fastening high on the chest with the customary wooden balls.

DE PINNA has set up a Junior Sportswear Department (sizes 5 to 15), and it really means what its name says—ponchos clearly made out of Army blankets, with attached hoods (there are black tassels on the hoods to prove that these items are truly for girls), and trenchcoats and straight trousers of water-defying amethyst rayon covert cloth, and jacket-length trenchcoats of wool in a blue-orange-and-white plaid, and moderately bell-bottom trousers of the same wool (the billowy bell bottoms seem to have gone into a decline), and trousers of chamois cotton corduroy to go with vests of a curly but artificial lamb in oyster white. The vests are lined with the many-hued Paisley cotton of the shirts beneath them.

THE Country & Casual Shop in Bergdorf Goodman's stately mansion gives plenty of room to separates of wool knit, but they are suave rather than inflammatory, even though the colors are often vibrant. I cite the straight or faintly bell-bottom trousers in purple and the cuffed-sleeved shirts with button-down collars. What B. G. regards as referee shirts arrive in vertical stripes of purple and lilac, and thigh-length pullovers with crew necks are striped in even more insistent colors. The pea jackets here can be of ruby wool knit (their companions are gored



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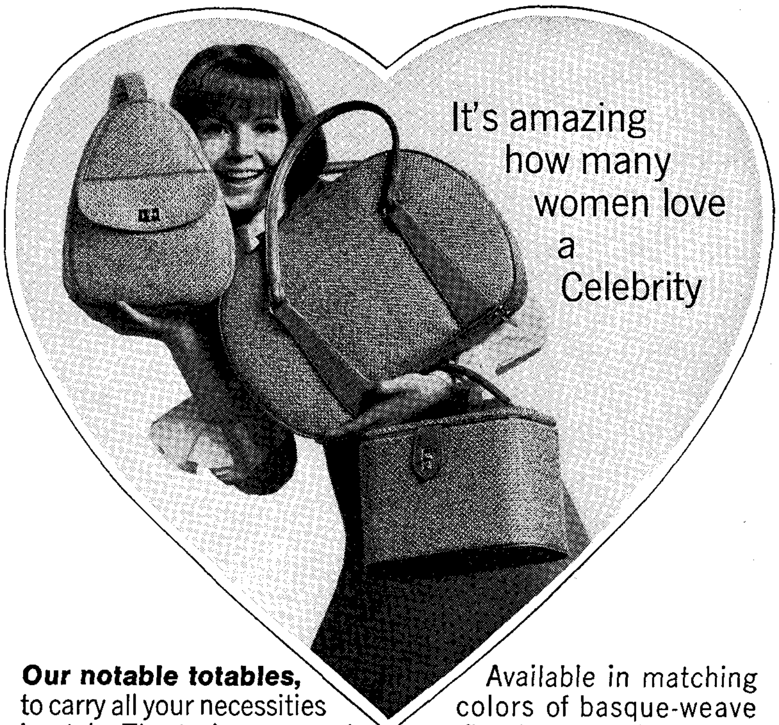

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skirts and pullovers, both of the knit, in narrow horizontal stripes of ruby, black, and Shocking, plus ruby knee socks) or of sedate black wool (*their* companions are black-and-white-striped morning trousers of the wool). The sweaters that are to join these parties wear what the shop calls muscle sleeves, because they end at the biceps; black ribbed wool is the substance.

Design Research, which has two warrens (53 East 57th Street and 866 Lexington Avenue, at the corner of 65th Street), began life by captivating Radcliffe scholars before it embraced New York. Now it has captivated me with a set of "winter" cotton dresses (Finnish, naturally) that are really year-round dresses—shifts with round, collarless throats and long sleeves, in an orange-and-Beaujolais print of what must be fish scales; shifts with elbow sleeves billowing out below half-moon yokes, in natural cotton across which drift brown anemones and beige flotsam; tent dresses in mulberry, with black pindots over all, except on the bib and the cuffs, which are white with *mulberry* dots; dressed-up frocks, in white with a large brown overcheck, that hang straight all the way down to the thighs, where box-pleated flounces begin—even so, the hems are above the knees. And so on, and so on. —M. M.

•

## HOMECOMING

(M.W.W., 1910-1964)

I sit on my father's porch.
It is late. The evening, like
An old dog, circles the hills,
Anxious to settle. Across
Our road, the fields and fruit trees,
Hedgerows and, out beyond, in
Another state, the misty
Approaches to the mountains
Go quietly dark. In the
Close corners of the yard, white
Cape jasmine blossoms begin
To radiate light, become
Cold eyes. Into the sky the
Soft, loose Milky Way returns,
Gathering stars as it swarms
Deeper into the west. Now
Fireflies, like drops of blood, squirt
Onto the stiff leaves of the
Ivy vines, onto the bell
Lilies. Now I remember
Why I am here, and the sound
Of a breathing no longer
My own cuts through as I wait
For what must happen, for the
Flurry of wings, your dark claw.

—Charles Wright

# LETTER FROM PARIS

AUGUST 16

UP to a dozen years ago, the Grand Trianon, that perfect small one-story pleasure pavilion of pink and pale-green marble, built in 1687 for Louis XIV so that he could get away from the vast formalities of nearby Versailles, was so widely appreciated for what the French for almost three centuries called its *charme mélancolique* that it was permitted to fall almost into ruin by 1953, and the roof leaked. Three years ago, under the inspiration of M. André Malraux, Minister of Cultural Affairs, the Grand Trianon began undergoing not only salvation but a triple transformation. From these it emerged on view this summer as a museum with historic furnishings, such as royal beds for tourists to stare at by day and for the Fifth Republic's most honored guests eventually to sleep in. For now the Trianon is to function as a guesthouse for visiting heads of state and their suites, plus—its third use—serving as the suburban Presidential residence of General and Mme. de Gaulle, where they may personally offer hospitality to distinguished visitors. The de Gaulles' apartment (not on view to the public but early photographed in all its intimate colors by the weekly magazine *Match*, for every eye) occupies a two-story section of the palace, at the rear, where "the trees almost enter my windows," pleasantly wrote the King's daughter-in-law the Princess Palatine, whose scandalous letters home usually concentrated on Versailles's malodorous drains, which outraged her German sense of cleanliness. The de Gaulles' bedroom contains narrow twin beds (certainly the first ever introduced into so notable a pleasure haunt) covered by cherry-colored *toile d'Aix*, specially woven from an old design. Their bathrooms are two of the four de-luxe *chef-d'état* plumbing installations—the twenty-one regular guest bathrooms being merely of mahogany and white marble, with ivory handles for the faucets. Casings of burled ash enclose the lavabos and bathtubs, the General's outsize and rare tub having been bought second-hand and then completely reënamelled. The pavilion's *boiseries* are among the best remaining of the Louis XIV epoch, and many of the bibelots and furnishings are Louis XVI, but a significant amount is early Napoleon, such as the salon's Consulat chairs, ornamented with bronze Sphinxes after his victorious Egyptian battles. Like all the better Trianon furnishings, they have mostly come from the Mobilier National, that replete state warehouse of dynastic second-hand furniture left from the destructions of French history.

It being well known that after the French Revolution the Trianon furniture was sold dirt cheap, presumably as royal rubbish, it seems captious even of the always argumentative Parisians to complain that the glorious Louis XIV Trianon is today furnished largely by the upstart Napoleon Bonaparte. For, after all, it was he who in 1805, as Emperor, fitted out the empty little palace anew, and naturally in his own untutored meridional, semi-Egyptian, often loud-colored historical style, and gave it to his mother, Madame Mère (who did not like it and rarely used it). His Tuileries bed, now in the finest of the Trianon's state guest chambers (former bedroom of the Sun King himself), probably serves as a kind of key to the transmutations among France's rulers—usually old and never very young—surrounded by the power struggles of their mistresses or cast-off wives, by the crowds of royal relatives, and by the inbred atmosphere and the frequent political dramas, which, all together, made the Trianon such a fantastic, famous royal picnic ground, when it was not a damp bore near a canal. It was down this canal that the Versailles intimates en route to the Trianon were rowed for perhaps an hour in great painted galleys (or else they were coached down through the fountained parks), usually returning to Versailles at night. The key Bonaparte bed is gilded, and when it was in the Tuileries it bore his double-eagled coat of arms. After St. Helena, it passed to the next ruler, once more of royal blood—Louis XVIII, who died in it. This so alarmed his successor, Charles X, grandson of Louis XV, that he never slept in it at all, in his brief career passing only one night in the Trianon, where he paused while fleeing toward exile after the angry, small 1830 revolution that his anti-liberalism had provoked. This unrest brought in his kinsman Louis-Philippe as the liberal citizen-king, who had his own coat of arms carved on Napoleon's bed and slept in it domestically, being the father of nine chil-

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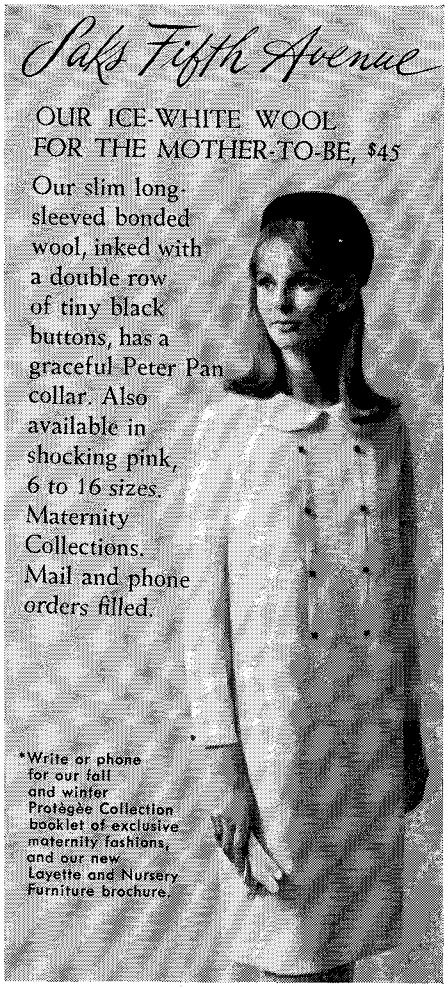
dren. It was he who donated the famous Bonaparte bed to the Trianon, which he loved and partly rehabilitated. He built a new chapel in Louis XIV's old billiard room and transferred the lovely *boiseries* from the Versailles apartment of the late, headless Marie-Antoinette to his own salon in the dainty pleasure palace. But his pro-English policies led to the little 1848 revolution against him, and to his abdication. En route to admirable England, like Charles X, he, too, paused, even in his haste, to sleep at the Trianon for the last time, and probably in his and Napoleon's own bed.

The Trianon was less sinful than Versailles. At the age of sixty, Louis XIV moved from the Trianon's left wing to its right to be closer to pious Mme. de Maintenon, who, though he had secretly married her, still held to the enviable, more powerful public position of *Maîtresse en Titre*. Things were somewhat livelier when his great-grandson Louis XV grew up. He gave the Trianon to his Queen but took it back to give it to his extraordinary, intelligent mistress Mme. de Pompadour, with whom he openly shared Mme. de Maintenon's former apartment, made over, and there entertained Czar Peter the Great.

The Trianon is still a great novelty to visit and look at, even on the inevitable guided tour. There are twenty-six rooms to see, of varying interest. Some of them remain exquisite in themselves, such as Louis XIV's long, narrow banqueting hall, its tall garden windows alternating with tall panel pictures by Jean Cotelle, ordered from him by the King himself and depicting the Versailles and Trianon gardens, fountains, cascades, and tended perspectives. Napoleon's exiguous private bedroom is fascinating, almost feminine, decorated according to his own design in chamois-colored moiré silk polka-dotted with minuscule brown stars. His bathroom carpet imitates a leopard skin. His Salon des Malachites features this violent exotic green stone (given him by Czar Alexander I after Tilsit), used as a candelabra pedestal, a tabletop, and so on. In Louis-Philippe's Grand Salon, for typical family utility, there is a mahogany table (made by the celebrated *ébéniste* Alphonse Jacob) equipped with numbered drawers, one for each of the princesses to keep her crochet work in, and what are listed as "two big, comfortable armchairs, Restoration style," presumably for the parents, with some less comfortable small matching chairs placed in a circle for the children. The Salon des Glaces is a powerful sight,



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with its alternating rectangular and arched mirrors reflecting its massive gold and white furniture, its bronze torch holders (some of them originals), designed by the famed metalworker Thomire, and its vivid blue curtains in the "Four Corners of the World" pattern, earlier woven for Marie-Antoinette and never used, which Napoleon's mother insisted on buying, giving them a raison d'être at last.

The Trianon's famous gardens deserve a final word. They were first planted by Lenôtre himself, then a veteran Royal Gardener in his seventies. He said that his gardens were composed of flowers "in millions of pots," changed every day, to be freshly in bloom. His tuberoses were so splendid that Mme. de Maintenon complained of them, declaring that their excessive perfume at dusk drove everyone indoors. This summer's Trianon parterre garden was in Lenôtre's passementerie style: low mixed pink and scarlet begonias, knotted occasionally by a clump of blue ageratum, and threaded here and there by yellow calceolaria—quite like floral embroidery patterning the ground.

M. Jacques Bruneau is the amiable-looking but alarming Prefect of the Allier *département*, in the Burgundy section of France. It was he who on August 6th sat under a tree by a hilly country highway and sicked his motorcycle gendarmes onto any passing motorist who crossed the road's painted yellow line, suspended the lawbreaker's driver's license for a month or more, fined him to boot, and advised him to start walking toward the nearest railroad station, if any, to continue his journey (unless he had with him someone with a driver's license who could

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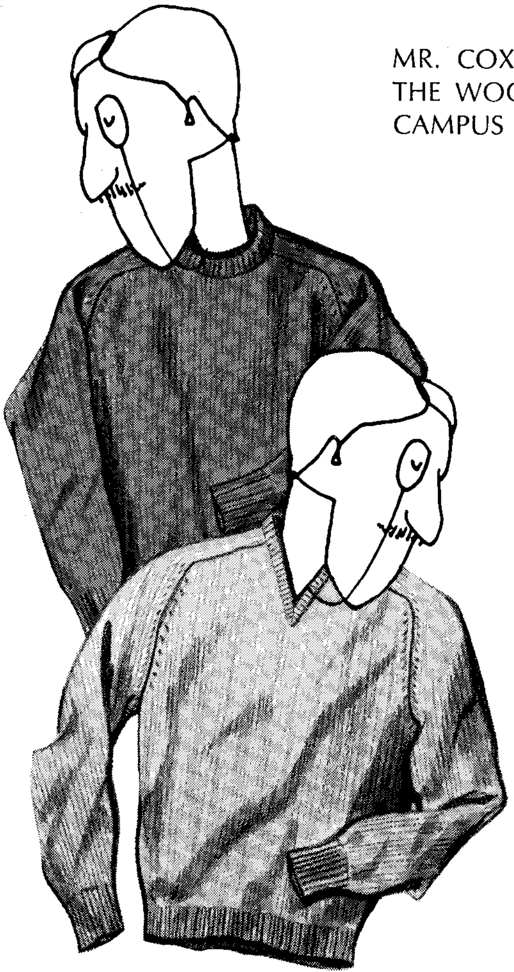

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take the wheel of his car). Bruneau immediately became front-page news all over France for his indignant, perfectly legal, well-organized campaign against *les chauffards*—France's multitudinous dangerously bad drivers—whom he called *les assassins de la route*. He played it tricky, setting up a roadside *tribunal d'exception* to get quick action, with his gendarmes disguised as tourists and sitting in ordinary cars stationed beside the roads with the hoods up, as if with engine trouble, but equipped with radios to warn the police farther on whom to wave down. Angry husbands swore that taking driving risks was normal, wives argued, and children bawled that now they wouldn't get to see *Grandmaman* or the ocean, with their holiday wiped out, and with everything, including their names, what they had said, and what Papa's law infraction had been, reported in the papers, as other *départements* everywhere began taking note of Bruneau's crackdown to reduce France's appalling road deaths and accidents. His special aim by starting early in August, he said, was to "avoid the national hecatomb of August 15th"—that major national fête of the Assumption of the Virgin, and invariably the bloodiest driving period of the year. In the government's backing of Bruneau's campaign, the Minister of the Interior, M. Roger Frey, informed all France's prefects a week ago Wednesday, just before the exceptionally long four-day Assumption weekend, that the Allier system of immediate suspension of drivers "guilty of grave errors" would be continued everywhere. As a result of all this publicity, motorists generally were cowed into relative prudence over the fête. The Assumption road tragedies, reported Tuesday, were 144 dead and 3,915 injured (365 seriously), as against last year's 151 killed and 4,210 injured—seven lives economized.

According to Bruneau, the infractions of the *Code de la Route* that bring the greatest death and destruction here are failure to obey traffic lights; crossing the yellow line, especially to get ahead of cars in front of you; ignoring stop signs; driving too fast; and failing to yield priority to those on the right, which many Frenchmen seem to think shows a lack of virility. But of all these, crossing the yellow line is Bruneau's bête noire. "The yellow line is a wall," he states categorically. It was at first reported that his Allier had had an absolutely clean holiday slate. Not true, alas. It had merely the best record in all France, with only two accidents on

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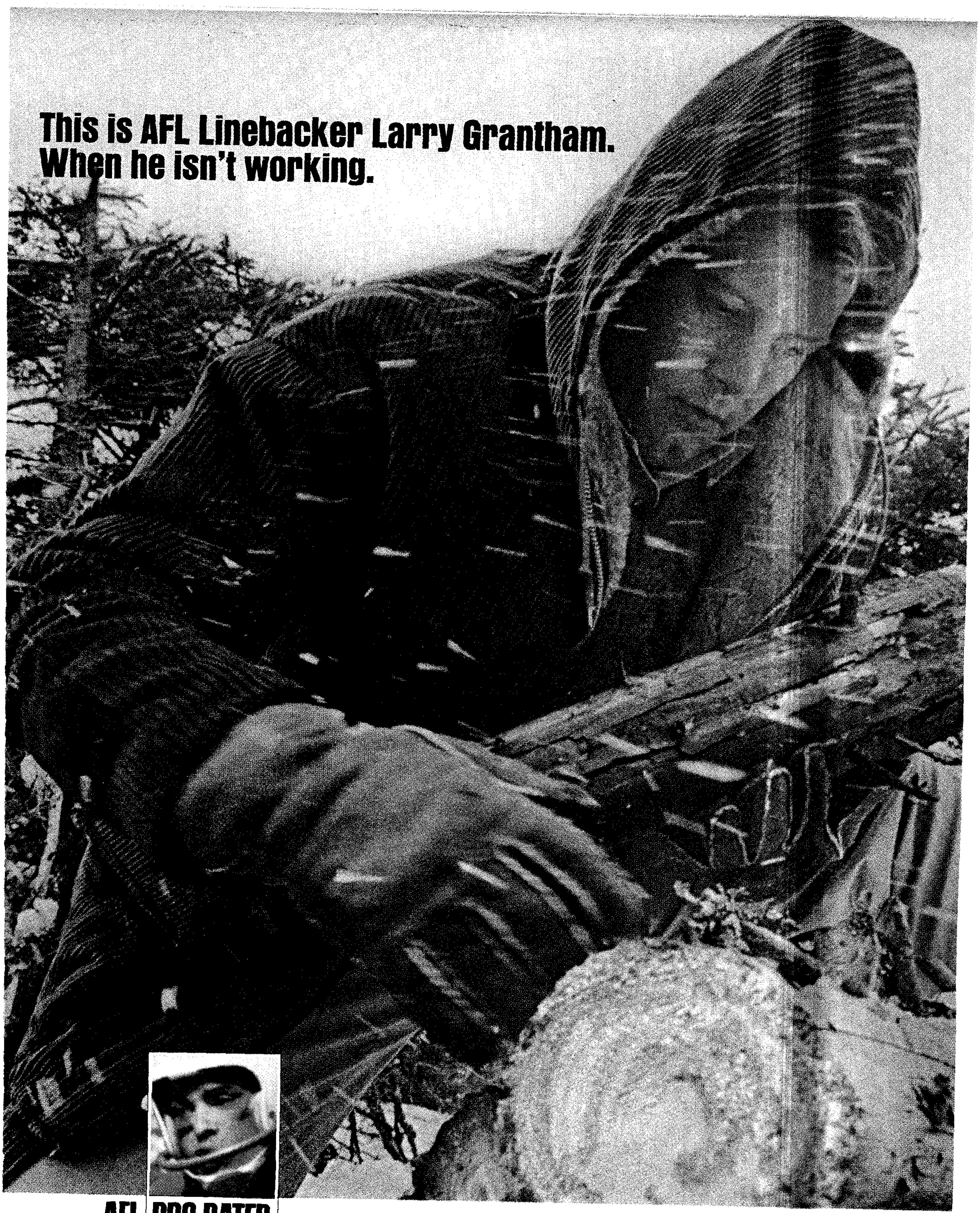

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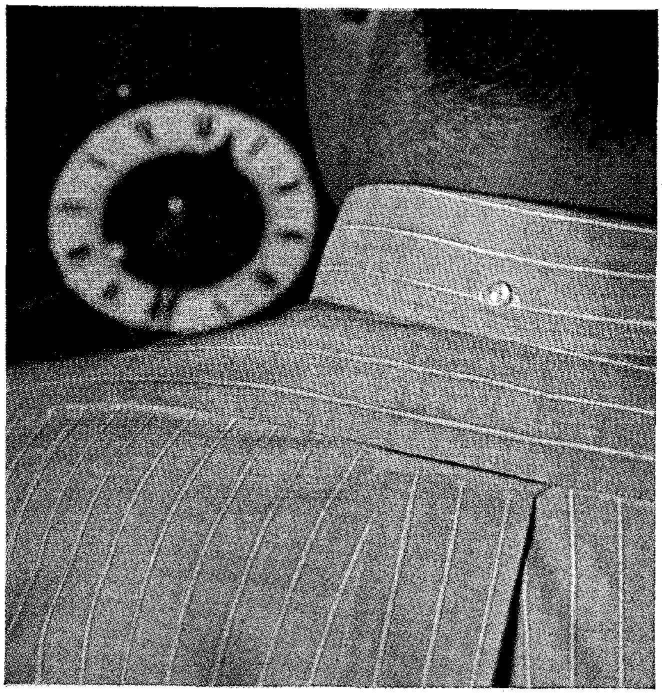
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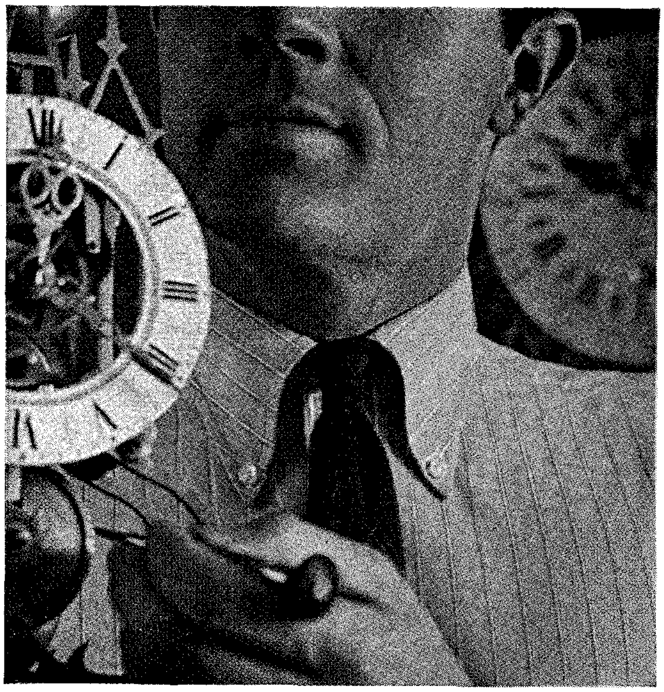
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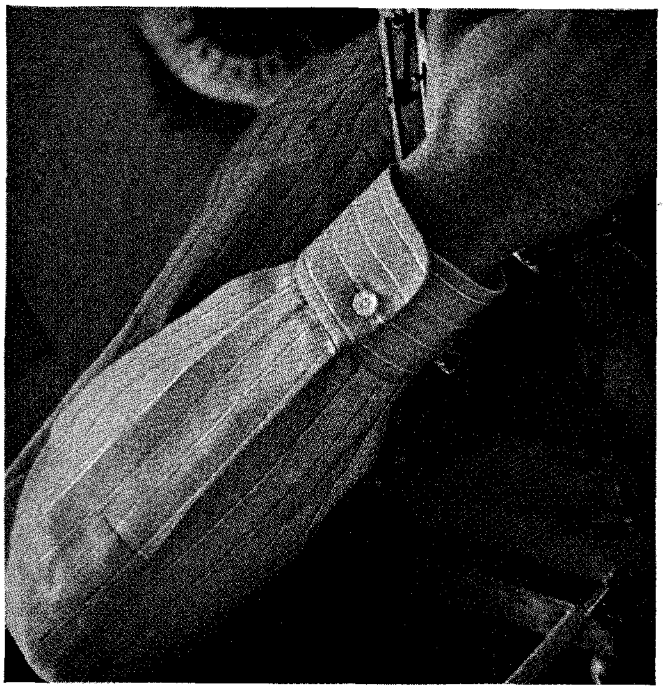
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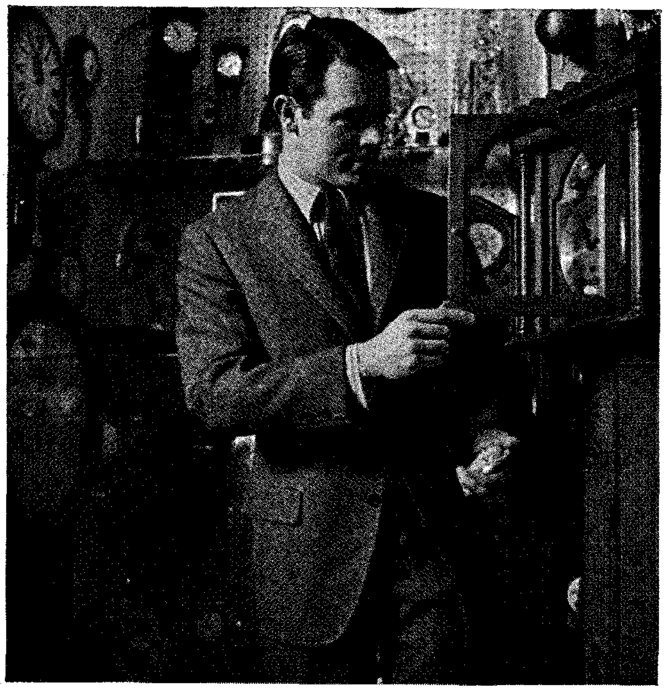
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THE declaration published in last week's *Nouvel Observateur*, the leading leftist independent intelligentsia weekly, by former Premier Mendès-France, was a brief consolidation of the general French opinion (not always the case with his ideas) on the Vietnam conflict—something the French think he can be an authority on, since he stopped their apparently endless hemorrhagic war in Indo-China in 1954. His declaration started by his saying that the escalation of violence grows worse day by day. "It risks spreading the fire that blazes in Southeast Asia to other nations and continents. It revolts all those attached to peace and who respect the dignity of man. For a quarter century, the Vietnamese people have endured their Calvary with courage and pride . . . and each new ordeal stiffens them still more in their interminable combat for their liberty. . . . The reëstablishment of peace will come not through the inhuman intensification of suffering and mourning for the dead but through negotiation with the true representatives of the Vietnamese people"—a reference to the Vietcong, most of the French press thought. Then he asked, "How many more atrocities are needed for these obvious truths to be recognized and accepted as the basis of the necessary and urgent negotiations?"

—GENÊT

•

## INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Pirates of the Brig Cyprus," by Clune and Stephensen*]

It was typical of the convict slave system that its victims were expected not only to grovel to petty tyrants for mitigation of their punishments, but also to attempt to exonerate themselves by inculpating others. —*Page 80.*

A man who would exculpate himself by inculpating others is rightly regarded as the lowest of the low. —*Page 82.*

. . . most, if not all, of them would conform to the usual pattern of criminal behaviour, and each would try to exculpate himself by inculpating others. —*Page 129.*

It was a typical statement of a nark, attempting to exculpate himself by inculpating others. —*Page 143.*

He was claiming no immunity as an informer exculpating himself and inculpating others. —*Page 164.*

The trend of Pobjoy's evidence was to inculpate Davis and Watts fully, and to exculpate Swallow, Stevenson and Beveridge, to a certain extent. —*Page 169.*

. . . but now he attempted to exculpate himself, inculpating others by name. —*Page 177.*

. . . irrevocably inculpating her brother. —*Page 184.*

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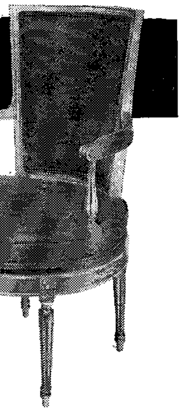

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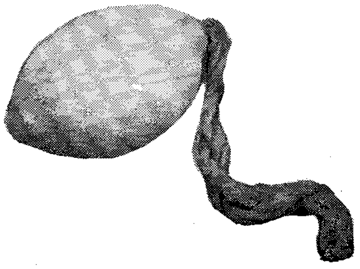

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *The Dead Hand of the Present*

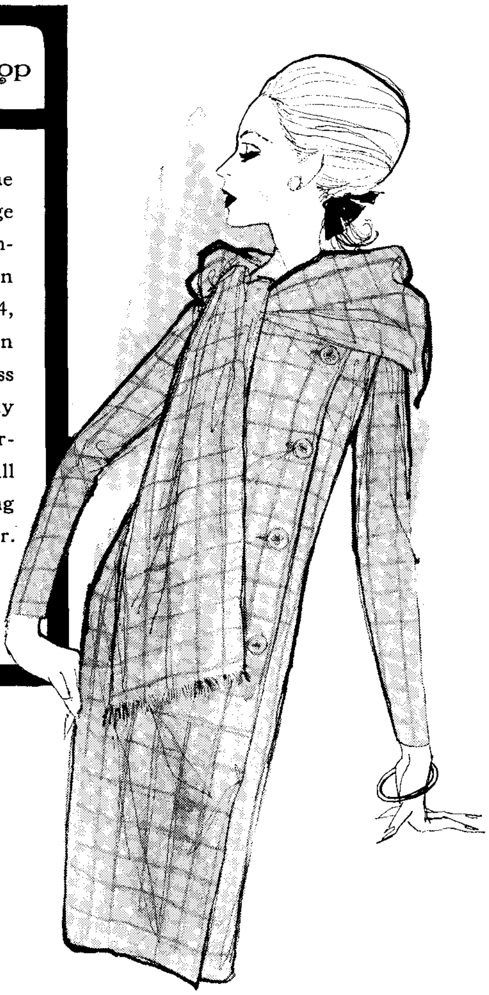
IT is a sad fact that nearly all the musical events capable of exciting the enthusiasm of critics and audiences today have to do with the work of great performing artists. As for the composer, his role is becoming more and more marginal. News that a new composition is going to be performed rarely raises a ripple of expectancy, as it did during the period that ended with Debussy, Strauss, and Sibelius. What the news means now, as a rule, is that one must get ready to withstand a certain amount of boredom. This is not, as you probably know, a new complaint of mine. Something is thoroughly wrong with the art of musical composition; it is, in fact, rapidly ceasing to be an art at all, to judge by what is being set before us. The symptoms accompanying this odd situation, however, are interesting, and I have recently come across some more of them.

One is the cult of unsuccess among composers. Ask any young worker in this field why he doesn't write music that gives pleasure, or at least musical experience, to an audience, and he will reply, "Heavens! I might become successful," as if he were being tempted by the Devil, and he is perfectly sincere. This is, on the face of it, a peculiar attitude. Composers, throughout the history of their art, have wanted to be successful, and most of the great ones have been. Why this sudden devotion to lack of success? Well, if you dig a little deeper, you will find that your young composer has read Nicolas Slonimsky's famous "Lexicon of Musical Invective"—a collection of all the mean things that were said about the great composers of the past either by critics or by fellow-composers. Slonimsky's book has become a bible among the innocent, and they will point out passages in it and say, solemnly, "Look what they said about Beethoven!" Now, there is a fundamental misunderstanding here. Slonimsky's "Lexicon" was, I am sure, intended as a work of humor—a carefully selected compendium of absurd things that critics and musicians have said. It does not make any pretension to completeness, and it is a delightful compilation, showing how wrong *some* people can be. But the fact is that Slonimsky has carefully collected all the unfavorable comments and avoided all the favorable ones, and usually his book reflects the opinions of minor, highly prejudiced, or crotchety writers. "What *they*"—meaning the majority of concertgoers of Beethoven's time—"said about Beethoven" is not quoted in it. Beethoven, like nearly all the other great composers, was a big success in his time, was lionized as much as he cared to be, made his living by his art, and, on the whole, was recognized as the giant he was. For every hostile review quoted by Mr. Slonimsky, there were many favorable ones. But quoting all these was not part of his plan, and, for that matter, it would have made his book a tedious instead of a diverting one. I am sure he never imagined that it would be taken as a history of typical reactions to composers during their lives. But this construction has been widely applied to it. Recently, in talking to an important foundation man, I learned, to my amazement, that he considered the "Lexicon of Musical Invective" a serious study of the problems of public acceptance that have faced composers throughout the history of music.

I shall now pass on to another symptom—the idea of deliberately destroying the art of music. I am neither joking nor exaggerating. I have as my authority no less a figure than the eminent critic and composer Virgil Thomson. In his preface to Jacques Chailley's "40,000 Years of Music," which I reviewed in this column some months ago, Mr. Thomson writes, "The composers of the world are masters, after all, in the house they have built, and are therefore entitled to destroy it if they wish, or can." Well, the sheer arrogance of this statement would be horrifying if it were not so silly. Mr. Thomson, one feels, ought at least to have consulted Mozart or Beethoven before making it. And precisely how could a composer, or a group of composers, go about "destroying" the art of music? Music is, as Mr. Chailley points out, an art that existed before composers were ever heard of, and one that would undoubtedly continue to exist for a long time, if perhaps not so nobly, should some unfortunate circumstance remove them from the scene. A composer cannot destroy music; all he can destroy is himself as a creative artist. But this is not the thing that really interests me about Mr. Thomson's airy statement. The interesting thing is his admission that there might be an *impulse* among contemporary composers to *attempt* to destroy it. Much of what is being written now would be easily explained by such a theory.

Avant-garde music today is an affair of technical tricks and schoolboy mathematics rather than musical expression. It is performed, for the most part, in diminutive concert halls, where audiences of a dozen to a hundred people (most of them, one suspects, friends of the composer) gather together, though now and then it is presented to larger groups. It does not show any sign of joining the mainstream, or of becoming the mainstream, of music in the future. The avant-garde works of 1915 are still avant-garde. The musical public is simply not interested in them, and when they are performed in large concert halls, they are, as a rule, merely tolerated. The avant-garde composers of today range a long way—from Mr. Stravinsky, last of the great figures of the twentieth-century decadence, down to men like John Cage. Now, Mr. Stravinsky has his importance and his admirers even among the main body of concertgoers, but Mr. Cage has not. Mr. Cage is not an important composer (though he attracts publicity out of all proportion to his position); he is not even an interesting composer; to my mind, he is not a composer at all—and this is so because, to me, his work has nothing to do with the communicative language of music. Mr. Cage is, perhaps, a sort of inventor. But, in an age teeming with astounding inventions, his seem restricted and trivial.

Other symptoms? I can't pretend to cover them all. But certainly one is a prevailing lack of humility on the part of the composer—humility toward the great composers of the past and toward their traditions and techniques; in short, toward the art he practices. Nearly all avant-garde composers see it as their duty to impose their "original" ideas on the art—a notion that would have horrified Mozart. And the reason I put "original" in quotes is that, as they use the word, it means not real originality but an overturning of the whole communicative language that is commonly understood by musicians and the musical public—something that would be comparable to the insistence that writers give up English and create new languages. Perhaps some of this highly



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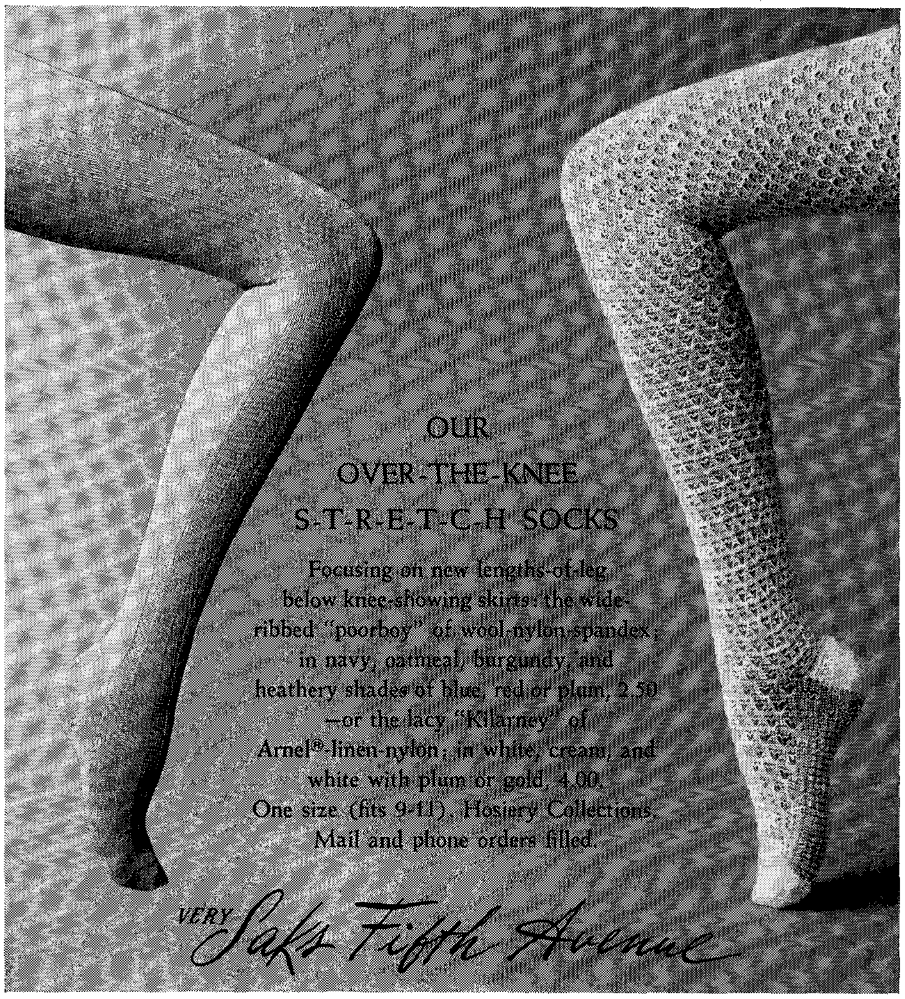

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arrogant activity arises from the avant-garde composer's terror of showing himself as he really is and being judged second-rate—a terror that drives him into doing things so incomprehensible that they cannot be judged. There is no disguise of personality more complete than the twelve-tone system or an electronic collage of street noises.

Contemporary avant-garde music is a deepening morass, and it is being further deepened by the Establishment—in this case, that small group of composers who serve on foundation juries and hand out the awards. But I do not despair, even though I have a feeling that our particular age, among all the ages of music history, is, paradoxically, going to turn out to be the *only one* in which the great composers were not appreciated during their lifetimes. And who are these unappreciated composers? They are the ones the Establishment will not allow to receive grants or even to be heard. I know a Greek-American composer, Harilaos Perpessa, who has had a hard time staying alive and clothed, and who is, I think, a symphonist of considerable importance. He has never received an award of any sort because his music is not avant-garde. What will happen when Pablo Casals dies and his many compositions are released to the world? Perhaps the discovery of a towering genius. What about the symphonies of Karl Amadeus Hartmann, which are said by some to be among the most important twentieth-century works of their kind? We are not permitted to hear them. What about the Austrian composer Franz Schmidt? What about our own Randall Thompson and Vittorio Giannini? It is true that a few composers of this genre are performed—and they are almost invariably successful when they are: Samuel Barber, Gian Carlo Menotti, Robert Ward, Douglas Moore. But I suspect that the majority of them lie buried, awaiting, as the familiar phrase has it, appreciation by future generations.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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## THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From "Parliament," in the London Times*]

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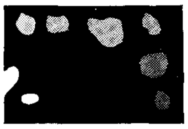

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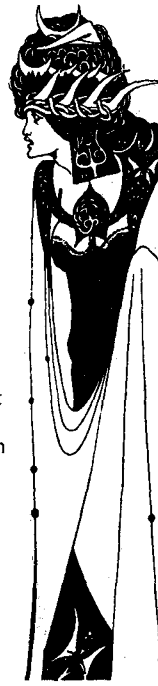

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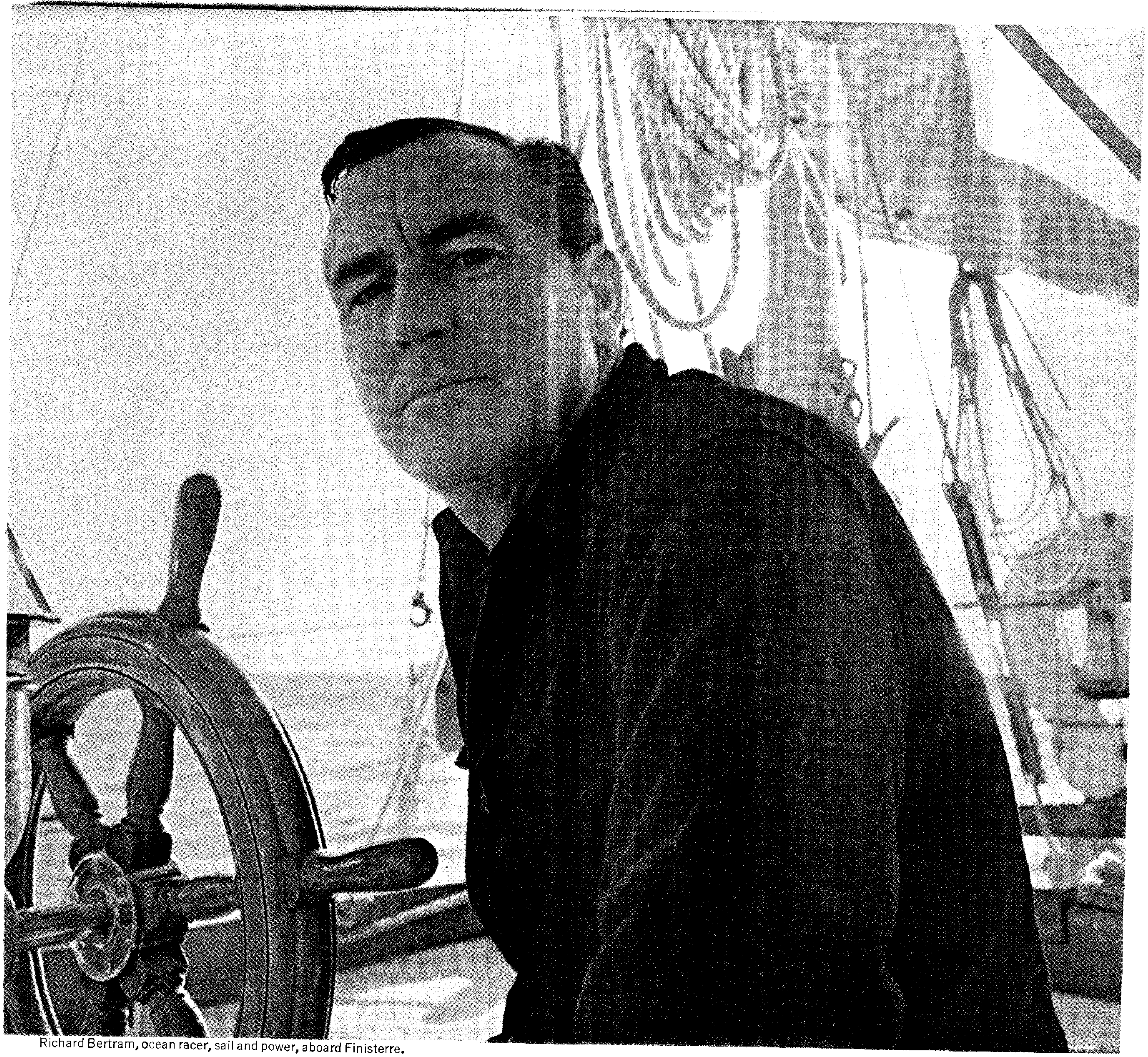

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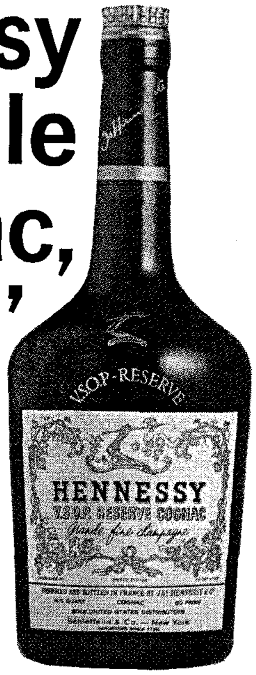
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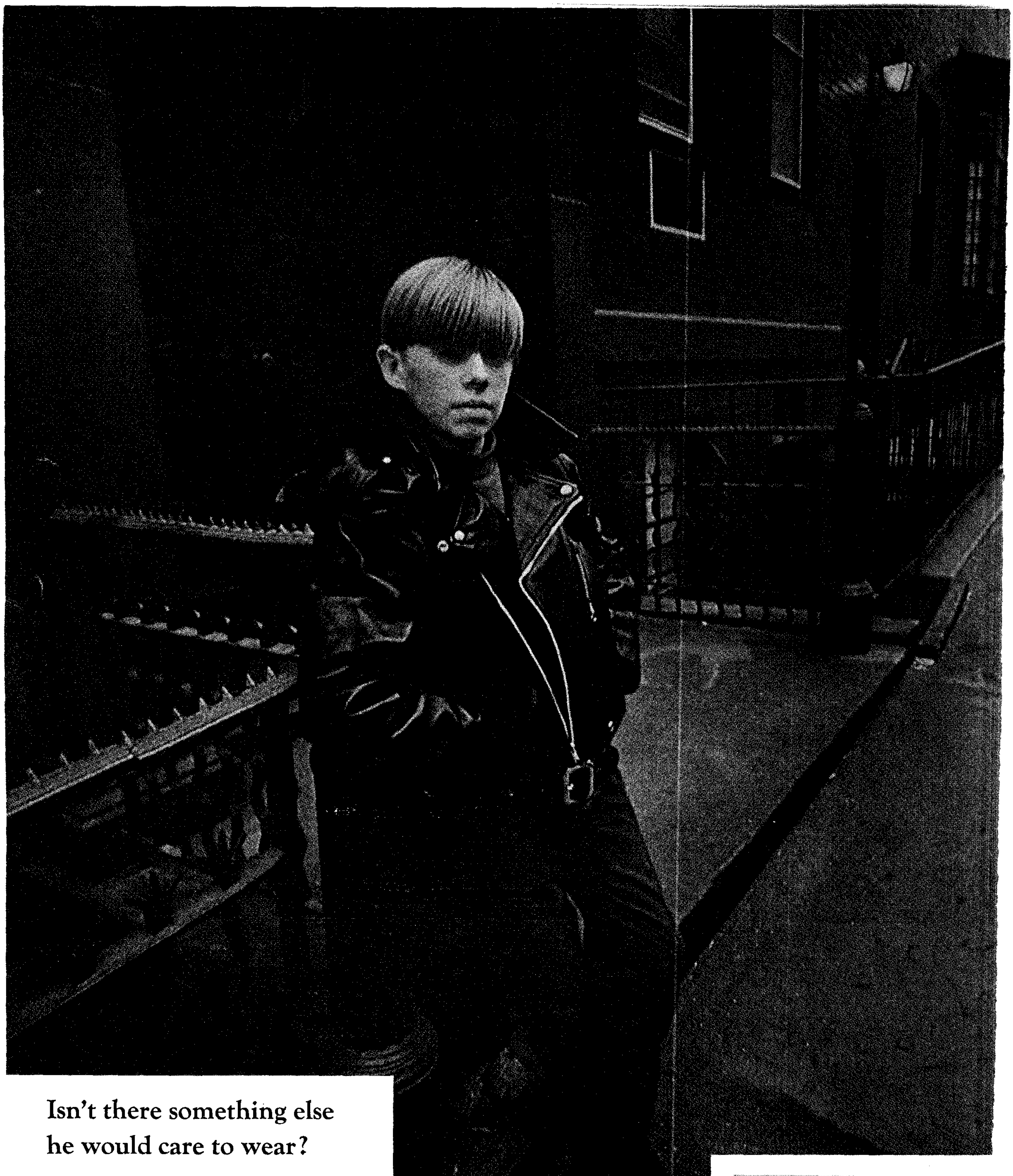

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Bidders on a Bender*

As everybody had expected, the bidding was out of sight at Saratoga the other evening during the first vendue of the Bieber-Jacobs horses, which brought $1,850,700 and culminated a fortnight of sales by various interests that brought a grand total of $7,607,000. There will be four more auctions of the Bieber-Jacobs stock over the next several months—in Maryland, Florida, California, and Kentucky—and how many millions they will bring is anyone's guess. To give you a rough idea of how the first session went, Charles W. Engelhard paid $310,000 for Admiring, a full sister of Priceless Gem and a half sister of Affectionately. This topped the record $235,000 for a broodmare paid by John du Pont for Berlo at the dispersal of his father's stable last winter. Mr. Engelhard, who bought Admiring for the stud in partnership with Paul Mellon, is a New Jersey industrialist with extensive mining interests in this country and in South Africa, where he is known as the Platinum King. The previous week, he gave $177,000 for a yearling filly by Sailor out of Levee—the all-time high for an animal of that age and sex. Earlier on in the Bieber-Jacobs sale, T. Mellon Evans, of Buckland Farm, in Virginia, who had paid $90,000 for one broodmare the night before at the Cliveden Stud sale, bought another—Treachery—for $117,000. Charles Verheyden, of Detroit, acquired Petticoat, still another mare, for $100,000. The Greentree Stable snapped up one share in the Hail to Reason syndicate for $161,000, and the Gainesway Farm snapped up another for $162,000. Hirsch Jacobs, whose failing health was the reason for the sale, listened in on the bidding by telephone at his home on Long Island, and when the three-year-old colt Exhibitionist seemed about to go for considerably less than the $250,000 he expected, he directed his brother Eugene to buy him in for $225,000.

They say that after Favorable Turn won the Saratoga Special, for two-year-olds, the other day, beating the odds-on Bold Hour and five others by seven lengths, sweepers at the track picked up eleven truckloads of past-performance records, tip sheets, and such. That is probably an exaggeration, but the result of the race certainly was a stunner. Favorable Turn, ridden by Ussery (his first time out since he broke his collarbone in June), followed the pace of Native Prince to the stretch and then pulled away. Bold Hour didn't seem to have the zip he'd had in the Flash Stakes, and was hard pressed to save second money from Top Bid. There used to be a particular glamour about the Special. Nominations to it were made many months in advance, and it was a real sweepstakes, for the winner took all the prize money. In its time it was won by as many top horses as the Futurity, among them Sysonby, whose skeleton is on permanent exhibition in the Museum of Natural History; Colin, who was never beaten; Regret, the only filly to win the Kentucky Derby; Jamestown, who beat Equipoise in the Derby; Whirlaway; Native Dancer—I could go on and on. With the march of progress, though, it is just the seventh race on the card.

The Alabama Stakes, Saratoga's oldest event for three-year-old fillies, is never a tame affair, and the recent eighty-sixth running was no exception. In fact, for the second year in succession it ended in a disqualification. Lady Pitt cut the corner too fine on the turn for home, crowding Natashka, whom she finally beat by a neck. So the stewards, after reviewing the incident, ordered the placings reversed. Later, they suspended Blum—who rode Lady Pitt—for ten days. In the race last year, Blum rode Discipline, whose number was also taken down. It was the second time Natashka had won out over Lady Pitt; the first was in the Monmouth Oaks last month. Owned by George F. Getty II, whose father, J. Paul Getty, is said to be the richest man in the world, Natashka is a dark-bay filly by Dedicate out of Natasha. Bought as a yearling from the Greentree Stable, she did not start as a two-year-old, but she is making up for lost time with six firsts in eight tries and $100,123 to date.

Memo to Station WNEW-TV announcers: The Alabama was not run at Saratoga Raceway. That track is for trotters. —Audax Minor

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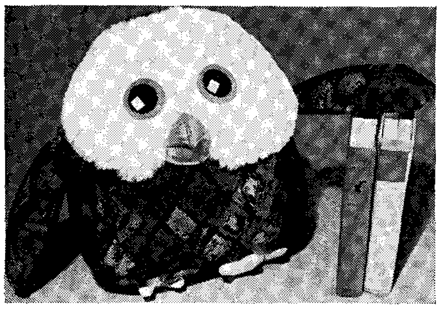

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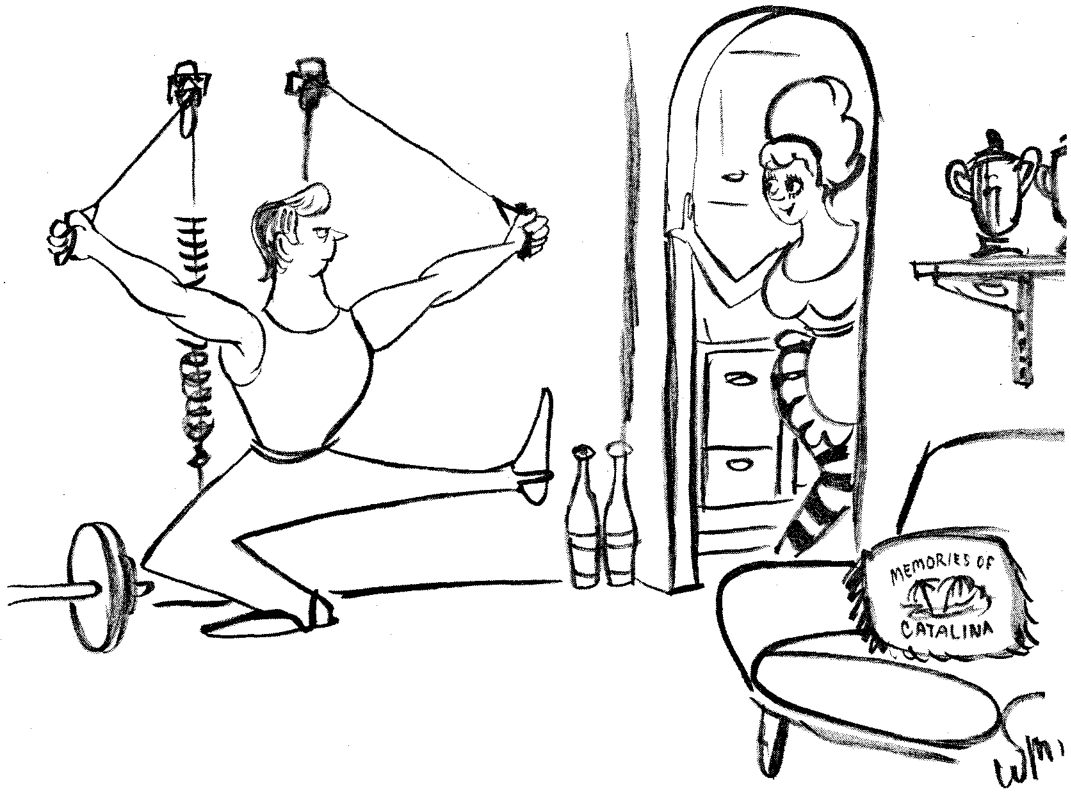
# BOOKS

## *Losers Weepers*

MUCH of the world's history is written by history's winners, and their accounts are usually cheerful reading. Winners minimize the mistakes inevitable in human enterprises and allot credit instead of sharing blame. But winners' accounts seldom offer thoughtful descriptions of the losers—one reason for reconsidering history from the point of view of losers' narratives. Yet not all the losers' excuses are justified, nor are all their if-onlys valid. Losers' appraisals of the victors tend to be ungenerous; losers forget that whatever they lost had to be won by somebody else. What most readers want of history is for it to compare, appraise, amplify, and modify the two partisan pasts in order to arrive at—if the whole truth is not possible—a disinterested likelihood. Cornelius Ryan's "The Last Battle" (Simon & Schuster), a history of the fighting for Berlin in 1945, is a curiosity. It is addressed to the winning side, to which its author belongs, but it is a model loser's history—all about false moves, hard luck, and lost opportunities. The loser could be wrong about his hard-luck story, but you would never know it from reading "The Last Battle." Ryan's account starts in late March, when English and American forces were across the Rhine and Russian armies stood at the Oder. It ends with Berlin's surrender, on May 4th. The account is a series of many scenes and a number of extended tableaux, which take place all over the city—and under it, in Hitler's secret catacombs beneath the Chancellery garden. Some scenes are set at the headquarters of the contending armies, some at political headquarters—Washington, London, Moscow—and some on the battlefronts.

Ryan's researches were prodigious; he read, he travelled, he interviewed. Nonetheless, no amount of labor can make the Battle for Berlin anything but dull—it was not militarily instructive, like the German victory in France of 1940, or a turning point in the war, like Midway; there was not even, as there was at Waterloo, any doubt about its outcome. Possibly because his subject is not especially interesting, Ryan writes as if he thinks history itself is not interesting. He repeatedly bids for the reader's attention by fabricating suspense—one quality the past undeniably lacks. He tells us how a German officer finds a fascinating map. But then he devotes six pages to other matters before he tells us what the map is. He also tries to make history beguiling by filling his book with anecdotes and vignettes, many contributed by German civilians. We learn of Erich Bayer, a Berlin accountant, who decided on April 10th to pay an income-tax installment—a decision that scarcely affected history and may not have made much difference even to Mr. Bayer. Using such recollections, Ryan attempts to convey the nowness of those weeks in 1945. His ambition is not realized. I doubt that realizing it was in any way possible, for the turns history has since taken have altered some historical sources and eliminated others. The Berliners Ryan found are not as good a public-opinion sample as the kind we depend upon to test-market detergents; he has too few manual workers and too many clergy. Nor do his witnesses represent what was qualitatively peculiar, historically unique, about Berlin in 1945—the Nazis are dead or silent. Ryan found Jews who had been in hiding, and the good Christians who sheltered them; political prisoners who had been held by the S.S.; women who were raped by Russian soldiers. None of these Germans recall any great hostility to the Western Allies, though they all remember fearing the Russians and some remember fearing the Nazis. From time to time, Ryan does remind us that the population of Berlin did not spend the Second World War hoping for an Anglo-American victory, but mostly he lets his Berliners run on, and their reports seem more relevant to German opinion in the nineteen-sixties than to German opinion in the nineteen-forties.

The civilians' narratives contribute to the losers' tone of the book, and so does the testimony of Ryan's German soldiers. This is particularly true of General Gotthard Heinrici, who commanded the German forces opposing the Russians. He gave Ryan a great

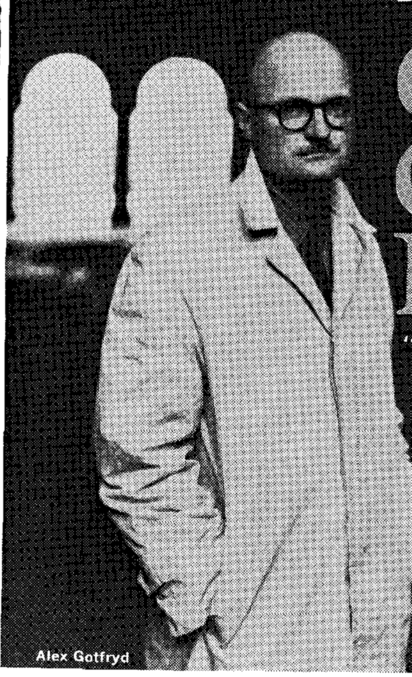


*"Dear, will you sprint down to the store and get a box of wheat germ and a pint of yoghurt?"*

deal of time, and Ryan has repaid the courtesy by writing Heinrici's unwritten German-general's book—the soldiers did wonders but Hitler lost the war. Heinrici provides a lot of detail about how Hitler and his sycophant court misjudged every situation, and so made Heinrici's assignment difficult at first and later impossible. But Heinrici admits that he did not intend to obey either the letter or the spirit of Hitler's directives, which implied, if necessary, a fight to the last man in the last ruin; Heinrici was determined that "Berlin will not become a Stalingrad." He had—to make invidious comparisons—no intention of fighting as the Russians had fought or as Churchill had expected the English to fight in 1940. He was prepared to lose or to yield, and his facts are suffused with self-justification, all of which Ryan accepts uncritically.

Ryan also interviewed the Russian commanders who were involved in the Berlin battle—all except Zhukov, who was either not available or not made available. Ryan found the Russians coöperative; nevertheless, when he reports their behavior, they look spooky and sinister. He makes the competition between Zhukov and Koniev, his southern neighbor along the Russian line, rather different—more intense, more anxious, less principled—from the rivalries among Western generals. (Western disagreements, we know from Ryan and from other sources, including the memoirs of English and American generals, were also keen and sometimes disruptive.)

To all of us, as to Ryan, the Russo-German war is painful—the courage of German soldiers is offset by Nazi atrocities, the greatness of the Russians and their army is offset by Communist tyranny. All we see in our detachment is a nonpartisan truth: how bad war is. Ryan's mournfulness extends to the Western front, too—everything would be better today if only the English and Americans had gone on and captured Berlin instead of leaving it to the Russians. (Does this mean that he thinks we and the British should have broken the agreement with Russia about the partition of Germany—an agreement achieved before the Allies had even set foot on the Continent? Or does it mean that Ryan accepts the Russian position of today: that we deserve to be bilked of our rights in Berlin because we kept the agreement?) And he is disturbed about the American idea at the time that there should be only a brief occupation of Germany after the war; he says that Roosevelt's postwar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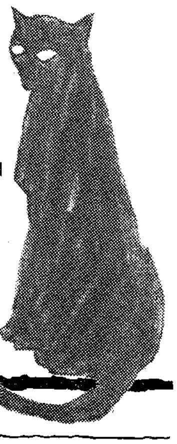
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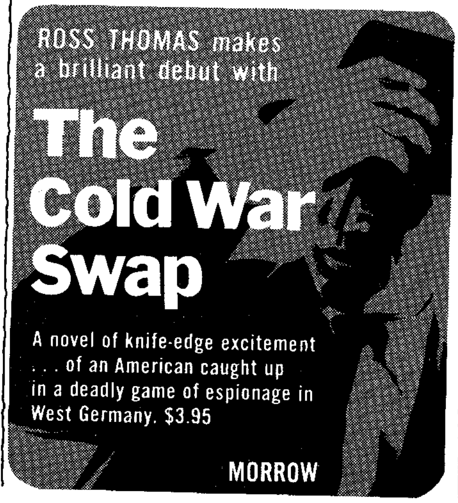
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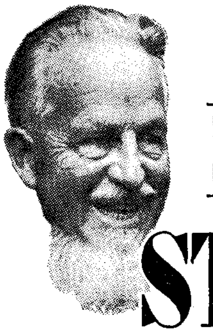

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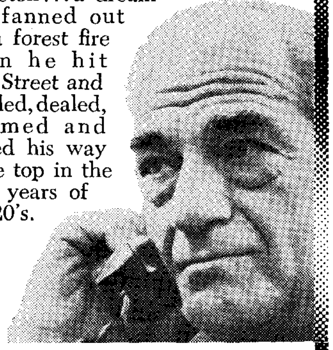

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plan was "similar to the American approach to the war itself—an all-out effort, but with a minimum of time and involvement in European affairs," though he does add that Roosevelt was a doughty fighter for American advantage. The winnowing effect of history upon the writing of history is evident in Ryan's political treatises. The United States has by now to an enormous extent rejected isolationism, and the nation's earlier belief in it is—to Ryan—naïve, ill-founded, and practically inconceivable. It is not easy to recall, today, the extent to which in 1945 the country was still isolationist, but a historian with a sense of the past can make it easier.

Ryan's passages about American fighting men in combat are cheerier. The men are all alert and full of go. None of them have any complaints, which may not be typical of soldiers but makes a nice literary contrast in a book full of self-pitiers. He pays great attention to the units that went farthest fastest, and that remain convinced that they could have beaten the Russians to Berlin. They had had a few days of uninterrupted tactical triumph—an experience rare enough to be elating but no qualification for predicting the success of large armies. This fact does not bother Ryan, though. He also mentions the British and American supply problem—forward units reached the Elbe before new railroad bridges had been built across the Rhine—but his interest in such prosaic negatives does not balance his emphasis on soldiers' optimistic assertions.

LawnScotus pinxit.
Orycteropus Capensis.

The troops' optimism and élan are endearing, and, a generation later, the American reader has every reason to be pleased that these attractive fellows halted at the Elbe and that they did not become the hundred thousand casualties that, according to General Bradley's estimate, a drive on Berlin might have cost the Americans. (Whatever anxieties Berlin raises, it has not yet cost anything like a hundred thousand casualties, and who is to say what new problems in the Cold War our taking of it might have caused? Not Mr. Ryan, anyway.) Ryan is resolutely doleful, and his effort to "popularize" facts that are widely known and to simplify matters that are not complicated produces a gloomy, pointless uncertainty. Such a muddle may correspond to history as it happens, or as it appears to those in the process of losing a war, their property, an election. But it is nothing like history as an intellectual discipline.

"THE LAST HUNDRED DAYS" (Random House), John Toland's account of the end of the Second World War in Europe, opens in January of 1945 and closes with Germany's unconditional surrender. It does not cover the war in the Far East, but its report on Europe includes accounts of several political, non-military events there—the conference at Yalta, for one—as well as the fighting. His narrative, cut into sections of uneven size and uneven historic weight, is like a vaudeville program in which no one act necessarily implies anything about the others. In quite a long story about an unsuccessful small task force that General Patton sent into German territory to free Americans from a prisoner-of-war camp, he says that Patton planned the risky (and costly) mission in order to rescue his own son-in-law, and that after it failed he denied a family interest in the action. The anecdote makes Patton uncandid and—what is worse in a general—lacking in tactical judgment, but despite this scandalous revelation, Toland elsewhere quotes him as a reliable observer in an anecdote that disparages General Eisenhower.

It is not at all certain that Toland himself is a good judge of people—those he has read, those he has read about, or those he has interviewed. When Eva Braun was about to marry Hitler and commit suicide, Toland tells us, she wrote a farewell letter to her sister, which she entrusted to an aviatrix named Hanna Reitsch, who had hoped to fly Hitler, rather than Frau Hitler's mail, out of Berlin. Later, Miss Reitsch opened the letter, and found it "so vulgar" and "in such poor, adolescent taste" that she tore it up. Toland lets this item stand as an appraisal of Eva Braun. His appraisal of such a minor figure as Léon Degrelle, the Belgian collaborator, reflects uncritically what Degrelle thought of himself; like so many ideological traitors, he considered himself an idealist, whereas the kindest thing you can say about him is that he was a nut. And Toland is able to take quite seriously Count Schwerin von Krosigk, a mugwump who served the Nazi government as Finance Minister while regarding himself as a "devout Catholic," and who, as an old Oriel man, felt affection for the West but was delighted when Roosevelt died.

Toland's innumerable anecdotes are filled with baffling detail. He tells us that a German grandmother in Danzig was raped by an "eighteen-year-old [Russian] soldier." How does Toland know the soldier's age? Is "eighteen-year-old" a synonym for "young"? And who was he? The academic rules about the use of footnotes can be tedious, but Toland's work shows how right it is to insist on specific reference for specific statement. He tells enough Russian-atrocity stories to make any reader sick, but he does not explain how the Russian commanders kept their divisions moving forward amid disorders—not only rape but drunken driving—that imply total lack of discipline and control.

Toland considers, and so do other writers, that the bombing of Dresden was an Anglo-American atrocity because its purpose was not military but political—to prove to the Russians that the Western Allies' power could reach even into the Russian zone of operations. But throughout the book he regrets the West's failure to push farther east for political advantage. Germany suffered fearful punishment during the war, and Toland is more sorry about it than not, and with reason: a German child burned to death in Dresden could not resurrect a Greek child who starved to death during the German occupation. But Toland is not much concerned with pure ethics, and he has got into an intellectual fix in criticizing American military and political policy. He thinks that at some point (the context suggests that it may be the Quebec Conference of 1943) the Americans ought to have recognized Russia as the greater danger and captured (or rescued) more of Germany from the Russians. But of two expanding totalitarian states the nearer one is the greater danger, and Germany had reached the Atlantic. Toland prescribes other rather risky policies—or ones that would have been risky if they had been adopted. The West should have amended the terms "unconditional surrender" to "reassure" the German people. But should we have risked worrying the Russian people when we needed them to do most of the ground fighting? Toland is sure we should have raced to Berlin, even—apparently—at the risk of violating our zones-of-occupation agreement; he seems to wish we had taken Prague, too.

Toland blames what he considers

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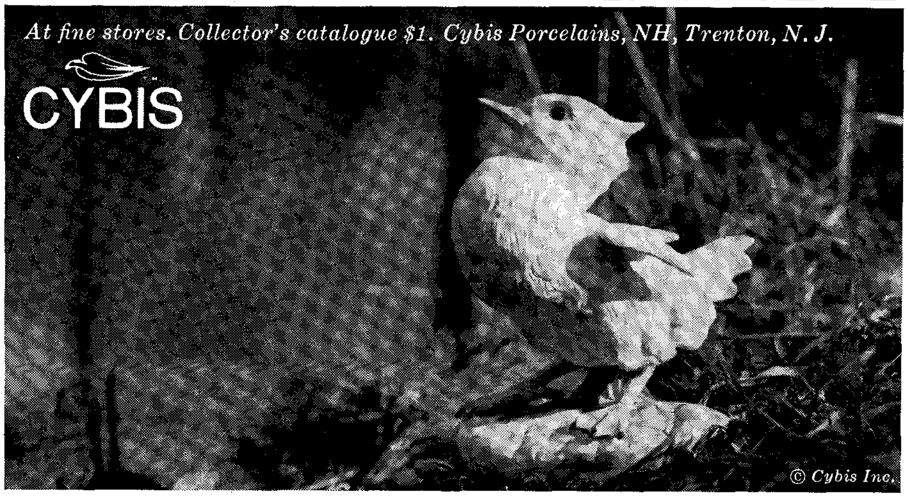

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errors of omission in the American military command—the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who had become, he says, the victims and the perpetrators of a sentimental and "idealistic" attitude toward the Soviet Union. Toland, in this respect, writes as if he didn't know there was a war on. The Germans did not allow the Joint Chiefs of Staff the leisure to switch enemies; the last great German assault was directed at the West, and V-bombs fell on London through March of 1945. How can Mr. Toland be so certain about what never happened? Well, hindsight is a historian's prerogative, and he is free to imagine that great gains might have been won for risks the American command avoided—such as slamming into the Red Army when it was larger than the forces of the West. Still, he exaggerates the issue and the blame. American generals were not responsible for letting Russia into Western Europe. If any nation's generals deserve that booby prize—and I doubt that the matter is so simple—surely it goes to Germany's.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE LAST OF LAZARUS, by Robert C. Goldston (Random House). The hero of this unusual novel, a former professor who has sold his leukemia-stricken body to a sinister New York research organization in return for free hospitalization, dies. After nearly seven days, he recovers from this medical crisis through a miraculous synthesis of "CNH, the so-called instruction gene." The foundation's bizarre personnel, as well as spies from the Institute, its equally sinister rival, are enthusiastic at the prospect of life everlasting, but the professor himself becomes moody, given to brooding over past incidents (mostly sexual, mostly traumatic) and over the meaninglessness of existence without end. Despondent, he devotes himself to a series of uncoöperative stratagems, including a daring escape through Central Park in the hope of rejoining his old landlord, a Chinese Jew who shares his interest in historical decay. He finally decides that he wishes, after all, to live forever. Mr. Goldston is a black humorist.

### GENERAL

WILLIAM OF ORANGE: A PERSONAL PORTRAIT—VOLUME II: 1674-1702, by Nesca A. Robb (St. Martin's). This brilliant work has a

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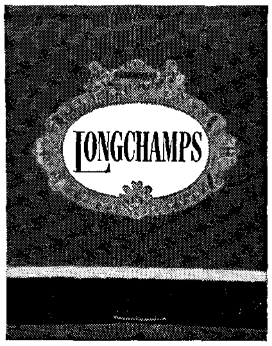

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fault—an anxious, stage-motherly partisanship. The author is too much concerned to defend her hero (Prince of Orange and Stadholder of the Netherlands, and—with his wife, Mary, as Queen—William III of England) against Jacobite slanders of which the ordinary reader has never heard. Indeed, nonspecialist readers remember "Dutch William" for two thumping successes: upholding, more by will than by resources, the European balance of power against the encroachments of Louis XIV, and helping put Great Britain on the course of constitutional government that has proved so happy for it. Dr. Robb's insistent admiration is not as annoying as it might be, though, because she tells so much about William, who was an exceptionally interesting, complicated, original man—a tolerant Calvinist, an invalid warrior, and an art-collecting huntsman, and the king who put independent judges on the English bench and bathrooms in English palaces.

THE FAULKNER-COWLEY FILE: LETTERS AND MEMORIES, 1944-1962, edited by Malcolm Cowley (Viking). An exchange of informal, largely business letters, with notes and amplifications by Mr. Cowley. Most of the letters were written in the middle nineteen-forties, and the business under discussion was the contents of "The Portable Faulkner," which Mr. Cowley was then in the process of compiling and organizing, and since the subject was thus the essential nature of Faulkner's work and Faulkner's understanding of it, both men make an interesting and a valuable addition to the total Faulkner dossier. It is useful to note, as Mr. Cowley does, that Faulkner in those middle years had no critical reputation; his only admirers were a handful of other writers. And it was chiefly "The Portable Faulkner" that refocussed attention on his now critically confirmed genius.

THE ICON AND THE AXE: AN INTERPRETIVE HISTORY OF RUSSIAN CULTURE, by James H. Billington (Knopf). A young American specialist starts with Russia's first Christian civilization (at Kiev in the tenth century) and, as he moves toward the present, finds tendencies and conflicts that persist today. He notices a passion for spiritual certitude along with considerable physical roughness; a sense of mission; an ambivalence between what is native

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to Russia and what is imported from Europe. The English-speaking reader may note that the quality we call common sense has played little or no role in Russian culture—an absence that occasionally makes the flighty, tragic story fatiguing. But Mr. Billington himself is invariably brisk and lively. Fifteen dollars.

LECTURES IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION: 1899, by John Dewey (Random House). A newly discovered shorthand transcript, excellently edited by Reginald D. Archambault, of Dewey's lectures to his class in Pedagogy I B 19 at the University of Chicago in 1899. (Much of this material was used in "Democracy and Education" in 1916.) These lectures are fascinating as a look at Dewey's classroom style (little rainfall) and for the amazing degree to which they anticipated (indeed, helped determine) our current thinking about education, including a deep suspicion of education courses, an insistence on the need for introducing science in the lower grades, and something rather like the new math.

THE AMERICAN WRITER AND THE GREAT DEPRESSION, edited by Harvey Swados (Bobbs-Merrill). This anthology is remarkable for the excellent quality of the selections, all of them from a period (and about circumstances) that evoked some of the worst writing America ever produced. Mr. Swados has assembled poetry, autobiography, fiction, and reporting to describe various sections of the country and different occupations (or lack of occupation) during the nineteen-thirties. The book's subject is gloomy, but much of the work in it is good enough to be exhilarating.

•

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[*Georgia Hesse in the San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle*]

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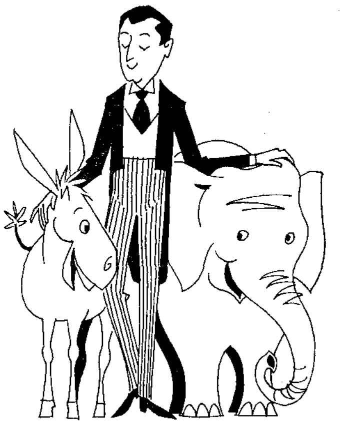

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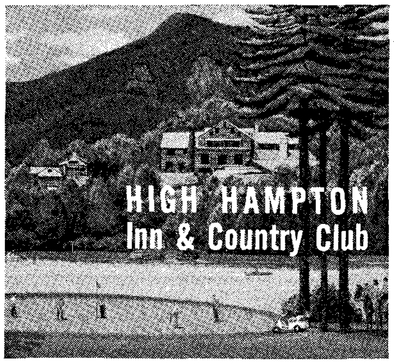

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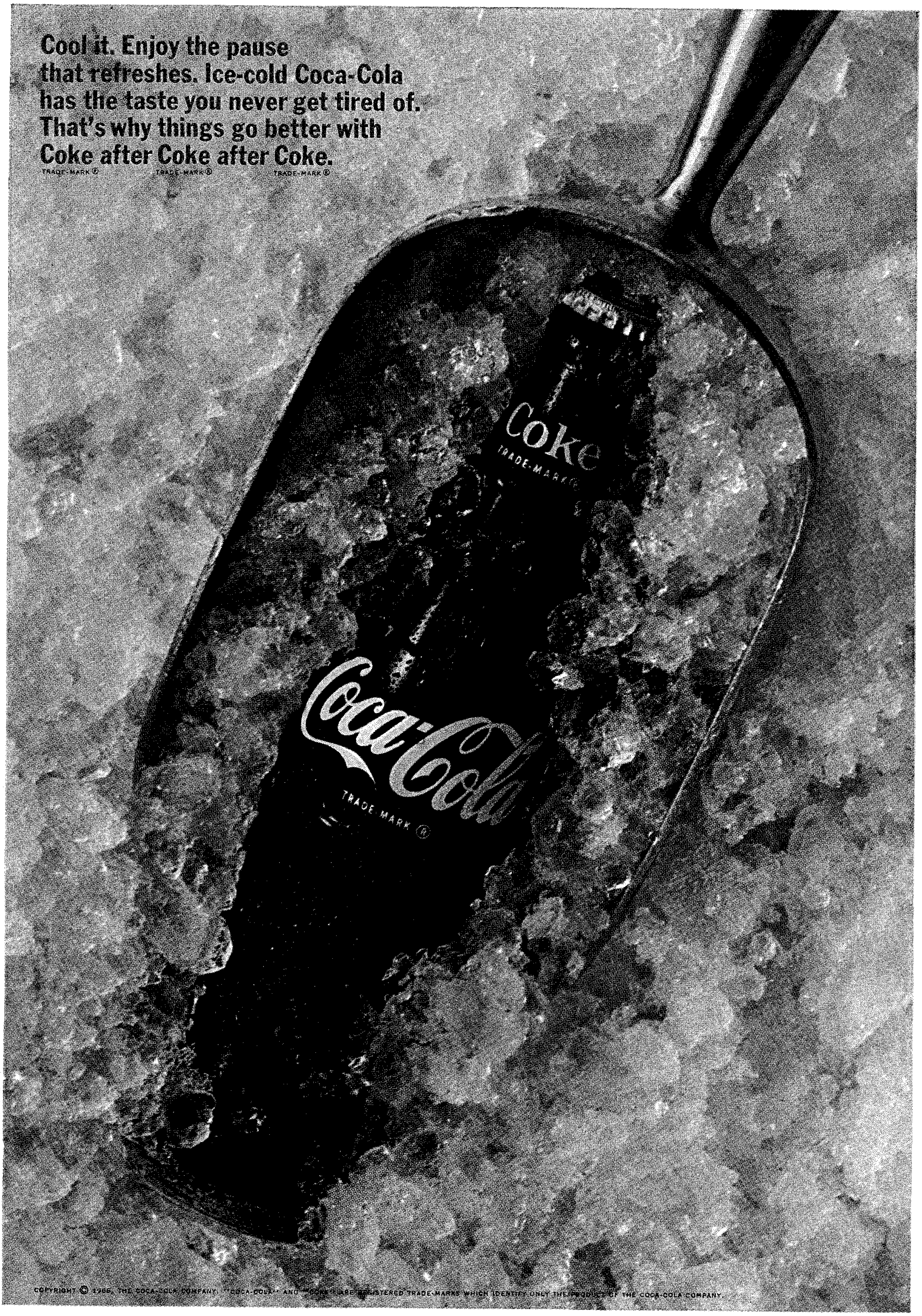
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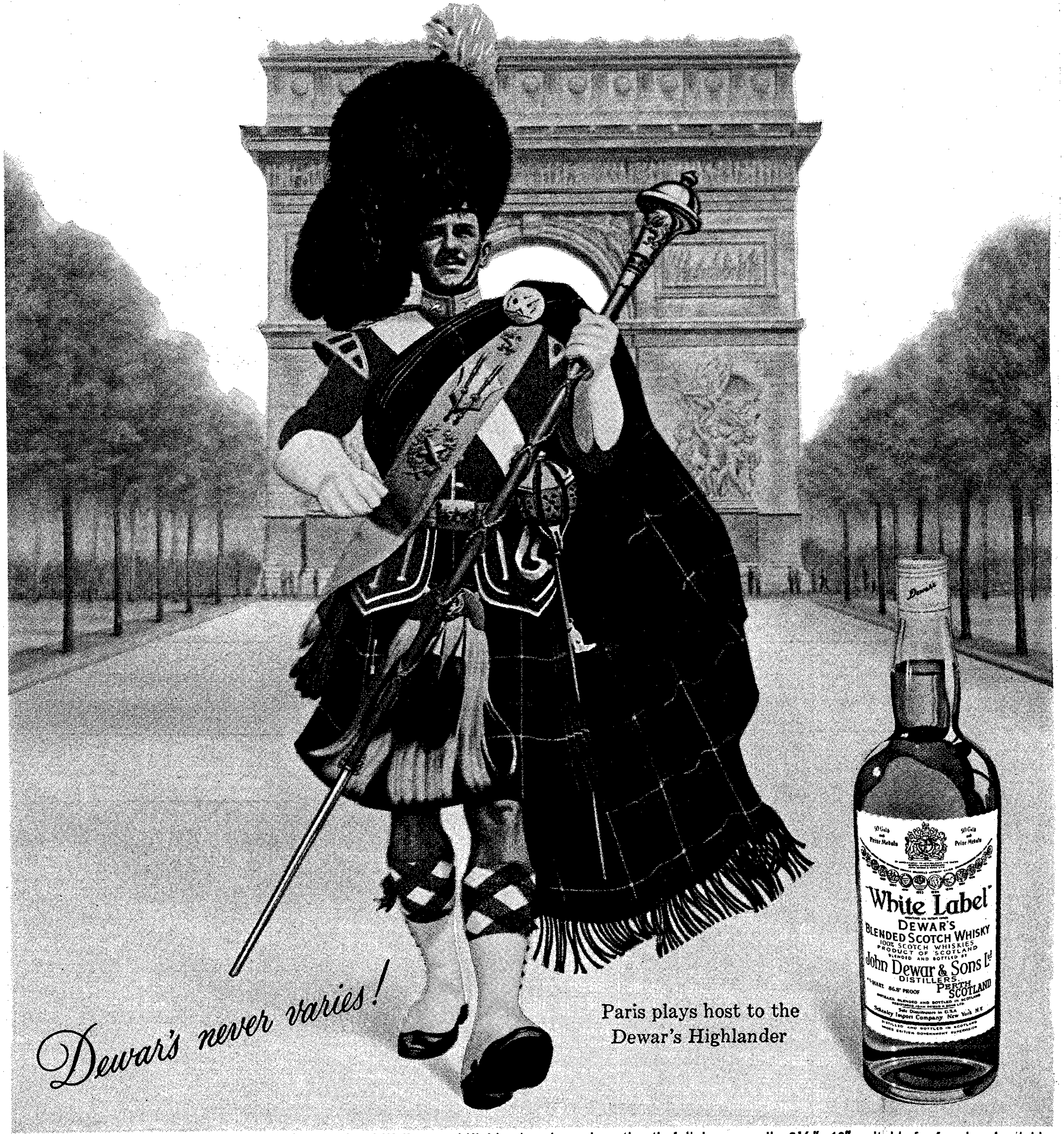
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